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Skelton Poeta.



Eterno manfura die dum lida fulgent
Equora dumq; tument hec laurea noſtra virebit.
Hinc noſtrum celebre et nomē referetur ad aſtra
Vndiq; Skeltonis memorabitur alter adonis



The Bookworm.

AN ILLUSTRATED TREASURY

OF

OLD-TIME LITERATURE.

Vol. I.

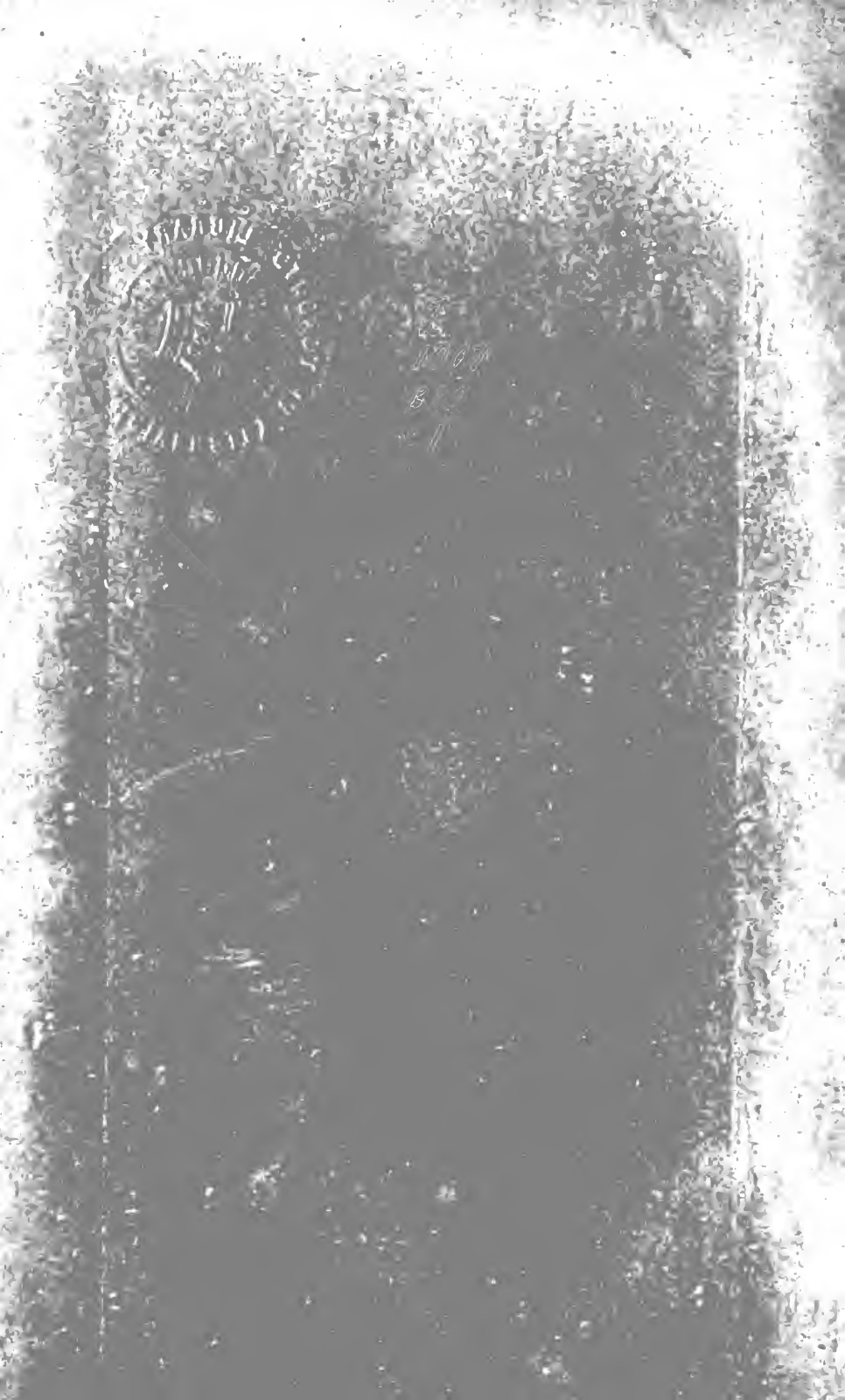


London :

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1888.

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TO THE GENTLE READER.

"A French writer (whom I love well) speaks of three kinds of companions, men, women and books."—SIR JOHN DAVYS.¹

*Three kinds of companions, men, women and books,
Were enough, said the elderly Sage, for his ends.
And the women we deem that he chose for their looks,
And the men for their cellars: the books were his friends:
"Man delights me not," often, "nor woman," but books
Are the best of good comrades in loneliest nooks.*

*For man will be wrangling—for woman will fret
About anything infinitesimal small:
Like the Sage in our Plato, I'm "anxious to get
On the side"—on the sunnier side—"of a wall."
Let the wind of the world toss the nations like rooks
If only you'll leave me at peace with my Books.*

*And which are my books? why, 'tis much as you please,
For, given 'tis a book, it can hardly be wrong,
And Bradshaw himself I can study with ease,
Though for choice I might call for a Sermon or Song;
And Locker on London, and Sala on Cooks,
And "Tom Brown," and Plotinus, they're all of them Books.*

¹ I never read Sir John Davys, though doubtless he is a very nice writer, and the motto is at second hand. It was quoted by Mr. Richard Stoddard, of America ("Ballads of Books chosen by Brander Matthews." New York, 1887).

*There's Fielding to lap one in currents of mirth;
 There's Herrick to sing of a flower or a fay;
 Or good Maitre François to bring one to earth,
 If Shelley or Coleridge have snatched one away;
 There's Müller on Speech, there is Gurney on Spooks
 There is Tylor on Totems, there's all sorts of Books.*

*There's roaming in regions where everyone's been,
 Encounters where no one was ever before,
 There's "Leaves" from the Highlands we owe to the Queen,
 There's Holly's and Leo's Adventures in Kôr;
 There's Tanner, who dwelt with Pawnees and Chinooks,
 You can cover a great deal of country in Books.*

*There are books, highly thought of, that nobody reads,
 There is Geusius' dearly delectable tome
 On the Cannibal—he on his neighbour who feeds—
 And in blood-red morocco 'tis bound, by Derome;
 There's Montaigne here (a Foppens), there's Roberts (on Flukes),
 There's Elzevirs, Aldines, and Gryphius' Books.*

*There's Bunyan, there's Walton, in early editions,
 There's many a quarto uncommonly rare;
 There's quaint old Quevedo adream with his visions,
 There's Jonson the portly, and Burton the spare;
 There's Boston of Ettrick, who preached of the "Crooks
 In the Lots" of us mortals, who bargain for Books.*

*There's Ruskin to keep one exclaiming "What next?"
 There's Browning to puzzle and Gilbert to chaff,
 And "Marcus Aurelius" to soothe one if vexed,
 And good MARCUS TULLIUS to lend you a laugh;
 And there's capital tomes that are filled with fly-books,
 And I've frequently found them the best kind of Books.*

ANDREW LANG.



The Bookworm.

"For every worm beneath the moon
Draws different threads, and late and soon
Spins, toiling out his own cocoon."

—Tennyson.

DR. THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN tells us in his notes on the bookworm, that his friends Mr. Heber and Mr. Laing saw, caught, and detected, in the sale-room of Mr. King, one of these destructive insects, and that Mr. Heber, in calling attention to it, exclaimed, "Behold our mortal enemy!" The nature and the spoliations of this pest, and the means to be adopted to guard against it, will be treated elsewhere in these pages. If all the instances in which the bookworm has destroyed rare, and sometimes unique, books, were brought together, they would form a terrible indictment, and we should realize that the insect has been one of the worst among the various "enemies of books." Yet, by one of those happy inspirations known only to the Philistine, the term "bookworm" has for many years been freely applied to those lovers of books to whom the worm has been a terror. Collectors and bibliographers, nay even the very readers of old-time literature, have been contemptuously dismissed as "bookworms." In a word, the cognomen has an unpleasant savour, and has therefore been readily employed by busy people who were troubled with a lurking sense of the virtue and the wisdom of those who turn aside from the clamorous present to the "silent friends" on their library shelves. Silent friends, yet how eloquent, with infinite capacity for adapting themselves to our varying humours and needs! Let any man who knows not, and who is not willfully incredulous, read Mr. Ireland's book of extracts, and he will see reflected in these tributes made by authors to books and their writers, what solace, what hope, what strength lie in the spoken word of human experience! Many a one who has been wounded in the battle of life, and has drunk in new spiritual strength from this everlasting fountain, has been called a "bookworm."

In these few introductory remarks we are anxious to avoid hyperbole, on the one hand, while on the other it is important that we should throw into decided relief the main outline of the subject of books, as we regard them. We English, in our connoisseurship of books as in our making of plays, are the slavish imitators of the French ;—let the acknowledgment be made freely, and, so far as is possible with us, gracefully ;—yet, here in England, not to speak of ancient Richard de Bury, the humours of the book-lover have been illustrated by Dibdin and Hill Burton, and latterly by Mr. Andrew Lang, in his delightful volumes. Now, in all these, there is possibly, not in the writers' minds, but in the proportions of their books, a plethora of detail and humour (as Ben Jonson used the word), built, doubtless, upon a spiritual reality, which the new-comer is apt to overlook. Too much is implied, too much taken for granted, for the enlightenment of the uninitiated. It is flattering to the tyro to be credited with much lore, but it is bewildering too. With great deference, we hope to supply this unintentional deficiency. We rely with confidence upon the true scholar to countenance and assist this purpose ; we believe that literature exists for all, and that the genuine book-lover should rejoice to see the bands of the select recruited from the ever-increasing reading public.

"There is a deal of human nature in man, after all," exclaimed a philosopher ; and it would not be difficult to show that the bibliophile can be very human. We wish to insist that the craze for books has a human beginning. It is only when the passion ceases to grow and mellow gently with the expansion of heart and mind, but hurries on, overtopping and crowding out other interests, that it merits discouragement or that contumely which has been heaped upon the studious. Much of the contempt which the bookworm has had to endure has arisen from a confusion in the popular mind ; there has been no effort to distinguish the true from the false, the amiable from the unamiable. The logic of the true bookworm's position has been overlooked. A man loves books because he is grateful to them ; all the minutiae of the collector's pursuit are so many leaves and flowers composing a wreath which the devotee lays upon the shrine of the great of soul and of intellect. Conscious of what he owes to books, a man who has enriched his mind from many stores, collects these benefactors around him, cherishes them, studies the history of their production, elucidates obscure points of criticism, and so endeavours to pay back in grateful homage some of his obligation to books. His reward, too often, is to become derided ; his friends hurl the word "bibliomaniac" at him ; if that has no effect,

they follow it up with "bookworm," a term which somehow is more irksome to bear than the other.

In these pages we have boldly inscribed the opprobrious word as our badge and title. We will adopt the epithet of the enemy and wear it till it become glorious. Why not? it does not take away the charm of old books and the sweet fragrance of the by-ways of literature. We human bookworms strangely resemble and differ from our entomological prototype. Like them we are voracious of volumes; but while the insect has been the arch-enemy, the human bookworm has been still the true friend of books. On the point of voracity, wherein we resemble the grub, Dr. Dibdin has the following amusing passage:—

"It is curious to notice the sort of small-shot peppering in ancient volumes more particularly, in consequence of the ravages of the insect here described. From beginning to end, through boards and through leather, amidst margin and printed text, now breakfasting upon a syllogism of Duns Scotus, then dining upon a devotional sentiment of Lactantius, and afterwards supping upon a bit of Vincent de Beauvais' legends, this diminutive but desperate pioneer urges his 'forceful way!' Nothing comes amiss to these creatures; their digestive powers being wonderful. They will nibble at Hebrew, eat largely of Greek, riot upon Latin, and satiate themselves with Italian!"

But there is a class of collectors to whom the term bookworm might have been appropriately applied. Their depredations are nefarious, and greatly exceed those of the poor worm. Mr. Lang has given them a name which fits them exactly: he calls them the book-ghouls. There is the biblioklept, of whom Mr. Blades is very tolerant, since "they do no harm to the books themselves, by merely transferring them from one set of bookshelves to another." But the ghoulish is he who injures books. "He is a collector of title-pages, frontispieces, illustrations, and book-plates. He prowls furtively among public and private libraries, inserting wetted threads, which slowly eat away the illustrations he covets; and he broods, like the obscene demon of Arabian superstitions, over the fragments of the mighty dead. His disgusting tastes vary. He prepares books for the American market. Christmas books are sold in the States stuffed with pictures cut out of honest volumes. . . . But few book-ghouls are worse than the moral ghoulish. He defaces, with a pen, the passages, in some precious volume, which do not meet his idea of moral propriety. . . . The antiquarian ghoulish steals title-pages and colophons. The æsthetic ghoulish cuts illuminated initials out of manuscripts. The petty, trivial, and almost

idiotic ghoul of our own days sponges the fly-leaves and boards of books for the purpose of cribbing the book-plates. . . . The conceited ghoul writes his notes across our fair white margins, in pencil, or in more baneful ink."

And so they spin and toil out their own cocoon. Their deeds are evil, and their nature cannot be good. The synthesis and the analysis of book-love we have indicated; but what unhappy impulse it is that causes the ghoul to make books his prey, must remain an unfathomable mystery. "It cannot be love," as Hamlet says. For such, we may be sure, retribution in some form is waiting. Let this appalling scene cause the ghoul to pause. It is taken from Schellenberg's "Dance of Death," 1787.



With a fine humour, Mr. Lang has shown "from the lost Aristotelian treatise Concerning Books," that excess of the book-passion leads to sin and evil. We do not count as genuine bookworms those who allow this interest like a huge wen to suck up all the juices of nature. Let such also take a warning from this illustration. Mr. Lang makes Aristotle thus estimate the position of the true book-worm: "As to

the man who is exactly in the right mean, we call him the book-lover. His happiness consists not in reading, which is an active virtue, but in the contemplation of bindings, and illustrations, and title-pages. Thus his felicity partakes of the nature of the bliss we attribute to the gods, for that also is contemplative, and we call the book-lover 'happy,' and even 'blessed,' but within the limits of mortal happiness."

There is a suggestion of satire in the contemplative character here attributed to the book-lover. But the book-worm is invariably an omnivorous reader. Old Richard de Bury wrote in his "*Philobiblon*" in 1344 (Inglis's translation, 1832):

"You only, O Books, are liberal and independent. You give to all who ask, and enfranchise all who serve you assiduously. . . . Truly you are the ears filled with most palatable grains. . . . You are golden urns in which manna is laid up, rocks flowing with honey, or rather indeed honey combs; udders most copiously yielding the milk of life, storerooms ever full; the four-streamed river of Paradise, where the human mind is fed, and the arid intellect moistened and watered; . . . fruitful olives, vines of Engaddi, fig-trees knowing no sterility; burning lamps to be ever held in the hand."



The Most Labour'd Book in the World.

PERHAPS the most singular curiosity in the book world is a volume that belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in France. It is entitled "*The Passion of Christ*," and is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut out of a leaf, and, being interleaved with blue paper, is as easily read as the best print. The labour and patience bestowed upon its composition must have been excessive, especially when the precision and minuteness of the letters are considered. The general execution in every respect is indeed admirable, and the vellum is of the most delicate and costly kind. Rudolph II. of Germany offered for it, in 1640, 11,000 ducats, which was probably equal to 60,000 at this day. The most remarkable circumstance connected with this literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms of England; but when it was in that country, and by whom owned, has never been ascertained.

John Goodwin's Six Booksellers' Proctor Nonsuited.

THE London booksellers of the present day—wrote the late Mr. James Crossley—are satisfied with endeavouring to put down heresies as to discounts. Their predecessors, in the year 1655, set to work in good earnest, associated to purify the faith by denouncing in an Index expurgatorius, under the alarming titles of “A Beacon set on Fire,” and “A Second Beacon set on Fire,” all publications of a blasphemous, heretical, or improper kind. Six booksellers, viz., Luke Fawne, Samuel Gellibrand, Joshua Kirton, John Rothwell, Thomas Underhill, and Nathaniel Webb, took the lead on the occasion; and the battle waxed hot and fierce between them and the apologists of the books condemned. Amongst the latter was the famous John Goodwin, whose part in the controversy Mr. Jackson, in his elaborate Life of him, has adverted to, and has noticed his pamphlet entitled “The High Presbyterian Spirit,” written in answer to the “Second Beacon Fired.” John Goodwin, however, published a second pamphlet in the same controversy, neither noticed by Mr. Jackson, nor any one else that I am aware of, in which he finishes up his first charge upon the unfortunate booksellers, and lays on them with a vigour and determination that it does one good to see so well bestowed, scattering their arguments and quotations to the winds, and sending them back to their proper occupation of printing and publishing, instead of clipping and suppressing. The title of this very rare pamphlet, which is to be found in vol. xviii. of a collection of tracts (between 1640 and 1660) in ninety-six vols., 4to, made by President Bradshaw, and containing many of his MS. notes and observations, now in my possession, is as follows :—

“Six Booksellers' Proctor Nonsuited, wherein the gross Falsifications and Untruths, together with the inconsiderate and weak Passages found in the Apologie for the said Booksellers, are briefly noted and evicted. And the said Booksellers proved so unworthy both in their ‘Second Beacon Fired,’ and likewise in their Epistle written in Defence of it, that they are out of the Protection of any Christian or reasonable Apologie for either. By J. G., a Minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. London, printed for H. Cripps and L. Lloyd, 1655. 4to, pages 23.”



A Costly Work.

AMONG the prodigious productions of the early part of this century may be mentioned "Rees' Cyclopædia," which consisted of 39 vols., 4to, in 79 parts, with six supplementary parts and numerous engravings; London, 1802-20. It was stated in an address issued at the completion of the work that the entire cost of production exceeded £300,000!—an expenditure on a single work which, it was stated, had no parallel up to date. Dr. Rees previously edited the first edition of "Chambers' Cyclopædia," which appeared in four volumes in 1781. He died in 1825 at the age of eighty-two.



Ariosto's MSS.

THE inspection of the MS. of Ariosto, preserved at Ferrara, greatly confirmed the opinion of those who think that consummate excellence, united to the appearance of ease, is almost always the result of great labour. The corrections are innumerable. Several passages where, as they now stand, the words and thoughts seem to flow along with the most graceful facility, and the rhyme to come unsought for, have been altered over and over again till scarcely a line of the first draft has been allowed to remain. *Ars est celare artem*. Another MS. of Ariosto has been preserved in Tuscany. It is curious from being full of grammatical errors and vulgarisms. He writes to his servant in the same dialect in which his servant would have written to him.



A Curious Advertisement.

THE following highly interesting advertisement appears at the end of the "Ninth Collection of Papers Relative to the Present Juncture of Affairs in England" (4to, 1689):—"Lately published, the Trial of Mr. Papillon; by which it is manifest that the (then) Lord Chief Justice Jefferies had neither learning, law, nor good manners, but great impudence (as was said of him by Charles the Second), in abusing all those worthy citizens who voted for Mr. Papillon and Mr. Dubois, calling them a parcel of factious, pragmatistical, sneaking, canting, snivelling, prick-eared, crop-eared, atheistical fellows, rascals and scoundrels, as in page 19 of that trial may be seen. Sold by Michael Janeway, and most booksellers."



Queen Elizabeth's New Testament.

ABOUT the year 1538 there was published in London, in 16mo. form, an edition of Myles Coverdale's New Testament, with the following title: "The New Testament, faithfully translated and newly corrected by Myles Coverdale, with a true concordance in the margent, and many necessary Annotacyons after the chapters," &c. Among the many editions of the Bible in the Library of the British Museum are two copies of this New Testament. Both are imperfect, but one is of great interest and value from the fact that it was once in the possession of Queen Elizabeth, and that it contains a beautiful specimen of her writing.

Upon the inside of the cover is the following manuscript note: "This small book was once the property of Q. Elizabeth, and actually presented by her to A. Poynts, who was her maid of Honor. In it are a few lines of the Queen's own hand writing and signing. Likewise a small drawing of King Edward the 6th when very young (of Windsor Castle) and one of the knight in his robes." The view of Windsor measures $3\frac{5}{8}$ in. by $2\frac{3}{8}$ in., and gives a view of the castle from Windsor Park. Several deer and hares are represented in the foreground, and the grass is of a very bright green colour. The sky and most of the building have become much darkened by discoloration of the paint with which they were depicted; but a red fence skirting the park, a gate with steps down to the park, and the gilt-tipped towers of the castle beyond, are all distinctly visible. The drawing of the knight, about 3 in. by 12 in. in size, displays greater artistic skill than that of Windsor Castle. Below it is this manuscript note: "This is actually a drawing of King Edward the Sixth. I. W. May, 1768. He likewise drew the Castle of Windsor on

the other side of foregoing Leafe." The next leaf bears the following writing :—

" Amonge good thin " (in Q. Elizabeth's handwriting)

" Liber Roberti Grove
ex dono Thomæ Field
Martii 20^{mo} 1709

Liber Thomæ Gibbon
ex dono Roberti Grove

1714

N.B.

The Worthy Dr. Gibbon, faithfully
assured me that the hand writing on
the other side this Leafe was really
Queen Elizabeths & I believe it
having many Letters of her writing
J^{no}. Waller."

Upon the other side of the same leaf is the very interesting entry by Queen Elizabeth herself, as follows :

" Amonge good thinges
I prove and finde, the quiet
life doth mucche abounde,
and sure to the contentid
mynde, ther is no riches
may be founde
Your lovinge
maistres
Elizabeth."

It appears that the word "fiend" had been written after the word "lovinge" in the seventh line of the above, but it has been partially erased, and the word "maistres" in the line below looks very much like an insertion. The writing is in Elizabeth's fine bold hand.

The little book has no title-page, and contains nothing after the "Gospel of Saynt John." The heads of the Gospels, chapters, and pages are printed in red, and each page has a red-line border. The other manuscript entries in the book are of various dates, but not of any very great interest. The book remains in its original calf binding.





Our Pioneer.

THE work of our pioneer lies before us. It is entitled *The British Librarian: exhibiting a compendious review or abstract of our most scarce, useful and valuable books in all sciences, as well in manuscript as in print: with many characters, historical and critical, of the authors, their antagonists, &c. In a manner never before attempted; and useful to all readers. With a complete Index to the volume.* London: printed for T. Osborne, in Gray's Inn, MDCCXXXVIII.

This work was the first definite effort made in English bibliography and book-lore. The author, with characteristic modesty, withheld his name from the title-page; but in our copy the name has been added, apparently by Dr. Bliss, a distinguished bibliographer, to whom it belonged: "By William Oldys." On the fly-leaf, probably in the same handwriting, there is this note: "This most excellent and usefull book is the production of the well-known and indefatigable Wm. Oldys, and it is much to be regretted that he was not prevailed upon to proceed in his labours."

The whole production is that of a genuine and thorough worker. The title-page, to begin with, truthfully and clearly describes the publication; a characteristic frequently absent from books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and even the eighteenth century. It is, what the author calls it, "a compendious review and abstract" of books. His Introduction, again, is succinct and to the point, and exhibits the most vivid conviction of the necessity of bibliography. He remarks upon the increase of books, and the desirability of taking account of what had been done in literature. He shows what waste of mental force had resulted from the absence of the means of knowing what had already been done in the various departments of knowledge. Then, he asks, how many booksellers would neither be imposed upon themselves nor impose upon others, did they but

know what books were in existence? How many worthless books would be kept from publication? Again, "Who would not embrace the most likely means to detect the vile grievance of plagiarism, and deter so many disadvantageous repetitions of the same thing?" After dwelling thus upon the *desiderata* of books, he looks back upon the meagre and insufficient attempts hitherto made to supply them. There are only "some superficial catalogues," he says, "either of authors rather than their works, or of the works of authors only, in some one peculiar place of education, or in some single science; or else, those which have been most cursorily taken of some particular libraries; and also a few extracts, limited to the recommendation only of some modern writers." He points out the numerous defects in the catalogues of the time, and says—"so that many gentlemen, who live remote from the places where our sales and auctions are made, are, by the blind and doubtful informations which these catalogues afford them, both led to overlook some books which they have most occasion for, and to give commissions for the purchase of others, by which they are utterly disappointed." Nay, even those who are present when the libraries are disposed of, he says, are frequently disappointed in the same way, because the titles of early books are so misleading. Which of us bookworms to-day has not experienced this evil thing? The only remedy for this state of things, says Oldys, is a full description of books, with extracts to illustrate their scope and nature.

And so, our pioneer, deploring the defects of English bibliography as compared with other countries in his time, starts upon his huge task, calling it *The British Librarian*, and limiting the work to English books; because, he says, such service was due first to our own country, in which it had been neglected. Patriotic, learned, humble-minded, laborious and modest, he is a forerunner worthy of our emulation.

Accurately, and with dignified self-restraint, Oldys thus describes his work: "Here, then, we hope to supply that want, by giving not only such inventories of all those things, but, at the same time, a reference to the observations in their authors which have been further made on them; and not only that, but oftentimes what has been observed even of the authors also. And this more expressly, after presenting first of all their titles, commonly at length, in a manner as agreeably diversified as the authors will conveniently permit; sometimes with reasons for the choice of them; a transient view of the drift or design and contents of those we revive; some notice of their vouchers and authorities; some sketches of their chief arguments or

examples ; some indication of their method, and instances of their stile, occasionally, as they yield matter most likely to be serviceable ; with characters also sometimes subjoined, which others have given of them. And in this treatment of good old authors, we hope for the same effect, as in the pruning of good old trees, in which the gardener, does not pride himself with the twigs which he cuts off, or throws together, but expects that the operation will be a means of making the stocks themselves, from whence they grew, shoot forth with fresh vigour, and reward, with better fruits, the hands that shall gather them."

The work was issued in monthly parts, just as our BOOKWORM will be. No. 1 is dated January, 1737 ; the work came to a close with the sixth number, in the following June. It was the voice in the wilderness : the time was at hand, but it had not yet come. In 1820, *The Retrospective Review* took up the work and continued it with an intermission till 1854. Before this, the entertaining volumes of Dibdin had thrown open the fertile field of bibliography to the reading public, and since that time the works on the subject have been frequent and increasingly popular. Now a popular magazine comes before the public which is designed as a handy companion and help to all who love books. The development of the subject lies sketched in broad outline in these few facts.

There is a passage in Oldys' Introduction which we may address to our readers : " For as to the method of publication we find it most commodious, that we may better admit the communications of such as please to oblige us with their correspondence, that it should be monthly, and in such a miscellaneous manner as may yield the greatest variety ; so that every number may be a little pocket-library, describing folios, quartos, octavos, pamphlets and manuscripts."

Oldys concludes his last number with a postscript, in which he makes his acknowledgments, whereby we learn that *The British Librarian* received the assistance of the chief scholars of that day. May THE BOOKWORM be no less fortunate !





John Wesley's English Dictionary.

THE news that the famous Methodist was a lexicographer will probably be as startling to most of our readers as was the news to the Israelites that Saul was among the prophets. Certainly the description of the dictionary maker as "a harmless drudge" was as thoroughly inappropriate to John Wesley as it could be to Samuel Johnson himself. Although the news may be startling at first, it will not be found so extraordinary when we think the matter over a little. Wesley was a voluminous writer, and most of the years of his active life were marked by the issue of several new works. With regard to many of these, his early biographers, Coke and Moore, remark that there is a considerable amount of misapprehension in the public mind. They observe that all his writings must be viewed in the light of that resolution which he made in 1725, that henceforth all his thoughts, words, and actions should be dedicated to God. They add: "His design in writing and in preaching was the same, viz., that he might be faithful to every talent committed to him, and that all might issue in bringing glory to God and peace and good-will to men."¹ Thus he was interested in the success of a particular school, and he at once set to work to produce short grammars of the English, French, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages for the use of the scholars. This was between the years 1748 and 1751. Wesley was, as we all know, a thoroughly practical man, and he was particularly interested in philological questions, on account of the high estimation in which he held the acquirement of the power of good speaking and good writing. He wrote to a friend:—

"What is it that constitutes a good style? Perspicuity, purity, propriety, strength, and easiness joined together. When any of these is wanting it is not a good style. As for me, I never think of my

¹ Life, p. 480.

style at all, but just set down the words that come first. Only when I transcribe anything for the press, then I think it my duty to see every phrase be clear, pure, and proper. . . . We should constantly use the most common little easy words (so they are pure and proper) which our language affords. When I had been a member of the University about ten years, I wrote and talked much as you do now. But when I talked to plain people in the castle or the town I observed they gaped and stared. This quickly obliged me to alter my style and adopt the language of those I spoke to. And yet there is a dignity in this simplicity which is not disagreeable to those of the highest rank.”¹

Mr. Tyerman, one of Wesley's latest biographers, gives the following account of the origin of the English Dictionary :—

“To rightly appreciate this curious publication, it must be borne in mind that Wesley was now putting into the hands of thousands of the common people extracts from ‘the best English writers’ in the numerous volumes of his ‘Christian Library.’ Hence the necessity he felt of giving to the same readers a compendious dictionary explaining words in that Library, which many, at least, were not likely to understand. . . . There can be no question that Wesley's little though pretentious dictionary was calculated to be of great service in assisting the poor unlettered Methodists in understanding even the hardest words in his ‘Christian Library.’ ”²

“The Complete English Dictionary,” to which these remarks refer, is anonymous, but it must have been well known to be by John Wesley among his followers, and probably it had a good sale among them, for it went through three editions. It is now scarce, and the second and third editions only are in the Library of the British Museum. The writer of this article possesses a copy of the first edition, but it wants the title-page. In the last volume of the collected edition of Wesley's works the title-page and preface of the first edition is reprinted, but although the date (1753) is given, the place of publication is not stated, and there is no indication of the fact that the work was republished.

The following is the title of the second edition, and it is identical with that of the first and third editions down to the end of the note :—

“The Complete English Dictionary, explaining most of those hard Words which are found in the best English writers. By a Lover of

¹ Wesley's Works, vol. xiii. p. 394.

² Rev. L. Tyerman's “Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley,” 1870, vol. ii. pp. 182-183.

Good English and Common Sense. N.B. The Author assures you, he thinks this is the best English Dictionary in the World. The second edition, with additions. Bristol, printed by William Pine, and sold by the Booksellers of London, Bristol, &c. 1764. 12mo."

The third edition has the imprint, "London, Printed by R. Hawes," but unfortunately the date is cut away in the British Museum copy. The date given in the Catalogue is 1765. The second edition has a few more words than the first, but the third is identical with the second except that it is a veritable reprint.

The preface "To the Reader," dated October, 1753, is a characteristic performance, and worthy of being reproduced here :—

"As incredible as it may appear, I must avow that this dictionary is not published to get money, but to assist persons of common sense and no learning, to understand the best English authors; and that with as little expense of either time or money, as the nature of the thing would allow.

"To this end it contains, not a heap of Greek and Latin words, just tagged with English terminations (for no good English writer, none but vain or senseless pedants, give these any place in their writings); not a scroll of barbarous law expressions, which are neither Greek, Latin, nor good English; not a crowd of technical terms, the meaning whereof is to be sought in books expressly wrote on the subjects to which they belong; not such English words as *and*, *of*, *but*, which stand so gravely in Mr. Bailey's, Pardon's, and Martin's dictionaries: but 'most of those hard words which are found in the best English writers.' I say most, for I purposely omit not only all which are not hard, and which are not found in the best writers, not only all law words and most technical terms, but likewise all, the meaning of which may be easily gathered from those of the same derivation. And this I have done in order to make this dictionary both as short and as cheap as possible."

Here we have the compiler's opinion as to what a dictionary should be, and then he proceeds to justify the vainglorious boast on the title-page in the following terms of lively banter :—

"I should add no more, but that I have so often observed, the only way, according to the modern taste for any author to procure commendation to his book is, vehemently to commend it himself. For want of this deference to the publick, several excellent tracts lately printed, but left to commend themselves by their intrinsic worth, are utterly unknown or forgotten. Whereas, if a writer of tolerable sense will but bestow a few violent encomiums on his own work, especially if they are skilfully ranged on the title-page, it will pass through six

editions in a trice, the world being too complaisant to give a gentleman the lie, and taking it for granted, he understands his own performance best. In compliance, therefore, with the taste of the age, I add that this little dictionary is not only the shortest and cheapest, but likewise by many degrees, the most correct which is extant at this day. Many are the mistakes in all the other English dictionaries which I have seen. Whereas I can truly say, I yet know of none in this; and I conceive the reader will believe me, for if I had, I should not have left it there. Use then this help, till you find a better."

That the possessors of the dictionary found it useful may be judged from the fact that a copy now before the writer of this, which belonged to "Mary Robinson" on February 1, 1781, contains an addition in her handwriting: "Etiquette—politeness, good breeding." Now, if this is the only word which this young lady found it necessary to add, she must have found the dictionary a very useful companion. We cannot agree with the compiler in the estimation of his book. There is no explanation of the origin of the words, and the definitions are usually neither very clear nor very correct. It is rather too bad to have a hard word explained by a harder one—as in this instance, "An abscess, an imposthume." Certainly when we look under the letter *i* we find some more information—"an imposthume, a swelling filled with corrupt matter." The following entry is not very explicit from a Natural History point of view—"An ortolan, a very dear bird"; and the reader who came upon some allusion to the changing hue of the chameleon, would not be much enlightened by the following: "A chameleon, a kind of lizard, living on flies." It is not worth while, however, to say more about the ordinary definitions in this dictionary, because what are really worthy of record, and what must be of more or less interest to all of us, are the definitions of the words which were of living importance to Wesley himself. Thus we learn that "a Methodist" is "one that lives according to the Method of the Bible."

One of the special characteristics of Wesley was the power he possessed of turning aside the ridicule of his enemies by accepting the opprobrious epithets that were applied to his followers; thus, one of his ministers, in a somewhat unwise address, alluded to "the babe in swaddling clothes," and in consequence the Methodists in Ireland were called Swaddlers. This term we find explained in the dictionary as follows—"A swaddler, a nickname given by the Papists in Ireland to true Protestants."

We will conclude this article with a few of the definitions which

are of especial interest, as being written by a great ecclesiastic such as Wesley was :—

- “ An Arminian, one that believes in universal redemption.”
- “ Calvinists, they that hold absolute unconditional predestination.”
- “ Catholick spirit, universal love.”
- “ Consubstantiation, the mixture of two substances.”
- “ Conversion, a thorough change of heart and life from sin to holiness ; a turning.”
- “ Deism, infidelity, denying the Bible.”
- “ A Dissenter, one who refuses the Communion of the Church of England.”
- “ The Elect, all that truly believe in Christ.”
- “ A Freethinker, a Deist.”
- “ A Latitudinarian, one that fancies all religions are saving.”
- “ The Millennium, the thousand years during which Christ will reign upon earth.”
- “ A Nonconformist, a dissenter from the Church.”
- “ A Pelagian, one who denies original sin.”
- “ Purgatory, a place where the Papists fancy departed souls are purged by fire.”
- “ A Puritan, an old strict Church of England man.”
- “ Quietists, who place all religion in waiting quietly on God.”
- “ Socinians, men who say Christ was a mere man ; Arians held him to be a little God.”
- “ Transubstantiation, (the supposed) change of the substance of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ.”

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.



“ The Spectator.”

JOSEPH ADDISON, of St. James's, and Richard Steele, of St. Giles's, gentlemen, assigned, on 10 Nov., 1712, to Samuel Buckley, printer and bookseller, a half-share in the copyright of *The Spectator*, then being printed in six vols., and engaged to work during that month, so as to form a seventh volume, for the sum of £575. The assignment was made at the Fountain Tavern, which stood on the houses afterwards numbered 105 and 106, Strand. Buckley transferred this assignment to Jacob Tonson, junior, the bookseller, on October 13, 1714, for £500. The autograph original of this transaction was sold in July, 1855, to Messrs. Boone, of Bond Street, for £7 15s.



Grub Street and its Journal.

NO. 1.—GRUB STREET.

NO chapter of literary history is more singular or more sad than that which deals with Grub Street, and the men to whom the epithet of Grubean writers is applicable. The name alone has long passed into a proverbial phrase for all that is inferior in the great Republic of Letters. Indeed, the mere mention of Grub Street calls up before the mind's eye a tribe of miserable, poverty-stricken scribblers, whose main chance of existence depended upon their power of virulence at a libel, and whose last residence in this world was almost invariably the gaol.

The place known to us as Grub Street was originally tenanted by bowyers, fletchers, makers of bow-strings, and of everything relating to archery. Long before the age of printing, however, Grub Street and its vicinity harboured "literary men" in the form of text-writers, or authors of A B C's, and other religious ware of the same type. It was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century that its name became used as an epithet of reproach. Andrew Marvel, in "The Rehearsal Transposed" (1672), was one of the earliest who so employed it, and this he did on several occasions. "He, honest man, was deep gone in Grub Street and polemical divinity;" and again: "Oh, these are your Nonconformist tricks; oh, you have learnt this of the Puritans in Grub Street."

It was during the Commonwealth that the Grub Street publications,—the "seditious and libellous pamphlets,"—caused a general consternation even in those days of wars and rumours of wars. The place abounded "with mean and old houses" which, let in "holdings," afforded desirable retreats for those authors who, either from political or pecuniary reasons, desired to make themselves

¹ Hawkins' "Life of Pope," p. 31.

scarce for a time. It was the Alsatia of the period, and here men, who were no longer safe in other parts of London, found a safe retreat. Being the suburb of Aldersgate and Little Britain, it not unnaturally became the abode of authors, ballad-writers, and pamphlet-makers. James Smith has hit off capitally the chief features of the place, in the following verse :—

“ A spot near Cripplegate extends,
Grub Street 'tis called, the modern Pindus,
Where (but that bards are never friends)
Bards might shake hands from adverse windows.”

It is very common to suppose that all writers who come under the Grub Street category were ignorant impostors. But in many instances it was not so. The malignity of Pope has tarred the whole fraternity so completely that individual merit has been totally eclipsed. Several of these men were educated either at a university, or some great public school. Poverty was perhaps their chief “crime,” and this was the result of dissolute living and spendthrift habits. The literary fraternity was apparently composed of men who were in various ways unfit for every other calling under the sun, and their last resource was Grub Street. The moral tendency also of small authors was decidedly downwards, and it is perhaps not very surprising that every fresh recruit was carried on with the tide.

The “Grubeans,” as they were generically termed, had to withstand the combined and persistent attacks of Pope, of Swift, and other brilliant wits who were placed by political or private patronage above the necessities and shifts of literary toil in that transitionary period. “The Dunciad” dealt a death blow to the class at which it was aimed. It became “fashionable” to sneer at and satirize these people, and so, in 1726, we find the Dean of St. Patrick’s writing “Advice to the Grub Street Verse Writers,” of which we quote the first stanza :

“ Ye poets ragged and forlorn
Down from your garrets haste ;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Nor yet consigned to paste.”

On another occasion Swift writes :

“ O Grub Street ! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee !
Tho’, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place.
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham’d of them than they of thee.”

But sixteen years before he penned his "Advice," Swift wrote to Stella thus, January 31, 1710-11: "They are here intending to tax all little printed penny papers a halfpenny every half-sheet, which will utterly ruin Grub Street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it." About eighteen months after this he writes, "I have this morning sent out another pure Grub;" and again, "Grub Street has but ten days to run; then an act of Parliament takes place to ruin it by taxing every sheet a halfpenny;" and, once more, "Do you know that Grub Street is dead and gone last week? No more ghosts or murders now for love or money."

In the preface to the fourth part¹ of "Law is a bottomless Pit; or, the History of John Bull" (1712), usually attributed to Swift, but written for the most part by Arbuthnot, we have a reference to this act of muzzling the press, and the result of which, contends the writer, was the silencing of "the whole university of Grub Street," which he laments thus:—

"O Grub Street! thou fruitful nursery of tow'ring geniuses! how do I lament thy downfall! Thy ruin could never be meditated by any who meant well to English liberty: no modern lycæum will ever equal thy glory, whether in soft pastorals thou sung the plauses of pampered apprentices or coy cook-maids; or if to mæonian strains thou raised thy voice, to record the stratagems, the arduous exploits, and the nocturnal scalade of needy heroes, the terror of your peaceful citizens, describing the powerful Betty,² or the artful pit-lock, or the secret caverns and grottos of Vulcan, sweating at his forge, and stamping the Queen's image on baser metals, which he retails for beef and pots of ale; or if thou wert content in simple narrative to relate the acts of implacable revenge, or the complaints of ravished virgins, blushing to tell their adventure before the listening crowd of city damsels, whilst in thy faithful history thou intermingles the gravest counsels and the purest morals: nor less acute and piercing wert thou in thy search and pompous description of the works of nature, whether in proper and emphatic forms thou didst paint the blazing comet's fiery tail, the stupendous force of dreadful thunder and earthquakes, and the unrelenting inundations. Sometimes with Machiavelian sagacity, thou unravellest the intrigues of state, and the traitorous conspiracies of rebels giving wise counsel to monarchs. How didst thou move our terror and our pity with thy passionate scenes between Jack Catch and the heroes of the Old Bailey! How didst thou describe the intrepid march upon Holborn Hill!

¹ In the later editions this was made part five. *Vide* Scott's "Swift," vi. 123-124.

² A cant name given by house-breakers to an iron lever.

Nor didst thou shine less in thy theological capacity, when thou gavest thy ghastly counsel to dying felons, and recorded the guilty pangs of Sabbath-breakers! How will the noble acts [? arts] of John Overton's¹ painting and sculpture languish! where rich invention, proper expression, correct design, divine attitudes, and artful contrast, heightened with the beauties of *clar-obscur*, embellished by celebrated pieces to the delight and astonishment of the judicious multitude! Adieu, persuasive eloquence! The quaint metaphor, the poignant irony, the proper epithet, and the lively simile, are fled for ever! Instead of thee, we shall have, 'I know not what!'—'The illiterate will tell the rest with pleasure.'²

The author of the foregoing naturally apologizes for the digression "by way of condolence to my worthy brethren of Grub Street," and humorously avers that "it has been my good fortune to receive my education there; and so long as I possessed some figure and rank amongst the learned of that society, I scorned to take my degree either at Utrecht or Leyden, though I was offered it gratis by the professors in those universities."

It is a very general belief that John Foxe wrote his "Book of Martyrs" in Grub Street; and although this is an open question, there can be no doubt whatever about the fact that he resided here for some time, as several letters in the Harleian collection testify. Milton's connection with Grub Steet is of a very abstract nature: about the year 1830 that street was re-christened, and, by an unhappy choice, violent hands were laid on the name of the author of "Paradise Lost," chiefly it seems from its proximity to the Bunhill residence of the great poet, who was buried in the chancel of St. Giles', Cripplegate, also hard by. John Speed, the tailor historian, and the happy father of twelve sons and six daughters, was also an inhabitant of Grub Street. As Dr. Brewer very pertinently remarks, "the connection between Grub Street literature and Milton is not apparent. However, as Pindar, Hesiod, Plutarch, &c., were Boetians, so Foxe the martyrologist and Speed the historian resided in Grub Street." It is sometimes stated that the present name of the street was given it by a carpenter named Milton, in honour of himself.

¹ The engraver of the cuts for the Grub Street papers.

² Hawkesbury refers to the preface of four sermons by W. Fleetwood, Bishop of St. Asaph (1712), where, having displayed the *beautiful and pleasing prospect* which was opened by the war, he complains that the spirit of discord had given us in its stead—*I know not what—our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure*. This preface was, by order of the House of Commons, burnt by the hangman in Palace Yard, Westminster.

who, in or about 1830, bought up the leases; but the fact is as we have described.

When Swift wrote that "Grub Street is dead and gone last week," he was, to say the least, premature. For the climax to its wretchedness and misery was not reached until a quarter of a century afterwards. At all events, it could not have been much more depraved than it was in the days of Goldsmith and Johnson; and Macaulay goes so far as to say that the latter was the "last-survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope." But the shame and misery of Grub Street were past; and Johnson, looking back upon it from the eminence of his position, could refer to it with some complacency. In reply to an observation of Hoole, of Tasso fame, to the effect that he was born in Moorfields, and had received part of his early education in Grub Street, "Sir," said the great lexicographer, smiling, "you have been *regularly* educated."



Smart, an author of considerable talent, may be conveniently arranged under the Grub Street category. This far-seeing scribe actually *let* himself out to a monthly journal on a regular lease of ninety-nine years. "Surely the publisher," exclaims De Quincey, "might have been content with seventy." Some time after this singular agreement had been made, a rival tradesman invited some contributions from Smart, but was met with the reply: "No objection,

sir, whatever, except an unexpired term of ninety-seven years yet to run." There were many a similar "contract between the Devil and William Faustus." John Dennis was another of the fraternity, and although he wrote desperately bad verses, and several inferior plays, his critical abilities were of a very high order, and considerably in advance of his time. And those who care to pursue the subject further may do so by perusing Savage's "An Author to be Let."



In the second essay published in the first number of *The Bee*, October 9, 1759, Goldsmith speaks thus of his own brotherhood: "Our theatres are now opened, and all Grub Street is preparing its advice to the managers. We shall undoubtedly hear learned disquisitions on the structure of one actor's legs and another's eyebrows. We shall be told much of enunciations, tones, and attitudes; and shall have our lightest pleasures commented upon by didactic dulness."

A notice of Grub Street would be lamentably incomplete without

some slight reference to Henry Welby, the famous hermit, of whom we give an illustration from a picture published by Richardson in 1794. The accounts respecting this person differ somewhat, but the gist of the affair appears to be to the effect that Henry Welby was born about the middle of the sixteenth century, that he was the inheritor of a considerable fortune, and that a younger brother's



attempt upon his life caused him to renounce everything and everybody. From a very quaint book, entitled "The Phoenix of these Late Times; or, the Life of Henry Welby, Esq.," &c. (printed for N. Okes, and sold by "Richard Clutterbuck at his shop in little Brittain, at the signe of the golden ball"), it seems that he lived alone for forty-four years, during which period he was not seen by any one. He is said to have had purchased for him all the new books, most of which he rejected after a short inspection. The

younger brother's name was John, and it has been contended that Welby was more than eighty-four years old when he died, October 29, 1636. Full notices of this eccentric individual will be found in Morgan's "Phoenix Britannicus," p. 373; Burke's "Patrician," vol. i., p. 52; "Reliquiæ Hearnianæ," vol. i., p. 209; and the privately printed "Notices of the Family of Welby."

We also give, as *apropos* of our present article, an illustration of a very old house in Sweedon's Passage, Grub Street, which, tradition tells us, was inhabited by both Whittington and Gresham, and which formed part of six houses which had occupied the site of an older mansion. Tradition, also, is responsible for the statement that a fine old house, in Hanover Yard, near Grub Street, sketched by J. T. Smith in 1791, was the residence of General Monk. As there is a general absence of proof either one way or another in regard to this theory, we may as well give the house the benefit of the doubt, and assume that once upon a time it was inhabited by Monk. Of this, also, we give an illustration.

W. ROBERTS.



Hand-Book.

OLDYS, in his "History of the Origin of Pamphlets," is the first to notice the application of the term *hand-book* to a portable volume. He says, "I find, not a little to the honour of our subject, no less a personage than the renowned King Alfred collecting his sage precepts and divine sentences with his own royal hand into 'quarternions of leaves stitched together,' which he would enlarge with additional quarternions as occasion offered; yet he seemed to keep his collection so much within the limits of a pamphlet size, however bound together at last, that he called it by the name of his *hand-book*, because he made it his constant companion, and had it at hand wherever he was."





Memorandum-Book of George the Third.

IN the British Museum Library there is a very curious memorandum-book, about four inches tall and two inches deep. The binding is of crimson morocco, richly tooled in gold, with silver mounts. The sides are entirely covered with foliation and ornamental devices. In the centre of the first cover is the monogram "G.R." under a regal crown. The rose, thistle, and shamrock, and the royal crown, are depicted upon both covers. The book is fastened by a silver stylus, which fits into loops attached to four massive circular silver bosses, each of which is three-quarters of an inch across. There are eighteen leaves, four of which are of ass's skin, and covered with a white substance upon which the stylus will mark, and from which marks so made may be easily erased. Two pages are written upon with ink, now slightly faded, but clearly legible:—

" 4 bo of port
 2 bo of Claret
 2 bo of renesh
 2 Burgeny
 2 White Wine
 1 bo madarer
 1 Shannpane
 3 of Decr."

The next page contains this entry:—

	£	s.	d.
" 2 Dos ⁿ of Claret Dec ^r ye 2	9	0	0
11 botills	0	12	0
a hamper cord	0	1	6
for packing	0	1	0
	£9 14 6"		

This most interesting memento of George III. has evidently been much used by being carried in the pocket, and indeed there can be

no doubt at all that it was his Majesty's constant pocket-companion. The dates given are clearly December 2nd and 3rd, but in what year the entry was made does not appear. From the appearance of the tablets of ass's skin it is probable that several entries were made upon them, and subsequently erased.

The book was purchased in the Libri sale, in 1859, in the catalogue of which it is described as "The King's own Pocket-Book, as used by him for his private Memoranda."



A Metrical Olio.

THERE is a curious metrical olio bearing this title, "Recreation for ingenious Head-pieces, or a Pleasant Grove for their Wits to walk in. Of Epigrams, 700; Epitaphs, 200; Fancies, a number; Fantasticks, abundance. London, 1667. 12mo." This book was popular with the gay creatures of the Court of Charles II. It contains some rude woodcuts, and a frontispiece by Marshall. It is apparently an enlarged edition of the "Wit's Recreations" of 1641. The following examples are interesting:—

5. "When man and woman dies, as poets sung,
His heart's the last that stirs, of her's the tongue.
43. Sextus doth with his wife in heaven were;
Where can she have more happiness than there?
163. Dracus his head is highly by him borne,
And so by straws are empty heads of corn.
278. Tusser! they tell me when thou wert alive
Thou, teaching thrift, thyself could'st never thrive;
So, like the whetstone, many men are wont
To sharpen others when themselves are blunt.
356. Celsus doth love himself, Celsus is wise,
For now no rival e'er can claim his prize.
453. A pedant asked a puny right and bold
In an hard frost the Latin word for cold.
'I'll tell you out of hand,' quoth he, 'for lo!
I have it at my *fingers' ends*, you know.'
491. He that fears death, or mourns it in the just,
Shows of the Resurrection little trust."

Some of the epigrams are evidently taken from the old collections of Thomas Freeman, Henry Fitzgeffery, and Henry Parrot, and have descended at last to the well-thumbed pages of a *Foe Miller*.



The Bibliographer of the "Friends."

WHITECHAPEL, no one will deny, is not a place which affords that repose which is generally supposed to be the concomitant of literary research. No one is surprised when some ponderous monument of learning comes from the seclusion of cathedral precincts or collegiate quadrangles; but for a work that has taken nearly a quarter of a century to compile to issue from the noisy purlieus of Mile End, is surely a fair matter for wonder. Yet such a work has been built up in such a place, and it is but fair that those who use and value it should know of the difficulties which environed its accomplishment that they may honour its author as he deserved.

Whitechapel High Street has altered but little, and that little not for the better, since Sala, some thirty years ago, described its humours in one of his delightful essays on nothing and everything. There is still the curbstone market stretching nigh unto Mile End Gate, whereat may be purchased—more or less damaged—everything the young couple setting up housekeeping in a modest way can desire to possess. The bold butcher is still entreating passers-by to purchase his wares in a strident voice, and the rabbi still goes from shambles to shambles affixing the little metal labels which proclaim that the neat has been slaughtered in orthodox fashion and may be sinlessly digested by modern Jewry. There is still noise, dirt, drunkenness, evil language, foul smells, and a hundred other things to render life disagreeable; and yet within a stone's throw, for thirty years an old Quaker has patiently been building up day by day works which demanded thought and skill and care. The Quaker is Joseph Smith; the works, his "Catalogue of Friends' Books" and his "Bibliotheca Anti-Quakerana."

In writing a book which required some research into Quaker

history, I had occasion to write to Mr. Smith, and received a courteous reply with a request that I would make use of any material he could supply ; and shortly after, Mr. Smith called on me with a book he fancied might be useful. He is a little old man, with a face beaming with kindness and, unlike the Quaker of fiction, merri-ment ; but his apparel bore signs that life went not altogether well with him. Yet was he amazingly cheerful, and work I never so hard, there seemed to be no hope of coming either to the end of his good nature or his information.

He called on me several times, and not a few letters passed between us ; but one night, being in haste for certain details which he alone of all men I knew was able to supply, I resolved to track him to his lair.

Oxford Street, Whitechapel, is as unlike its West End namesake as Abbot the archbishop was to his brother Abbot the ploughman. The one is narrow, the other wide ; the one is bordered with high, well-built houses, the other by tiny two-storeyed dwellings—the only feature of resemblance lying in both being unquiet. No. 6 is at the end nearest the London Hospital—the most peaceful portion—and, like its fellows, is narrow and one-storeyed. The lower part was evidently intended for a shop, and as such it is professedly used—for Mr. Smith is nominally a second-hand bookseller—only the shutters are rarely down, and, save late at night, their owner is seldom at home. The rap I gave at the knockerless door brought numerous heads out of the neighbouring windows, and a few dirty children stopped their gutter-playing to stare at the unaccustomed sight of a stranger. A good deal of well-intentioned advice was offered me : I had better go home and write ; I must come after ten at night if I really meant to see Mr. Smith, and the like, cruelly cut short by the appearance at the door of the man I was in search of.

The kind-hearted old man was evidently glad to see me, and asked me in. Now my figure does not err on the side of corpulency ; indeed my detractors call me—so good-natured friends say—skinny ; but my entrance had perforce to be made sideways. A narrow passage through the shop to the room behind had been formed, and its walls were books. Every step of the stairs was a bookshelf ; every corner held its pile of volumes. In the little back room into which I was ushered was a screen round the fire : this, too, was of books ; and a kind of table was formed of the same materials. The room was very small, and, alas, spoke too plainly of an empty purse.

Mr. Smith told me a little of his history. Being a birthright

Quaker, although his parents were of the poorest, he had as good a right as any to a fair education, and accordingly he was sent to Ackworth School, where among his mates were John Bright and the late W. E. Forster. His school-days ended, on his return home he was apprenticed to a Friend who taught him, or commenced to teach him, watchmaking. But the apprentice cared more for books than springs, and in every spare moment haunted the bookstalls, being, so far as his means allowed, a diligent purchaser; and soon after he was out of his apprenticeship he set up on his own account as a second-hand bookseller.

This profession—unless you should happen to be at the top of the tree—is not lucrative; and indeed Mr. Smith is not calculated to make the best of a bad bargain. He is a collector rather than a vendor, and, provided he can manage, seems any day readier to buy a book than sell one. Being a Quaker, he naturally had a keen eye for Quaker books; and Whiting's famous catalogue leaving off much too soon, and not being complete so far as it went, he conceived the idea of continuing and improving it. This he has done, and the doing took him more than twenty years.

Twenty years compiling one book, and that but a list of works written by one class of men! Twenty years writing out the title-pages of books, and calculating the number of sheets in each work. Only think of the patience required to stick at one job for a generation. Twenty years of profitless labour that others may profit; think of the self-denial, the weariness of continued research, it has involved. It is little less than heroic, all the more as throughout the whole time the labourer was fully aware that though he might be worthy of hire, yet would none be paid him.

A. C. BICKLEY.

(To be continued).



A First Edition.

THE first edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World" was published in folio in the year 1614; in this is a fine frontispiece engraved by Elstrack; this is allegorical, and is engraved with the usual skill of that master, and is beautifully clear and distinct; in the later editions, of which there were ten or more, the plate is much worn, and appears to have been re-touched, with the result of making the finest lines thick and clumsy. In the centre of the frontispiece is the inscription, "The History of the World," and at the foot, "At London; printed for Walter Burre, 1614." For later editions the collector must turn to the colophon for the date.



Americana.

POMPONIUS MELA'S GEOGRAPHY.

MR. JUSTIN WINSOR, in his exhaustive "History of America," deals very fully with the immense bibliography of the subject. From the article treating of Pomponius Mela, Solinus, Vadianus, and Apianus, much valuable information is given respecting the documentary sources of early Spanish-American history. The first edition of the popular geographical treatise of Pomponius Mela was, it seems, printed in 1471 at Milan, and published under the title of "Cosmographia," in quarto size of fifty-nine leaves. In 1478, observes Mr. Winsor, there was an edition, "De Situ Orbis," at Venice; and in 1482 another edition, "Cosmographia Geographica," came out at the same place. It was called "Cosmographia" in the edition of 1498; "De Orbis Situ" in that of Venice, 1502; "De totius orbis descriptione" in the Paris edition of 1507, edited by Geofroy Tory. In 1512 the text of Mela came under new influences. A circle of geographical students were at this time making Vienna a centre of interest by their interpretation of the views of Mela and Solinus, a writer of the third century, whose "Polyphistor" is a description of the world known to the ancients. In this circle there was one John Camers, who undertook the editing of Mela, and his edition, "De Situ Orbis," was printed by John Singrein at Vienna in 1512, in which year also another issue, "Cosmographia Pomponii Mele," edited by Johannes Cocleius, appeared, presumably from a Nuremberg press. Joachim Watt, a Swiss student of Camers, and better known by the Latinized form of his name, Vadianus, brought out the "De Situ Orbis" of Mela in 1518. Camers also issued at the same time an edition uniform with the Aldine imprint of Solinus. The two books are often found bound together. Two years later (1520), copies of the two usually

have bound up between them the famous condiform map of Apian—Petrus Apianus. This for a long time was considered the earliest engraved map to show the name of America, which appeared on the representation of South America. Besides the editions of Mela which we have enumerated, a great many subsequent ones appeared, at Paris, Basle, London, Antwerp, Madrid, Leyden, &c.

HUBBARD'S "NARRATIVE."

A very curious book appeared at Boston in 1677, bearing the imprint of John Foster. It was by W. Hubbard, and bore the somewhat long-winded title as follows: "A Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England, from the first planting thereof in the year 1607, to this present year 1677. But chiefly of the late Troubles in the two last years, 1675 and 1676. To which is added a Discourse about the Warre with the Pequods in the year 1637," &c. This book, with the original folding map, is extremely rare; and, what is, perhaps, the only copy in the market, is offered for £70. The chief test, according to the bookseller, of the original map, as distinguished from the London reproduction, is that the range of "White Hills" is properly so named on it, while in the latter it is misinscribed "*Wine Hills*."

THE FIRST ALMANAC.

It is a fact upon which most bibliographers are agreed, that the first almanac printed in America came out in 1639, and was entitled "An Almanac calculated for New England, by Mr. Pierce, Mariner." The printer was Stephen Day, or Daye, to whom belongs the title of first printer in North America. The press was at Cambridge, Mass., and its introduction was effected mainly through the Rev. Jesse Glover, a wealthy Nonconformist minister who had only recently left England. Some Amsterdam gentlemen "gave towards furnishing of a printing-press with letters, forty-nine pounds and something more." The first book issued was the "Bay Psalm-Book," in 1640.

ANOTHER "FIRST" ALMANAC.

As a pendant to the foregoing note, it will be interesting to point out that the first book issued in the Middle Colonies was an Almanac. It was printed near Philadelphia by William Bradford, in 1685, who was brought out from England in 1682 by William Penn; but the Government of Pennsylvania becoming very restrictive with reference to the press, Bradford removed in 1693 to New York, was appointed

printer to that colony, and in 1725 succeeded in starting the *New York Gazette*—the first newspaper published there. He died May 23, 1752, aged eighty-nine years. Of his almanac, we believe there are only two copies known to be in existence, and as the Address of the Printer to the Readers is so quaint, we cannot forbear quoting it in full. It runs as follows:—"Hereby understand that after great charge an trouble, I have brought that GREAT ART AND MYSTERY OF PRINTING into this part of America; believing it may be of great service to you in several respects; hoping to find encouragement, not only in this Almanack, but what else I shall enter upon for the use and service of the inhabitants of these parts. Some irregularities there be in this Diary, which I desire you to pass by this year; for being lately come hither, my materials were misplaced and out of order, whereupon I was forced to use figures and letters of various sizes; but understanding the want of something of this nature, and being importuned thereto, I ventured to make public this; desiring you to accept thereof; and by the next (as I find encouragement) shall endeavour to have things compleat. And for the ease of clarks, scriveners, &c., I propose to print blank Bills, Bonds, Letters of Attorney, Indentures, Warrants, etc., and what else presents itself, wherein I shall be ready to serve you; and remain your friend, W. BRADFORD, Philadelphia, the 10th month, 1685."

THE EARLIEST GREEK BOOK.

The earliest Greek book printed in the United States was Matthew Carey's edition of the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus (1792), and the first Greek Testament came from the press of Isaiah Thomas, Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800.

A POETIC NEGRESS.

The appearance of an individual in whom the three attributes of negress, slave, and poetess are found, may be regarded as somewhat phenomenal, or, as a bookseller's catalogue would express it, "EXCESSIVELY RARE." Phillis Wheatley, a negro servant, or slave, to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, New England, is the authoress of "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral" (1773), which was printed for A. Bell, Aldgate, London, and "sold by Messrs. Cox and Berry, King Street, Boston." The volume contains her portrait. Phillis was remarkably quick at learning, and is said to have taught herself to read and write without the assistance of a schoolmaster. The poems were written when she was a slave in the household of Mr. Wheatley.



A Comparison of some Auction Prices of Books in the Seventeenth and Nineteenth Centuries.

A HISTORY of the development of the value and prices of books which have been sold by auction, from the date of the first sale in 1676 to that of the Earl of Crawford in the present year, would be of much interest and utility to collectors. I distinguish between value and prices because the price is often in these days advanced beyond the legitimate value, by the action of enterprising booksellers who desire to corner the market in regard of certain books much sought after by collectors, and on the other hand is often reduced by that peculiar combination known as a "knock-out." The extraordinary rise in the prices of certain books dates only from the beginning of the present century, and while the attention of the literary world was attracted to our early literature and typography by the writings of Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, and their group: the sale of the Roxburghe Library and the foundation of the Roxburghe Club, together with the undoubted (though somewhat hyperbolic) influence of Dibdin's bibliographical works, gave that remarkable impetus to book-collecting, and consequently to that rise in prices, which has reached what is probably its meridian in the Sunderland, Syston Park, and Crawford sales. It would not be difficult to show that these remarkable prices began with the Sunderland sale in 1881, and also to indicate the influences which were at work to produce them; but that would, however interesting, lead me astray from my present purpose, which is simply to point out a few interesting books appearing in sales of the seventeenth century and the present, and to compare the prices paid for them then and now. Let it be noted, that the first libraries which were sold by auction were those of Puritan divines who had lived and worked under the Commonwealth Government, and were consequently composed of books suited to their calling, consisting almost entirely of theological

and historical books, to the complete exclusion of what we now distinguish as "literature," or, as it used to be called, "belles lettres." Hence we look in vain for anything in the shape of "profane" literature. Neither poetry (in any shape), nor books of the peculiar kind known as "collectors' books," are to be found in these libraries.

The class of literature which now realizes most money, which is to be found also in the early libraries (then realizing least), is that very valuable and interesting one on the early history and literature of America. One of the most remarkable books in the first catalogue—*i.e.* of Dr. Seaman's library (sold in 1676)—was the Indian Bible of John Eliot, the first missionary to the Indians, published at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, in 1663, and a second edition in 1685. An entry in Dr. Seaman's catalogue notes it thus: "Veteris et Novi Testamenti in Ling. Indica. Cantabr. in Nova Anglia." No date is given, and the price obtained for it was 19s. At Brooklyn, in 1884, the second edition of the Bible printed at Cambridge, U.S., in 1685, formerly in the library of the Marquis of Hastings, sold for £200. A copy of the 1685 edition, with the Psalms of 1680, was sold for £40 in the Crawford sale. When John Dunton went to America in 1686 he met Dr. Eliot, and was presented by him with twelve copies of his Indian Bible! Another early American book in Latin, but which often wants the map, is the collection of Huttich and Grynæus, entitled "*Novus Orbis Regionum ac Insularum Veteribus incognitarum Scriptores Variæ*," published in Basle in 1555, which sold in 1676 for 5s., and in the Sunderland sale for £12 10s. A collection of ten of the works of the celebrated Anglo-American divine, Dr. John Cotton, including the "Way of the Churches of Christ in New England," 1645, sold in 1676 for 7s. The work mentioned would itself realize at least as many pounds at the present time. "New England's Lamentations for Old England's Errors," 1645, sold with twelve others for 8s., would certainly be worth £10 now, though I do not at present remember that a copy has been sold at any recent sale. It is the same with all the writings of those Puritan divines who, before and after the Restoration, retired to America—*viz.*, Thomas Cobbett, John Cotton, Thomas Shephard, the Mathers, and others. Selling originally for a few pence, they are now rightly regarded as authentic documents on the early history of American colonization, and consequently realize five or six hundred times as much as they did when first published.

Very few books of either the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries appear in the first auction catalogues, but there are, nevertheless, one or two

interesting for comparison. For instance, King Henry the VIII.'s "Necessary Doctrine for a Christian Man," 1543, first published in 1537, under the title of the "Institucyon of a Christian Man," in 1537 figures at the price of 4s. 6d., with the "Order of Common Prayer as it is to be Sung in Churches," 1550—the two books having been sold in the present time at £4 and £5 each. There was also sold "a Catholic Primer, in Latin and English," 1555, for 3s., which was probably the one printed by Wylliam Powell, in the Litany of which is a prayer for King Philip of Spain and Queen Mary, now worth perhaps as many pounds as it then fetched in pence. Liturgical books were then at a discount, as might naturally be expected from the general antipathy of the Puritans to all set forms of prayer. Hence the "Articles of Canterbury," 1577, the "Convocation Articles" of 1562 and 1571, a "Form of Prayer to be used twice a week," 1563, and several other kindred tracts, were sold in a lot for 5s. 6d., and are now fetching their weight in gold whenever they occur for sale, which is not often. It is interesting to notice that, with regard to the great editions of the Fathers, the Latin and other Commentaries and the Latin Bibles of the sixteenth century, the prices have not materially altered.

One of the most remarkable of the foreign books, and the only important specimen of fifteenth-century typography in Dr. Seaman's library, was the "Editio Princeps" of Homer, in Greek, printed in Florence at the expense of the Nerlii in 1488. It realized 9s. A poor copy in the Sunderland sale produced £48, and a remarkably fine copy in the Crawford sale was bought by "King" Quaritch for £135. It was splendidly bound by Trautz-Bauzonnet, a Bibliopegistic artist who is a special favourite of that sovereign of book-sellers.

The early catalogues have many books on the occult sciences, which have vastly increased in value, and which must still further be enhanced by the formation of such societies as the "Psychical" and the publication of such periodicals as "Lucifer." The volumes of "Book Prices Current," when complete, will greatly aid the student of the history of the development of prices and value of ancient books, a study the pursuit of which at present entails a vast amount of labour, to be realized fully only by those who attempt it.

JOHN LAWLER.



School Books in Ireland.

ALTHOUGH the learning of the Irish in times past produced grammatical and other scholastic treatises, the peasants in some districts at the early part of the present century were almost destitute of school books. John Brightland in 1712 printed a grammar of the English tongue "for the use of the schools of Great Britain and Ireland"—a fact, says Mr. Carew Hazlitt in his recently published "Schools, School Books" (p. 131), more particularly noticeable because it is the first hint of any scheme comprehending the Emerald Isle. Whether this is so or not, there is evidence that the good intentions of Mr. Brightland did not penetrate far. In the Statistical Survey of the Parish of Errigall-Keroge, county Tyrone, published in 1819, it is reported that "the mixture of books that the children use is a great impediment to improvement at the schools. The spelling-books are of various kinds and bad sorts, and the books for those advanced in reading are generally those sold by pedlars." At the schools of Rathcline, county Longford, it is reported that the books were "generally story-books or some vulgar ill-written histories." At Tracton Abbey, county Cork, "the children learnt to read in such books as the parents might have, including every variety from the 'History of Reynard the Fox,' to Chesterfield's 'Rules of Politeness.'" It is singular that these books are even now sold as chap books in Dublin, and we suppose that nowhere else in the United Kingdom are they to be obtained in genuine chap-book form. A small collection of these chap books was brought over from Dublin a few years ago by the late Mr. Edward Solly, and they included some highly curious productions about which it may be well on another occasion to say something in detail. If the Irish school books were no worse than these, they would, at the most, illustrate the extreme love of the Irish people for legend and romance, and

they might supply a hint as to one of the means of perpetuating popular stories and folk-tales after the introduction of literature, for among the school books sold by John Dorne at Oxford in 1520, we find, beside the A B C's, that he had an assortment consisting of "Robin Hood," "The Nutbrown Maid," "The Squire of Low Degree," and other well-known popular ballads and tales. But in Ireland, intermixed with this innocent literature was something more pernicious. In the schools of Tullaroan, county Kilkenny, it was reported in 1819 that "books for reading in were very few in number, and of that description well known to those who examine the books which pedlars and petty shopkeepers sell to the country people, such as the history of robbers, &c., and particularly that pernicious little book the 'Articles of Limerick,' of which several thousand copies are sold every year through every part of the nation, which it is impossible for children to read without imbibing a spirit of disloyalty to the Government, and hatred of the present royal family and English connection." This last paragraph supplies food for much reflection in view of the present condition of Ireland, and is one more example of the indefensible neglect which all governments have given and still give to the compilation of proper school books. Many schools all over the kingdom are now teaching what will have to be unlearned some day, and yet we go on without taking so serious a matter to heart—waste of national energy and brain power. If it has been even worse than this in Ireland, namely, the teaching of positive hatred towards England in the young minds of children, how can we calculate the loss to the empire for the want of a wholesome regulation and supply of school books? It was by accident that the school to which Oliver Goldsmith went—that at Shruel, county Longford—was of a better order than those we have noted above, but we know not how many such ornaments to our English-speaking race have passed away undeveloped, learning seditious nonsense instead of sound knowledge.

G. L. GOMME.



On Caxton fed and Pynson too,
 And many an Elzevir drilled thro' ;
 So dreaming, I quite vainly tried
 To rouse myself—I nearly died !
 For SOMETHING held me in its thrall
 That made me grow both stout and tall !
 Then I awoke, and with a shock—
 It was the hand of ELLIOT STOCK ;
 I rubb'd my eyes and gaz'd around,
 Books lin'd the walls from ceil to ground !
 Thro' many I had bor'd my way !
 You'll scarce believe me when I say
 The knowledge I had eaten thro'
 Straight to my brain now upward flew !
 New life and purpose thro' me ran—
 I found myself a living man !
 STOCK moved his hand, and, smiling, said :
 " Interpret now the mighty dead !
 " The world we live in disbelieves
 " In ancient books and yellow leaves :
 " Arise ! unlock the BOOKWORM'S store,
 " And tell us of the books of yore ! "
 He gave me paper, quills, and ink,
 While I could only stare and blink ;
 Command and will were in his eye,
 As he resum'd, without reply :
 " Once foe of books, as friend now live !
 " To all who need, good book-lore give !
 " Then you we'll hail as chief book-lover,
 " And place your portrait on the cover ! "

So here THE BOOKWORM toiling spins,
 To expiate his many sins.

noise, it comes out of his clashing his wings against each other with an incessant din.'" The explanation here given by the Bookworm of course settles the point ; but surely intoxication is one of the last of imaginable causes for the phenomenon. At the same time the clearing up of this doubtful matter administers a rebuke to the shameless incredulity of these days.

² Anglicé.





A Mad Book.

MOST book-lovers will be able to call to mind several books, the reading of which has led them seriously to question the sanity of the writers, but I think the maddest book I have ever come across is a quarto treatise privately printed in 1805, and written by a member of Parliament. The title of this charming absurdity is as follows—"Andalusia ; or Notes tending to show that the Yellow Fever of the West Indies, and of Andalusia in Spain, was a Disease well known to the Ancients, and that they assigned a cause for it, and used effective means for the prevention and cure of it not hitherto attempted in our time. By Robert Deverell Esq., M.P. London." Now this reads all very well, but the author evidently desires that the reader should not be kept in the dark, and therefore he commences his tract with this astonishing assertion—"I have myself no knowledge whatsoever of Medicine."

After this confession we need not expect a medical treatise, but no one surely could be prepared to come upon a partial reprint of Milton's masque of *Comus* with illustrative notes showing the hidden meaning of that poem to be an account of the Yellow Fever and the means of cure. We are further informed that the scene of the poem is in Andalusia, that the attendant spirit is the fresh air or wind, "the noble peer" the Fortress of Gibraltar, and "the lady his wife" the sea. The line "for their defence and guard" appears to be a pun, for "the fair offspring" are the two rivers Guadiana and Guadalquivir. Bacchus is South America and the ice upon the Andes (surely a somewhat odd comparison), Circe the southern portion of North America, the Lady is the lake of pure water at the head of the two rivers just mentioned, and the enchanted chair is the city of Seville. Again we have a pun, for Lord Brackly means brackish

water, which is said to be the legitimate cause of the disease. Comus represents the flood, so his rout of monsters are the waves of that flood beating on the shore and forcing their way up the rivers Guadiana and Guadalquivir; their dance having an allusion perhaps to the tides which accompany those waves.

The author discovers in the poem an account of the symptoms of the disease, and also a recommendation to take Peruvian bark as a febrifuge. *Comus* is followed by *Lycidas*, which also is devoted to a description of Andalusia, and then we find extracts from the *Æneid* and *Georgics*, the *Iliad*, &c., in which the same line of illustration is pursued.

The author soon appears to have had doubts whether he had said all that was to be said in favour of his monstrous hypothesis, for in the next year (1806) he printed "A Supplement to Notes on the Ancient Method of treating the Fever of Andalusia now called the Yellow Fever, deduced from an Explanation of the hieroglyphics painted upon the Cambridge Mummy." It is not, however, worth while to say more of the crotchets which Mr. Deverell aired in these tracts. I hope I have said enough to show that this treatise on the Yellow Fever is veritably "a Mad Book"; but a mad book does not necessarily prove a mad author, so that it will be advisable to add something more to show that the author actually was mad.

In 1806 Mr. Deverell determined to show the world that there were other odd things hidden away in literature besides descriptions of the treatment of the Yellow Fever, and he therefore printed privately "A New View of the Classics and Ancient Arts tending to shew their connection with the Sciences," in which he elucidates the hidden meanings of Heraldry and Architecture, and shows that "underneath the surface of all the classics there lies a solid substance unknown and unsuspected"! We must allow that the statement that Hector means the Euphrates, and Andromache certain inland lakes, partakes of the unsuspected, for we should never have supposed that "the beautiful fable" of the parting of these two means—but really it is waste of space to state what the author supposes it actually to mean.

The year 1806 must have been a busy one with Mr. Deverell, for before it had closed he printed another tract entitled "Two Letters addressed to the late Right Hon. William Pitt on the ancient subject of the Aries or Battering Ram." These letters were written on September 19, 1804, and on June 16, 1806.

Ten years after this Mr. Deverell was still as wedded as ever to his absurdities, and in 1816 was published at London a second edition of "Hieroglyphics and other Antiquities," in six

volumes. Here the author proves himself a complete lunatic, for he finds references everywhere to the disc of the moon and to the Signs of the Zodiac. In these six volumes are four plays of Shakespeare, viz. *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and *Merchant of Venice*—reprinted with the most extraordinary notes, that can only be likened to the theory which lately arrived from America and has been astonishing the readers of *The Daily Telegraph*. Of the amount of insight which Mr. Deverell had into the mind of Shakespeare we can make a shrewd guess from his statement that *Hamlet* is to be connected with *Hudibras*, and that *King Lear* is referable to the same prototype as *Crowdero* in *Hudibras* and *Polonius* in *Hamlet*. We also read that *Cordelia* is the same as *Ophelia*, "being made up of those streaks of light in the moon which cross the prototypes of the Kings of France and Burgundy above pointed out." There is, however, a saving clause—"Though I would not be understood to assert that all the plays of Shakespeare are to be explained by a reference to appearances in the moon, yet"—but after this it is scarcely needful to see what this saving theory is.

Mr. Deverell lived on till 1842, and Sir Robert Heron in his *Notes* (2nd ed., 1851, p. 263) says of him—"This year died my old tutor, Robert Deverell, formerly Pedley. He wrote works which decidedly proved insanity, and his conduct was also sometimes such as to admit of no other excuse; yet he was the best tutor I could have had, for with a private education, without companions of any ability, I was in need of his strange and active imagination to excite my reasoning faculties." That Mr. Deverell's imagination was both active and strange I think sufficient evidence has been brought forward in these few lines.

HENRY B. WHEATLEY.

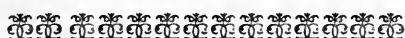


Bentley's Miscellany.

WHEN Mr. Bentley proposed to establish a periodical publication to be called *The Wits' Miscellany*, he spoke to James Smith (one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses") about it. Smith objected that the title promised too much. Shortly afterwards the publisher came to tell Smith that he had profited by the hint, and resolved on calling it *Bentley's Miscellany*. "Isn't that going a little too far the other way?" was the suggestive remark.

An Author's Recompense.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON, the printer and novelist, died July 4, 1764. He was succeeded in business by his nephew, William Richardson. Nearly every student of Bibliography is acquainted with the life, writings, and generosity of the former, but it may be as well to note that the nephew, though he was unsuccessful in business, possessed some of the generous and genial qualities of his talented uncle. In a fragment of the "Memoirs of Mr. Richard Gough" is the following letter:—"June 1, 1776. When a man has laid in a fund of knowledge in any branch, from books or other means of attainment, it is not to be wondered that the itch for scribbling seizes him. My authorship was fixed to the line of antiquity. Whilst at college I had begun to make additions to the list of topographers of Great Britain and Ireland, prefixed to Gibson's 'Camden.' I inserted these in Rawlinson's 'English Topographer,' till I might commence topographer myself. I formed a quarto volume, and it was printed, 1768, at Mr. Richardson's press—*on credit*: my allowance not permitting any advance of money before publication. Mr. Richardson refused interest on his labour. The sale was rapid beyond expectation, and I was, on the balance between me and *honest Tom Payne*, gainer of SEVEN POUNDS."



Paper-making in England.

"PAPER," observed Fuller ("Worthies," i., p. 224, ed. Nuttall), "is entered as a manufacture of Cambridgeshire because there are mills nigh Sturbridge fair, where paper was made in the memory of our fathers. Pity the making thereof is disused, considering the vast sums yearly expended in our land for paper out of Italy, France, and Germany, which might be lessened *were it made in our nation*."



The Aldine Inscription.

OVER the door of his *sanctum*, Aldus placed the following inscription:—

"Whoever you are, ALDUS earnestly entreats you to dispatch your business as soon as possible, and then depart; unless you come hither, like another Hercules, to lend him some friendly assistance; for here will be work sufficient to employ you, and as many as enter this place."

The Great Fire of London and the Booksellers.

THE devastation of the Great Fire of 1666 inflicted great loss upon the booksellers. Of this there is an interesting testimony in a little book entitled ΛΟΓΟΣ ΑΥΤΟΠΙΣΤΟΣ, or, *Scriptures Self-Evidence*. (London, printed for Edward Brewster, and are to be sold at Mr. Marriotts a scrivener, over against Hicks-Hall in St. John's Street, 1667.) At p. 191 there is an advertisement to the reader couched in these terms:—

"The late dreadfull Fire, kindled by our God-provoking sins and abominations, transcending all our Forefathers, (after so many miracles of mercies and deliverances) within three dayes space turned no less than 88 Parishes and Parish-Churches, with the Cathedral Church of the late great and glorious City of London, into heaps of ashes and rubbish, to the just horror and amazement of all Spectators of their flames and ruines; which as it proved extremely prejudicial and destructive to most Companies of the City, yet none of them received so grand losses and dammages by the devouring Conflagration as the Company of Stationers, most of whose Habitations, Store-houses, Shops, together with all their Stocks, Books, bound and unbound, (by reason of their combustableness, and difficulty to remove them) were not only consumed in a moment, but their ashes, and scorched leaves, carried with the violence of the wind in the air, were scattered in sundry places above 16 miles from the City, to the great admiration of the Beholders. Amongst other millions of Books thus suddenly consumed, this little Book suffered in the same kind; however, thou hast it now with many Additions. Reader, pray for the Author, and beg a blessing upon his endeavours for thy good. *Farewell.*"

This is followed by a list of the notable fires that preceded the Great Fire of London. *Scriptures Self-Evidence* belongs to the long controversy as to the "Only Rule of Faith," and has escaped the notice of the bibliographers of the Papal Controversy of the seventeenth century. It is not in such a treatise that we should expect to find a curious bit of evidence as to the destruction of literature caused by the Fire of London.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.





Steele and "The Ladies' Library."

AMONG the many minor points in the fascinating history of "Dick" Steele, few exceed in interest that in relation to the publication of "The Ladies' Library." This work, "written by a lady," and "published by Mr. Steele," came out with Jacob Tonson's imprint in 1714. The idea or title evidently originated in the 37th *Spectator*, written by Addison. In the 79th issue Steele takes up the thread of this subject, to which Addison returns in the 92nd and Steele in the 140th numbers of the same periodical. "The Ladies' Library" was in three volumes, each having a distinct dedication. The first is addressed to the Countess of Burlington, and the preface is dated from Bloomsbury Square, July 21, 1714; the second is inscribed to Mrs. Bovey, a learned and very beautiful widow, by some supposed to be identical with Sir Roger de Coverley's obdurate widow; whilst the third, which, as Mr. Dobson has remarked, "is couched in an admirable strain of loyal and affectionate eulogy, is to Steele's own wife, who, surrounded by her family, may be supposed to be depicted in Du Guernier's frontispiece," in the first volume, and of which we give a facsimile. Nothing can be more charming than this example of the erratic author's love and admiration for his wife, and he repentantly admits, "I have not been circumspect enough to preserve you from care and sorrow." "I rejoice," he also exclaims, "in publick occasion to shew my pity for you."

Two of these three octavo volumes consist of over 500 pages, and the other has over 400. This fact alone would seem to be proof enough that Steele was not the compiler of these volumes. His habits were desultory and uncertain, and the time which would be absorbed in such a work was much more than he could have afforded at that time. The name of the ostensible compiler—"a

lady"—is now unknown, and probably Steele had good reasons for wishing her identity to remain a secret. Not long after the appearance of these very neatly-got-up and well-printed "dumpy" volumes, John Morphew, an extensive bookseller, whose shop was near Stationers' Hall, issued a fourpenny pamphlet entitled, "Mr. Steele



Detected : or the Poor and Oppressed Orphan's Letters to the Great and Arbitrary Mr. Steele " (1714).

The author of this, Royston Meredith, was a descendant of Richard Royston, whose name appears on the title-page of the earlier editions of Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Holy Dying," and the whole of a portion of the copyright descended to Meredith. Meredith's object

in putting forth his pamphlet was to point out that Steele had collected whole treatises out of several books and published them "under the specious title of 'The Ladies' Library.'" It was not, however, we think, so much because of "the imposition upon the public" as the injustice "to a poor orphan" in the person of Royston Meredith himself. Mr. Meredith goes somewhat out of his way to vouchsafe the superfluous information that he is an "illiterate person." The groundwork of this pamphlet is made up by the correspondence which passed between the two. Writing to Steele on October 21, 1714, Meredith says, "If I mistake not, you are the gentleman who, of late, has been so great a stickler for the liberty, rights, and properties of the subject" (for it will be remembered that Steele was expelled the House of Commons for publishing the "Crisis," &c., in March, 1714), and insolently alludes to "the money which you spend as vainly as you get idly." He subscribes himself "the highly injured," &c. Steele replied the same day, simply promising to inquire into the allegations made, and write again. But Richard did not usually distinguish himself for his promptitude, and this case was not an exception. Four or five days elapsed, and Meredith, who had been to Tonson and was *referred to the author*, expressed his determination to maintain his right by law. "The poor and oppressed orphan," as he called himself, is also an abusive one, although he may only have been fighting for his own rights. His letter gave Steele a capital excuse for getting out of the scrape. He wrote on October 25th, the day after he received the "orphan's" second onslaught, and ingeniously wriggles out of it, leaving the subject in dispute to take care of itself. The style, complains the expelled M.P., "was very harsh to one whom you are not at all acquainted with," and he winds up with the very modest desire, "I beg you will give me no ill language."

This seems to have been the proverbial last straw, as the redoubtable Royston Meredith "goes for" Steele in fine style. Not content with picking the letter to pieces and savagely criticising nearly every sentence, he drags in the subject of his opponent's expulsion from the House of Commons. He points out that Taylor's "Holy Living" is sold for 5s., whereas "The Ladies' Library" is 10s. the three volumes, so that the purchaser of the former would be only throwing away money by buying the latter, which is only a selection from Taylor's popular work. But Meredith contradicts himself to some extent when he declares that the second volume is almost wholly collected out of Fleetwood's Sermons, Locke's essay on Education, and Halifax's "Advice to a Daughter."

But Meredith evidently had little satisfaction out of Steele or

Tonson, as "The Ladies' Library" went through a number of editions. From a list of books at the end of the pamphlet in question it would seem that Royston and E. Meredith were in partnership as booksellers. The question, in a way, resolves itself into whether "The Ladies' Library" was really compiled by Steele, but the probabilities are that it was not. Perhaps one of his fine ladies made the collection, and deceived Steele as to the originality. The "authorship" was best left in obscurity.



John Nichols and his Authors' Notes.

IN 1780 appeared a work entitled "A Collection of Royal and Noble Wills." It had been projected by Doctor Ducarel, and by the combined efforts of that worthy civilian and Richard Gough the topographer, it was conducted through the press, but not without a very considerable inconvenience to Mr. John Nichols the printer, who paid the whole expense occasioned by the various notes added by his learned friends, a circumstance thus pleasantly referred to by one of them :—

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree
Between the learn'd civilian and R.G. ?
'Revised,' and '*Sic. Orig.*' the Doctor cries ;
Nor once t' elucidate the puzzle tries.
'Write notes,' the Director says, 'again revise,'
And wearies out the text with great surmise.
Nichols o'erruns, and finds at last, to's cost,
The plague is his, and only ours the boast.
While the compositors' and Pounceny's fees
Mount high, we scratch and scribble at our ease,
Scrawl *crooked lines* and words that none can read,
And thus far are we both agreed.—R.G., Nov. 1779."

Dibdin in "Typographical Antiquities" describes Gough : "The mouldering turret and the crumbling arch, the moss-cover'd stone and the obliterated inscription, served to excite in his mind the most ardent sensations and to kindle that fire of antiquarian research which afterwards never knew decay, which burnt with undiminished lustre at the close of his existence, and which prompted him when in the full enjoyment of his bodily faculties to explore long-deserted castles and mansions, to tread long-neglected bye-ways, and to snatch from impending oblivion many a precious relic and many a venerable ancestry." Richard Gough died February 20, 1809, at the age of 74.





The Birthplace of Thomas à Kempis.

BOOKS have their fates," and no work has had so singular a fate as the "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis. As soon as it was composed, it was rapidly spread among the congregations friendly to the "Circle of the Brothers of Common Life" at Windesheim for whom it was written, and in whose monasteries all the best MSS. are to be found. It was introduced by two of the Brothers to the Chancellor Gerson at the Council of Constance, where he was the moving spirit, and as it met with his approval he helped to spread it over Europe, and numerous are the MSS. then produced. The late Mr. E. Waterton had himself as many as seven MSS. As soon as printing was invented, edition followed edition, and they have continued to appear down to our own days. Their number can be guessed from the fact that the same gentleman was able to collect over a thousand; even in France there are reckoned to have been printed more than fifteen hundred editions.

It was translated into most languages: the first German one appeared in 1448; the first French translation, in which language there have been eighty versions in prose besides many in verse, came out in 1488 at Toulouse. In the same year appeared an Italian translation in Venice, and another at Milan in the following year. The first English one was made in 1502, and in 1661 the first Spanish. Not only in European languages have translations been made, but we find a Syriac one and lately one in the Negro dialect. Seven MSS. bear the date 1421, which render it probable that the work was completed at that date. The four books had been issued at first singly, the fourth having been written in 1413 when Thomas became a priest in his thirty-third year, hence the arrangement of the books being different in different MSS., as even in the Brussels MS. written by

Thomas himself the fourth book precedes the third, which was probably written later.

What is there in this work which attracts the love and admiration of all sorts and conditions of men? that makes men like Fontenelle say, "It is the finest book that ever came from the hands of man!" that took possession of the hearts of Wesley, of Lamennais and of Chalmers, and that made it the companion of General Gordon?

Thomas says in his *Soliloquy* that "like as a gardener who wishes to make a meadow into a garden by planting flowers and trees, so has he collected together some devout sentences into a little book, arranged them according to certain points of view and placed them in single chapters." It is not the original work of an author of genius, but the compilation of a good and devout man, who feels what religion is and makes this clear to his fellow-creatures. He has brought together sentences out of the Scriptures, the traditions of the Fathers, especially from the writings of St. Augustine and of St. Bernard, those of his own order, as well as out of his own rich inner experience. Hase calls it "the most beautiful rose in the cloister garden of the Brothers of Common Life"; that there are other flowers but slightly inferior, can be seen from the works of Gerard Groot, of Florentius, as well as from the minor writings of Thomas.

The maxims of Marcus Aurelius are justly admired, but one feels a want in the calmness of the Stoic that can only be supplied by the faith of the Christian, as Dr. Cruise writes :¹

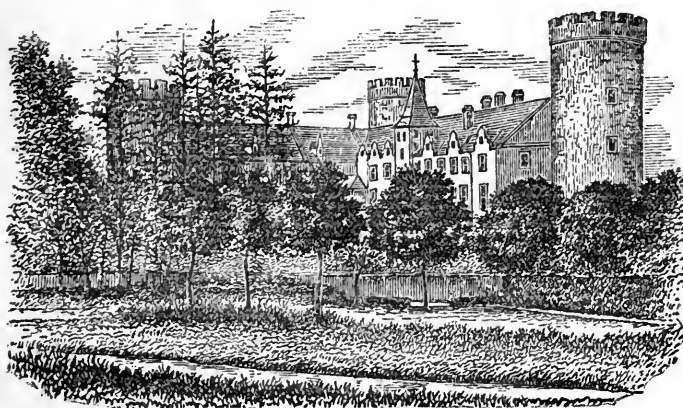
"It needs but scant discernment to understand its power. In truth the book, though not directly inspired, is but the mouthpiece of Holy Scripture, and from beginning to end breathes nothing but the Word of God, and His ardent love, adapted to our countless necessities by one who knew the human heart to its innermost depths and sympathized in all its woes."

Not only the *Imitation* in which Dr. Cruise has verified over six hundred quotations, but all the works of Thomas are equally rich in Scriptural lore; much as his works vary, "the same spirit pervades them all. All are radiant with the light of Holy Writ, the ardent love of God, and charity to mankind." His knowledge of Scripture was gained not only by constant study, but by having written out the whole Bible for his own monastery, and three others.

Next to the Scriptures, St. Bernard's works are most quoted; that saint was a great favourite with the "Brothers of Common Life,"

¹ "Thomas à Kempis: Notes of a Visit to the Scenes in which his Life was Spent, with some Account of the Examination of his Relics." By Francis Richard Cruise, M.D. Illustrated. 1 vol. 8vo. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., 1887.

collections of extracts from his writings having been made both by Vos van Heusden and by John à Kempis. The numerous quotations from St. Bernard have caused the *Imitation* to be attributed to the great Abbot of Clairvaux, whose *De contemptu Mundi* was often bound up with it. "If ever there was a godfearing and pious monk, St. Bernard was one," says Luther; and truly such a man he was, having been looked upon as an oracle by all in his days, the adviser of popes, the arbitrator of princes and bishops. In him was mingled the mystical and the practical, the quiet contemplative self-communion with the fiery and energetic action that impressed itself on others. After urging the world to deeds, he quietly retired to his cell, to pass his time in prayer and singing and in undisturbed



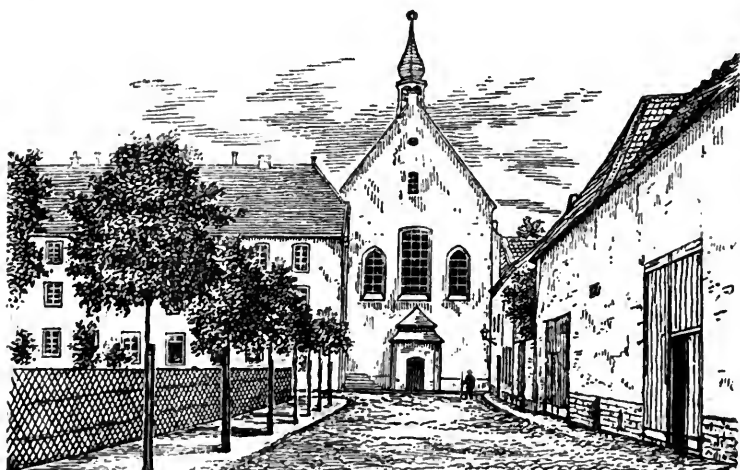
GYMNASIUM AT KEMPEN.

communion with God. His active work is told in history, where his name will be connected with the Crusades, while his contemplations are embalmed in the *Imitation* and his hymns are sung in our churches.

The writings of Gerard Groot, of Florentius, and of others of the Circle of Windesheim, furnished Thomas à Kempis with matter for his work. Their characteristics are the same as his, that is as Dr. Cruise states: "Absolute and grand simplicity, with the total absence of affectation or scholasticism, culminate in the inculcation of the pure love of God, charity towards others, purity and humility of heart, elevation of soul, contempt of the world, renunciation of self, and the faithful imitation of our Divine Lord and Master Jesus Christ."

It is the glory of Thomas à Kempis that he strove to make these

thoughts as clear as possible, and that he continued to improve them we conclude from the numerous erasures found in the Brussels MS. which was his own private copy, for so correct a scribe would not make errors in copying; besides, this MS. is marked carefully for reading aloud so as to bring out the rhythm. He arranged the fundamental thoughts, like Old Testament prophecies, in pregnant sentences poetically expressed, and often in parallel divisions. As Dean Milman says, "its short quivering sentences went at once to the heart;" he also adds that in it "was gathered and concentrated all that was elevating, passionate, profoundly pious, in all the older mystics."



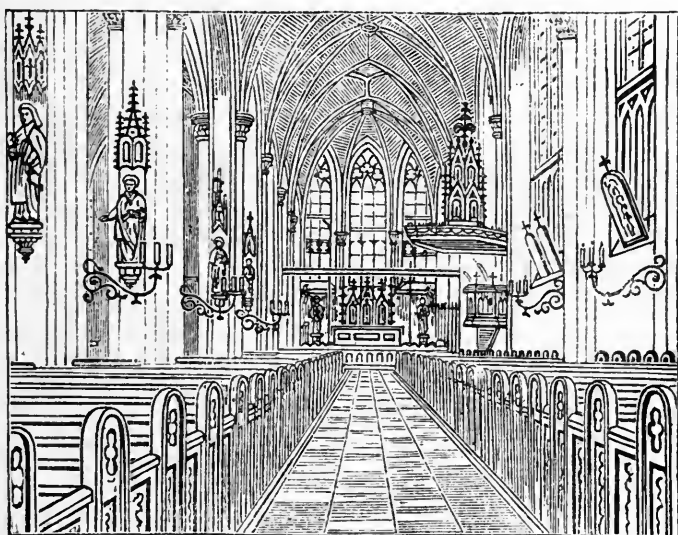
FRANCISCAN CHURCH AT KEMPEN.

As the *Imitation* was written primarily for the Circle of Windesheim or the "Congregation of Common Life," founded by Gerard and Florentius, the term *devoti* which often occurs must be understood as referring to the brethren who were also known as the "Modern Devotion."

"In the vast expanse of country between the Rhine and Meuse, not very far from Dusseldorf, lies a small town named Kempen, in the Diocese of Cologne," here was born John Hämerken and his brother Thomas. Their father was a simple artisan, but he was willing to devote both his sons to the service of God. Kempen derives its name from the level country (*campi*); it is now "a quaint little German town of some five thousand inhabitants—cleanly, healthy, prosperous." The gymnasium is interesting as containing the remains.

of a fortress where dwelt the Archbishops of Cologne at the time of Thomas à Kempis. In the town is a Franciscan church which contains a life-size oil-painting of him. The parish church, a large Gothic edifice, also possesses his portrait; the interior is finer than the exterior, and contains some old choir seats of the original church. In the Stadhuis is another portrait, but modern and fanciful.

Deventer, to which Thomas went in 1392, is a hundred miles from Kempen, an arduous journey for a boy of thirteen, though it is probable that he travelled principally by water. This town, which contains about twenty thousand inhabitants, is now famed for its iron



INTERIOR OF THE BROEDERN KIRK.

works and carpet factories. The sites of the house of Gerard Groot and of the Old School are still pointed out. The Broedern Kerk is built on the site of an older church and monastery of the Brothers of Common Life, from which it derives its name. Besides other relics, it contains the skulls of Gerard and Florentius. Zwolle is twenty-four miles distant. Here is the church of St. Michaels, visited by Thomas in 1399. Agnetenberg, the home of à Kempis for more than seventy years and when he died in 1471, is above two miles to the north-east. Not a stone of the old monastery is to be seen, though many flock to see the famous spot, which is on a slightly elevated plateau. Four miles to the south of Zwolle lies the little

hamlet and church where was once the famous monastery the Mother House. In the church of St. Michaels at Zwolle is the famous portrait of Thomas supposed to have been taken during his life. In the sacristy of the church is the sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of the great Monk of Agnetenburg.

The title of Dr. Cruise's work hardly does justice to its contents. It is divided into five parts : I. Considerations of the book, &c. II. Account of religious revival ; outlines of lives of Gerard Groot, &c. III. Life of Thomas à Kempis, with some account of his writings. IV. The controversy about the authorship. V. Notes of a tour through the scenes in which à Kempis lived, &c.

We could have wished that Dr. Cruise had been truer to his title, and had dwelt more on the fifth part, which is confined to forty pages, and less on the fourth, to which he has devoted one hundred and twenty-six pages, for as this subject has been so fully developed by Mr. Kettlewell there was no occasion to go over the whole ground again—a *résumé* of the arguments would have been sufficient. This leads us to object to the tone of the first appendix, as well as to a remark on Mr. Kettlewell in the body of the book. Mr. Kettlewell, in claiming the Brothers as precursors of the Reformation, referred especially to the reform in life and morals. Dr. Cruise can hardly deny that reform was then greatly needed, and we question whether the attacks on dogma would have been so successful if the reform in life had been greater and earlier.

The Council of Constance was held principally for this purpose, but though it commenced with such grand projects, how impotent were its results. The pope was left master of the situation, and the humble reformers John Huss and Jerome of Prague were condemned to death. The Council of Trent to which Dr. Cruise refers came too late. Mr. Kettlewell had not the slightest intention of "making the pious Canon Regular an ancestor of Henry VIII.," who has no claim to be a reformer, though he may have been of use even in seeking his own selfish aims ; but even bad as he was, was he much worse than Leo X. ?

Dr. Cruise also expresses his wonder at our greater admiration of Wickliff than of Gerard. Can he fail to see that putting aside his writings Wickliff stands out as a patriot, while Gerard is but the scholar and recluse ? Both fell under the ban of the pope, and though Gerard in submitting might have been right if he had but considered himself, most people will consider the action of Wickliff the greater, as the liberty he claimed was for others as well as himself. The man of action leaves his mark in history as the benefactor of his race, the scholar is the benefactor of the few.

The third appendix is very interesting, as in it Dr. Cruise has taken a chapter from the *Imitation* and made references to the quotations from Scripture and from the writings of St. Bernard. The author promises a new translation annotated so as to show the sources from which the book is mainly derived, Scriptural, Patristic, Classical, &c., which will be of great interest, and of use in strengthening the testimony in favour of the authorship of Thomas à Kempis. In the present article we have not entered into this question, having no doubts on the subject, and it has been treated already in "The Bibliographer."¹ Should any one, however, have doubts, we would recommend them to read the other works of Thomas, especially his "Soliloquy of the Soul." A very neat little volume of selections has lately been published by Messrs. Burns and Oates, entitled the "Lesser Imitation"; it would have been better if the sources had been indicated, but the reader will easily recognize the same spirit which pervades the greater works. One objection has been raised against Thomas à Kempis that he was a great Mariolater, and no Mariolatry is to be seen in the *Imitation*. This argument has been advanced strongly by Monsieur Madden,² who on that account almost alone would impute the authorship to another Brother, Vos van Heusden; yet in this little volume there is but one chapter on the Virgin, and that by no means likely to give offence to the ordinary Christian. Should the reader prefer the works in the original Latin, the new edition by Hirsche (Prolegomena, &c.), of which two volumes are published, is recommended. In this the minor books are made subsidiary to the *Imitation*. The usual edition is that of Sommalius, of which many are to be had.

LEONARD A. WHEATLEY.

¹ Vol. x. p. 153. The subject is more fully worked out by the same writer in *The Scottish Review*, July, 1885, (No. xi. p. 59).

² Madden (J. P. A.), "Lettres d'un bibliographe," &c., 6^e série. Paris, 1886.





Supposed Portrait of Caxton.

MR. BLADES has not neglected the subject of Caxton's portrait in his valuable and exhaustive "Life of William Caxton," but he did not reproduce in that work the portrait which is here printed, and the probable reason for his not doing so was that he did not believe it to be a portrait of England's first printer. Concerning it, however, and other supposed portraits of Caxton, Mr. Blades wrote as follows :—

"Great interest would attach to a portrait of Caxton, but although two or three have been published, they are all unreal. The only one that has a show of probability is the small defaced Vignette in the MS. of 'Dictes and Sayings' at Lambeth Palace, which has received too much praise from Lord Orford, and of which he has given a beautiful engraving. King Edward IV. is represented on his throne, with the young Prince (to whom Earl Rivers was tutor) standing by his side. There are two kneeling figures, one of which, Earl Rivers, is presenting to the King a copy of his own translation, which Lord Orford assumes to have been printed by the other figure, who of course would then be Caxton. This would be very interesting, if true; but, unfortunately, the second figure is evidently an ecclesiastic, as shown by his tonsure, and apparently represents Haywarde, the scribe who engrossed the copy, and probably executed both the illumination and its accompanying rhythmical dedication. The portrait commonly associated with Caxton, and which appeared first in his 'Life' by Lewis, is thus accounted for by Dr. Dibdin :—'A portrait of *Burchiello*, the Italian poet, from a small 8vo edition of his work on Tuscan poetry of the date of 1554, was inaccurately copied by Faithorn, for Sir Hans Sloane, as the portrait of Caxton. Lewis, however, was resolved to improve upon



*Carol Rivers presenting his Book & Caxton his Printer
 to Edw. 4. the Queen & Prince: from a curious M.S. in the
 Archbishop's Library at Lambeth. The Portrait of the
 Prince after Edw. 5. is the only one known of him, &
 has been engraved by Vertue among the Heads of the
 Kings. The Person in a Cap & Robe of State is proba-
 bly Richard D. of Gloucester, as he resembles the King,
 and as Clarence was always too great an Enemy of
 the Queen to be distinguished by her Brother. The
 Book was printed in 1477, when Clarence was in Ire-
 land, & in the beginning of the next Year he was murder'd.*

the ingenuity of his predecessor, by adding a thick beard to Burchiello's chin, and otherwise altering his character; and in this form the Italian poet made his appearance upon copper as Caxton.' Ames, Herbert, Marchand, and others, have reproduced this mongrel engraving. From a note, however, written by Lewis to Ames, it seems that although Lewis admitted the portrait, it was Bagford's creative genius that invented it, as may also be inferred from Lewis's own subscription 'im Bagford' upon the plate."

Mr. Blades allows that the portrait from the "Dictes and Sayings" is the most probable of the supposed portraits; and this fact of itself is sufficient reason for placing it before our readers. The reproduction is taken from a copy of Horace Walpole's "Catalogue of Noble Authors," of which it forms the frontispiece.

There is no inherent improbability in the representation of Caxton and the Earl Rivers kneeling together in the presence of the king. There was a remarkable intimacy between the two; and this has been brought out so clearly in Mr. Blades' "Life," that had it not been for the tonsure, this portrait would doubtless have been approved as veritably of Caxton. In the epilogue to the "Dictes and Sayings," we get a quite pleasing glimpse of the mutual respect which marked the intimacy between Caxton and his patron:—"Ere endeth the book named the dictes or sayengis of the philosophres enprynted by me william Caxton at westmestre the yere of our lord MCCCCLXXVIJ. Whiche book is late translated out of Frenshe into englyssh by the noble and puissant lord Lord Antone Erle of Ryuyers lord of Scales and of the Jle of wyght Defendour and directour of the siege apostolique for our holy Fader the Pope in this Royame of Englund, and Gouvernour of my lord Prynce of wales."

In this epilogue Caxton relates how Rivers, having made the translation, sent the papers to him to "oversee." The "Dictes and Sayings" in French were well known to Caxton, and he told his patron "that he had don a meritory dede in the labour of the translation"; but he deprecated making any amendment in the work, "for," he says, "it was right well and conyngly made, and translated into right good and fayr englyssh." Rivers persisted that Caxton should revise his translation. This Caxton ultimately consented to do, and found it perfectly true, "sauf onely in the dyctes and sayengs of Socrates. Wherin I fynde that my saide lord hath left out certayn and dyuerce conclusions touchyng women. Wherof I maruaylle that my sayd lord hath not wreton them ne what hath meuyd him so to do Ne what cause he hadde at that

time. But I suppose that some fayr lady hath desired hym to leue it out of his booke. Or ellys he was ameraus on somme noble lady, for whos love he wold not sette yt in hys book or ellys for the very affeccyon loue and good wyll that he hath vnto alle ladyes and Gentyllwomen. . . .”

The spirit of the old chivalry breathes in these words. “Cordiale” was another translation by Rivers which Caxton printed; and in the epilogue to “Moral Proverbs” the connection between the noble and the printer is further illustrated. Mr. Blades prefaces a few words, stating that “the first of the stanzas may have been the composition of Earl Rivers, but it is not improbable that Caxton wrote both”:—

“Of these sayynges Cristyne was aucteuresse
 Whiche in makyng hadde suche Intelligence
 That therof she was mireur and maistresse
 Hire werkes testifie thexperience
 Jn frenssh language was writen this sentence
 And thus Englished dooth hit rehers
 Antoin wideuyll therl Ryuers
 Go thou lital quayer and recomaund me
 Vnto the good grace of my special lorde
 Therle Ryueris for I have enprinted the
 At his comandement followyng eury worde
 His cople as his secretaire can recorde
 At westmestre of feuerer the xx daye
 And of Kyng Edward the xvij yere vraye.
 Enprinted by Caxton
 In feuerer the colde season.”

These few extracts are sufficient to shew us that the relation between Caxton and Rivers was that of both patron and friend. The “Dictes and Sayings” was the first book printed by Caxton after his settlement at Westminster in 1477; and, as this book was a translation by the Earl, their intimacy must have begun on his return to this country from Flanders in 1476 or 1477, if, indeed, his return were not due to the instigation of Rivers.

That there was nothing extraordinary in this, is shown by a communication on “Printers’ Arms in the Middle Ages,” by Dr. Lhotsky, in *The Gentleman’s Magazine*: “In the middle ages the copying of manuscripts was an occupation of the learned—it was practised by both knights and monks, the latter being considered as equal in rank to the nobles. When Faust and Guttenberg first commenced printing on a large scale they issued the productions of their press as *manuscripts*, and it is from this circumstance that they incurred the suspicion of sorcery, inasmuch as nothing short of *diablerie* seemed capable of producing, at a much less price, that

which had previously been considered as the result of long and tedious exertion. The earliest printed books then were circulated as manuscripts, produced by a new and mysterious contrivance, and this was quite sufficient to excite the curiosity and attract the notice of the higher classes, who, in that age, were especially bent towards the hidden and mysterious." In Italy especially, the noble and the esquire did not disdain to practise the art of printing. Mr. Blades has the following passage upon the aristocratic friendship and support given to Caxton :—

"Caxton did not enter upon his new adventure of printing books without good and able patronage. Edward IV., as we have seen, paid him a sum of money for certain services performed ; and Caxton printed 'Tully' and 'Godefroy' under his 'protection.' The King's sister, Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy, was his friend and supporter, as was also Margaret, Duchess of Somerset, mother of King Henry VII. The Earl of Warwick must have had some knowledge of him, as Caxton dedicated to him his 'Chess-book.' Earl Rivers, brother to the Queen, was his fast friend, with whom Caxton seems to have enjoyed a considerable degree of intimacy. The 'Order of Chivalry' was dedicated to Richard III. Henry VII. personally desired Caxton to translate and print 'Faits of Arms' ; and 'Eneydos' was specially presented to Arthur, Prince of Wales. Maister William Daubeney, King Henry VI.'s treasurer, was his 'good and synguler friend.' William, Earl of Arundel, took great interest in his progress, and allowed him the 'yearly fee' of a buck in summer and a doe in winter. Sir John Fastolf, Bart., a great lover of books, Hugh Bryce, mercer and king's ambassador, William Praat, a rich mercer, and divers unnamed 'gentylmen and ladyes,' are known to have employed him. Some of these engaged him to translate as well as to print, like the 'noble lady with many faire daughters' for whom he produced 'The Knyght of the Toure.'"

To return to the portrait. All the foregoing facts and comments point to the naturalness and probability of Caxton kneeling with Earl Rivers before their sovereign to present the first-fruits of their joint labour. The difficulty is the tonsure ; and on this count in the evidence, Mr. Blades, whose authority on the subject is above question, does not hesitate to reject the portrait.





Some Book Clubs.

SOME people have the idea that bookmen are of all people the most unsocial and exclusive. So they are when they are at work upon their all-absorbing labours; but even then they are not all so bad as Frederick Morel, who is reported to have said, when some one told him that his wife wished to speak to him, she being exceedingly ill, "I have only two periods to translate, and I will come to see her." Afterwards they brought him the news that she was dead, and he said, "I am very sorry; she was a good woman," and continued his translation. That bookmen love the social side of life as well as the studious is to be proved by the many examples of clubs at which they meet periodically. Who would not like to know more about that wonderful club at the Mermaid Tavern, or perhaps the Mitre, wherein Ben Jonson was reigning spirit? Gifford in his "Life of Ben Jonson" pictures it to us; but unfortunately we know nothing of the sources from which this description was obtained. But of these older clubs we do not propose now to dwell upon, but on some of their later successors.

Some remarkable clubs and societies were extant in 1748; and E. P. Shirley communicated the following list to *Notes and Queries* in 1878, from a MS. in his possession:—Modern Freemasons, Gregorians, Ubiquarians, Itinerants, Ante-Gallicans, Purple Society, Lumber Troop, The Potentisignittarians, Rewlands, Catch-em-bytes, Porcuses, Blacks, Brothers of the Wacut, Columbarians, Amicable Society, Bucks, Callieses, Knights of the Fan, Birthinarians.

Some clubs of modern days have adopted curious names; the "Cocked Hats," and the "Sette of Odd Volumes," being pretty well known. If we had not the fear of those who assemble round the "Cocked Hat" before our eyes, we would relate the story of its founda-

tion, derived, be it observed, from its founder, Mr. William J. Thoms, almost the last of the old school of antiquaries. Its code of rules, too, in quaint red-bound volume, deserve attention; but there are many good antiquaries and jovial club-men who are now gone from amongst them, and it is sad to dwell upon memories so green.

One of the most prominent of the older clubs was the "Kit-Cat." The origin of this is given in a letter from Lempriere, at Bath, 13th Feb., 1777, wherein he says that the wits and poets used to meet in a public house in Gray's Inn Lane, the sign a Cat, the man who kept it being called Kit; and they kept the name when they removed to the Devil or Rose Tavern, Temple Bar.

Mr. Baker of Bayfordbury possesses a most interesting collection of letters of the 17th and a few of the 18th century, mostly addressed to Jacob Tonson, the friend and publisher of the wits and poets of that time, and founder of the Kit-Cat Club. Mr. Baker is one of his descendants, and possesses nearly all the portraits (painted by Sir Godfrey Kneller) of the members of that club. The portraits of Jacob Tonson and the Earl of Carbery are very fine; that of Addison not so good. The portrait of John Montague, Duke of Montague, is curious. He expected to be made Knight of the Garter, and in anticipation the ribbon was painted over his coat; but he was disappointed, and the ribbon was painted to match the coat. But, as often the case in a "pentimento," the ribbon is visible.

Of a picture of Tonson it is worth while quoting the following letter from R. Powys, under date 1698, July 14, to Matthew Prior:—
"Mr. Godfrey Kneller has drawn at length the picture of your friend Tacob Jonson, which he showed Mr. Dryden, who desired to give a touch of his pencill, and underneath it writ these three verses—

"With leering look, bull-faced, and freckled fair,

"With frowsy pores poisoning the ambient air,

"With two left leggs and Judas-coloured hair."

Many of their proceedings were not bounded by early hours, as will be noted by a contemporary letter from Sir George Stepney, ambassador at Vienna, dated March 24, 1703, who sends to Tonson "heartly affection to Kit-Cat," and wishing that "it were my fortune to make one of you at three in the morning." But they were true to their fellows, these jovial men of letters. Dryden was buried by this club, as appears from a letter from Edward Hinton, at Westminster, to his cousin, the Rev. John Cooper, at Chester, who says that Dryden was buried by the Bishop of Rochester, at the Abbey,

on Monday; that the Kit-Cat Club were at the charges of his funeral, which was not great, and that Mr. Montague had engaged to build him a fine monument.

Another very famous club was the Beef Steak Society. A list of the original members is preserved. It was called the "Sublime Society of the Beef Steaks," and was instituted 6th December, 1735. The members were twenty-four, and their names and the names of their successors are given in twenty-four columns. The first members were John Rich, George Lambert, William Hogarth, Lacy, Ryan, Ebenezer Forrest, Robert Scott, Thomas Chapman, Dennis Delane, John Thornhill, Francis Niveton, Sir W. Sanderson, Richard Mitchell, John Boson, Henry Smart, John Huggins, Hugh Watson, William Huggins, Edward Tufnell, Thomas Salway, Charles Neale, Charles Lalanze, Alexander Gordon, William Tothall, and Gabriel Hunt. In later years appear the names of the Earl of Sandwich, William Fitzherbert, Dr. Anthony Askew, Dr. Samuel Johnson (not *the* Dr. Johnson), George Colman, John Wilkes, William Savage, Thomas Potter, Paul Whitehead, the Earl of Surrey, Theophilus Cibber, Thomas Hudson. There is an alphabetical index, and the addresses of the members. Michael Adolphus, and afterwards the Earl of Effingham, was Prelate, and J. C. Bolton, of the Temple, was Recorder of the Society. Later on the illustrious John Wilkes joined them; and in one of his letters to his daughter Mary, written in 1768 from the King's Bench Prison, he says that Lord Abingdon and the Beef Stake (*sic*) gentlemen are coming to dine with him.

Kneller seems to have been essentially a club man; and we meet with his name in a curious social club, which perhaps will recommend itself to those anthropological friends who study the peculiarities of totemism. This is obtained from a circular (dated May, 1706) announcing the revival of a social club, called The Honourable Order of "Little Bedlam," and giving the list of the members of the association, together with the names they bore at the meetings of the society. "Whereas," runs the singular record, "the Right Hon. John Earle of Exeter, lately deceased, did, in the year 1684, constitute a Society, called 'The Honble. Order of Little Bedlam at Burghley'; and whereas no chapter or assembly of the members had been held since his decease, These are to give notice, that the Right Hon. John (now) Earle of Exeter, intending to renew and continue the said hon. Society, did, upon the 18th day of May, 1705, call a chapter, to be held in 'Little Bedlam' by some members of the society who were near at hand; and as Great Master of the Order

did take upon himself the title of Lyon. At which chapter were elected and admitted in this honble. Society :—

	<i>Titles.</i>
The Right Honble. Baptist Earle of Gainsborough ...	Greyhound
The Honble. William Cecil	Panther.
Sir Thomas Mackworth	Badger.
The Honble. Charles Cecil	Bull.
Charles Tryon, Esq.	Otter.

At which chapter it was ordered, amongst other things, that the former rules shall stand good ; and that the Register shall give notice hereof to all such members as were formerly of the Society, and were not present at this chapter, to know whether they are pleased to continue in the Society under the Right Honble. the Lyon, Great Master of the Order. Which intention to continue in this honble. Order, you are desired to give notice to the Register, Daniel Clark, at Burghley, before the 15th day of May, 1706, otherwise your picture will be taken down, and the Master will proceed to a new election to fill up your place, that the Society may be kept full.

<i>The List.</i>	<i>Titles.</i>
The Right Honble. John Earle of Exeter, Great Master	Lyon.
His Grace William Duke of Devonshire	Leopard.
The Right Honble. Earle of Denbigh	Tyger.
The Right Honble. Earle of Gainsborough	Greyhound.
The Right Honble. Lord Lexington	Lamb.
The Right Honble. Lord How	Hare.
Anthony Palmer, Esq.	Elephant.
The Honble. John Noel	Wildhorse.
George Choke, Esq.	Wolphe.
The Honble. Charles Bertie... ..	Stagg.
Sir Thomas Barker	Ramm.
The Honble. James Griffin	Wildboar.
The Honble. John Verney	
Henry Nevil, Esq.	Fox.
Thomas Hatcher	Bear.
Samuel Tryon... ..	Tarrier.
Signr. Antonio Verrio	Porcupine.
Sir Godfrey Kneller	Unicorne.
Sir Jame Robinson	Buck.
Richard Sherrard, Esq.	Mule.
Timothy Lanoy, Esq.	Antelope.
George Leafield, Esq.	Guinea Pig.
Greg. Hascard, Dean of Windsor	Cock.
The Honble. William Cecil... ..	Panther.
Sir Thomas Mackworth	Badgir.
The Honble. Charles Cecil	Bull.
Charles Tryon, Esq.	Otter."

G. L. GOMME.

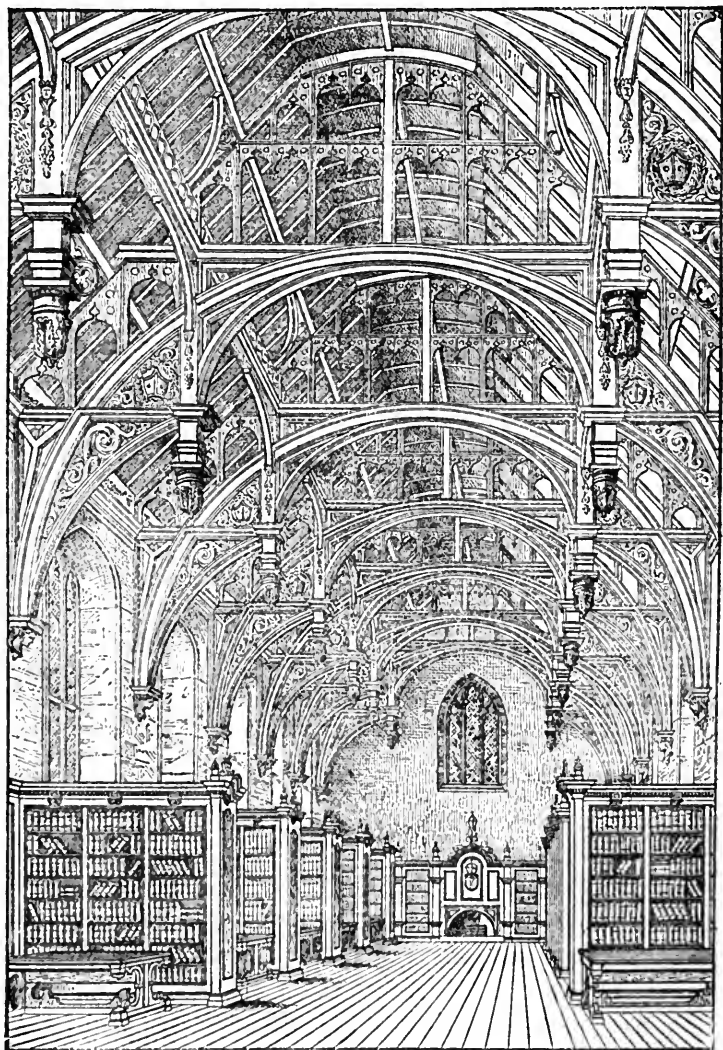


Some Famous Libraries.

NO. I.—THE LAMBETH PALACE LIBRARY.

AMONG the smaller libraries of the world, the one at Lambeth Palace holds a very foremost place. Possessing a history of nearly three hundred years, the vicissitudes through which it has passed have been both numerous and eventful. It was founded by Bancroft, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1604 to 1610, but the example which he set was by no means followed by several of his successors, as, for example, neither Laud, Sancroft, nor Wake left their books to the Lambeth collection. The nucleus of this now justly famous library ran great risk of dispersion during the Civil War, when men were too intent on cutting each other's throats to trouble themselves about the rights of libraries or proper care of books. The Lambeth Library was continually moved about during this period, and there can be no question about the fact that a number of volumes were lost. It was not until the primacy of Sheldon, 1663-78, that the library was finally established at Lambeth. For a long period the books were relegated to the galleries over the cloisters, a fact which afforded Sir Harris Nicolas an opportunity for remarking that "only men like Captain Parry and his crew could make use of such a place." Archbishop Howley, who was primate from 1828-48, removed this serious drawback, and had the Great Hall fitted for the books, and the accompanying illustration accurately portrays the present appearance of this place. This Hall is in many respects historical, for it was here, observes a recent writer (Mr. J. Cave-Browne, M.A.) "that *the Bishop's Book*, as it was called, *The Godly and Pious Institution of a Christian Man*, had been compiled in 1537 by an assembly of divines, consisting of Cranmer, Stokesby, Tunstall,

Latimer, Fox (of Hereford) and Spaxton; and here also met that self-constituted body who, under the aged and enfeebled Whitgift, endeavoured to palm 'the Lambeth articles' on the English Church."



The library is remarkably rich in manuscripts, and among these are included the valuable series of Registers which were originally preserved in the Priory Church of St. Gregory at Canterbury, but on being transferred to Lambeth were for a considerable

period stowed away in the room over the gateway in Morton's Tower. The collection of miscellaneous MSS., termed "Codices MSS. Lambethani," extends to 576 volumes. In addition to this there are the Wharton MSS., which exceed 18 volumes; the Carew MSS. 42 volumes; the Tenison MSS., 289 volumes; the Gibson MSS., 13 volumes; Miscellaneous MSS., 231 volumes; and the Manners-Sutton MSS., 46 volumes.

In our limited space it will not be possible to enumerate the many book treasures at Lambeth. Full accounts of these will be found in Dr. Todd's "Catalogue of MSS.," Dr. Maitland's "List" and "Index" of early printed books, and the present librarian's (Mr. Kershaw) "Art Treasures." We may mention, however, by way of examples, that the library contains an early MS. of Adhelm's work, "De Virginitate;" an illuminated copy of the "Gospels of Mac Durnan," which contains a note on the fly-leaf to the effect that "this MS. was a present from King Athelstan to the city of Canterbury;" a Sarum Missal, supposed to have belonged to Archbishop Chicheley; "The Notable Wise Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers, translated out of French into English by Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers, finished December 24, anno 16, Edw. IV.;" and two copies of the Koran.

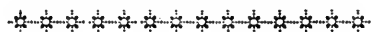
In early topography the Lambeth Library is exceptionally rich, and upon this subject a valuable article appeared in the first volume of *The Bibliographer*, from the pen of Mr. Kershaw, the librarian. This class includes John Norden's "Description of Hertfordshire," a MS. work dated 1597, in the author's own handwriting, and dedicated to Lord Burghley. Another topographical work in the library is a MS. description of Nuremberg, by William Smith, 1594, with dedicatory epistles to Sir G. Carey, Lord Zouch, and Lord Burghley. It contains coloured maps, and plans of the city and neighbourhood are given; also notes of the government, customs, and ceremonies of Nuremberg, with several coats of arms. There may be also seen Lucas Waghenauer's famous work, "Spiegel der Zeevaerdt," printed in 1585, in Leyden, by Christoffel Plantin, and with hand-coloured charts, and quaint ornamental devices, ships, animals, and nautical instruments. Other early books that may be mentioned are—Purchas's "Pilgrims" (1617); and "Civitates Orbis Terrarum" (1599), with a number of hand-coloured prints, and a rich emblematical title-page; a very rare work by Bernhardus de Breydenbach, entitled "Opus transmarine peregrinationis ad venerandum et gloriosum Sepulchrum Dominicum in Hierusalem" (1486), which is remarkable on account of its being

one of the first books of travels: it is well printed, and contains illustrations of Eastern costume and manners, with a plan and view of Jerusalem.

There are two copies in the Lambeth Library of the famous *Nuremberg Chronicle* (1493), and each is in good condition. This book is in several ways interesting, and perhaps in none more so than from the fact that it is embellished with woodcuts by Wolgemuth and Pleydenwurff, the masters of Albert Dürer. And lastly, there is a sumptuously ornamented copy of John Speed's "The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain," 1611.

It is not possible to do anything like justice to such a place as the Lambeth Library in the limits at our disposal, but, apart from the splendid collection itself, we must not forget that a great deal of credit is due to such worthy and eminent bookworms as Henry John Todd, Dr. S. R. Maitland, Bishop Stubbs, who have held, and, lastly, Mr. J. W. Kershaw, who still holds, the post of Librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the "netting" of many rarities, and the conveniences afforded at the Lambeth Library.

W. ROBERTS.



Book-Borrowers.

IN 1424, the Countess of Westmoreland presented a petition to the Privy Council representing that the late King Henry had borrowed from her a book containing the chronicles of Jerusalem and the Expedition of Godfrey of Boulogne, and praying that an order might be issued under the Privy Seal for the restoration of the said book. With much formality the petition was granted.

John, Prior of Christ Church, Canterbury, also presented a similar petition to the Privy Council, stating that the late king had borrowed from his Priory a volume containing the Works of St. Gregory; that he had not returned it, but that in his testament he had directed its restoration. It was then in the possession of the Prior of Shine (*i.e.* Shene, near Richmond), who refused to relinquish it. The Council, after mature deliberation, directed a precept under the Privy Seal to be sent to the Prior of Shine, requiring him to restore the volume, or to appear before the Council to state the reasons of his refusal. The result is not on record.



The Bibliographer of the "Friends."

(Concluded.)

FDO not think any bibliographical Paris will hesitate to award the apple to Mr. Smith's works. Even the most fastidious critic will allow that they contain every particular that can be desired. The title is usually given in full, and the number of sheets, the size, and the printer's name and date are added. In his "Catalogue" the compiler has inserted the author's place of residence, and profession, and the date of his death and place of burial when these particulars could be ascertained, and not seldom has appended a shrewd note or two as to the contents of the volume recorded. In many instances, too, Mr. Smith has given references to the notices of the authors, either bibliographical or critical, and has carefully distinguished between the writers who were birthright Friends, those who became such by "convincement," and those who lost their first love and abandoned the society. Mr. Gladstone once referred to the advertisements as the lighter part of the London Directory, and most people think a bibliography only a shade less entertaining than the delectable tome which Messrs. Kelly present to us annually enlarged; but there are few who could not while away an idle hour pleasantly by the aid of Mr. Smith's volumes.

Good as the "Catalogue" is, the "Bibliotheca Anti-Quakerana" is yet better, and it would hardly surprise one to learn that some orthodox Quakers are suspicious of Mr. Smith's "weight" because he has shown so much favour to their bitter adversaries. In this latter book, Friend Joseph has given a number of short notices of the lives of writers adverse to the Quakers; but to counterbalance this advantage, he has appended the titles of the answers, often crushing and complete, which the Friends made to those who attacked their morals or their creed. The "Catalogue" occupies some two thousand

pages, the "*Bibliotheca*" some five hundred more; and in compiling them Mr. Smith spent more than twenty of the best years of his life, and for his labour has cleared less than as many pounds. Truly a miserable allowance of bread for such a monstrous deal of sack.

It is currently supposed that it takes a good deal to discourage a bibliographer, and this seems a well-grounded belief, for even now in his old age Mr. Smith is not discouraged. Since his "*Catalogue*" was published a few books have been written by the Friends, and one or two against them; old authors, previously unknown, have turned up, and additional works have come to light, and he is now preparing a supplement to be published when the season is favourable. And he has yet another work, more stupendous still, waiting for daylight. It is a catalogue of books in which references to Quakerism occur. Should ever the historian the Quakers are supposed to hunger for arise, he will find his task, thanks to this unobtrusive Whitechapel bookseller, one not over difficult of accomplishment. Mr. Smith made an attempt to publish his last work in numbers, but the reception was so cold that only the first appeared.

Of course in his researches Mr. Smith has come across much that is little known and curious, and, acting on the principle laid down by Captain Cuttie, he has made a plethora of notes. In a drawer in his shop lie the materials for several other bibliographies. One relates to sugar. Another deals with William Penn, authors of the like surname and Pennsylvania; and this to any one writing on the Eastern States of America would be invaluable. But to bookmen, a catalogue of mystical books which has taken him many years to prepare will be the most valuable, and there is some reason to hope that this ere long will pass from the dark recesses of the little East End shop into the broader light of the printing-office. There is no need to enlarge on the necessity for such a work, and there ought to be no room to doubt of the welcome it will receive.

Those interested in Quaker literature do not want to be told of Mr. Smith's book-store, but any who care for seventeenth-century theology might do worse than pay him a visit, for in his dark little shop are lots of quaint and curious as well as rare books. But the taste for old theology is very weak, and it is not often that his shelves are relieved. Every now and then some "Friend by conviction" will lay in a stock of Quaker text-books, or some Yankee captain will take a few dollars' worth of old theology wherewith to beguile the tedium of his voyage. Indeed, most of Mr. Smith's best books make a trip to America, and the majority of them get no further than Pennsylvania. Our friend's trade is very small, and were it not that

he is occasionally commissioned to get a copy of some book difficult to obtain—for he is notorious for his ability to get hold of a rare book—he might almost as well be out of the business altogether.

Deeming Mr. Smith's labours to have been especially valuable to students of theology and history, a friend brought the fact that they had been practically unremunerative under the notice of the Royal Literary Fund. Their value and the hardships of Mr. Smith's case were readily acknowledged, but the managers were reluctantly compelled to decide that the rules precluded them from helping him as his work could not be called original. Then the same friend applied to the Government for a grant from the Royal Bounty, and consideration was promised, but that Government went out of office, and the next refused to take over the pledge. Truly we are a generous nation, and kindly permit people to make useful additions to our national knowledge at their own cost.

Meanwhile Joseph Smith goes on with his unthanked labour with patient care and a cheerful heart, happy if he can assist others to do remunerative work, though the fates forbid his getting paid for his own. But perhaps better days are yet in store for him, for his catalogue of mystical books may appear, and then if all those who find it useful will form a fund to express only a small part of their gratitude, he will be out of reach of want for the rest of his days, and may exchange his darksome quarters for the green fields he admires, and turn his attention from the disused shelves of old libraries to the lore which the country lanes of Essex hold. If this should be so, not a few will be sorry to miss his familiar figure and pleasant face, but I fear librarians whose treasures he periodically insists on examining will not grieve over-much.

A. C. BICKLEY.



Dedications.

A PROPOS of Mr. Wheatley's interesting volume, the following note may be useful. "The genius of the author is commonly discovered in the dedicatory epistle. Many place the purest grain in the mouth of the sack for chapmen to handle or buy; and from the dedication one may probably guesse at the work, saving some rare and peculiar exceptions. Thus, when once a gentleman admired so pithy, learned, and witty a dedication was matched to a flat, dull, foolish book: 'In truth,' said another, 'they may be well matched together, for I profess they are nothing a-kinne.'"—*Fuller's "Holy and Profane States."*



Natural History of the Bookworm.

IN Dibdin's "Decameron" there occurs the following conversation on this pest of the old libraries :—

"Happy Guiscardo! for thou art among the number of those old-binding seeking bibliomaniacs, who, if they chance not to stumble upon any of the forementioned delectable fragments, have yet perhaps the felicity to pounce upon a—*worm*!—not of the stupendous dimensions of that of Spindlestone Heughs, but of pearl-like transparency of colour, obliquity of movement, and of an insatiable spirit of devoration—

" Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying !

"PHILEMON. You are surely speaking of some two-legged book-worm,—some bibliomaniacal Alexander—when you quote this noble passage of Dryden ?

"LISARDO. I will not be scandalous, but shall leave you to draw your own conclusions. Yet, if you wish your choicest treasures in the book-way to be successfully preserved against the interminable ravages of the worm, beware of *Hog-skin* !

"BELINDA Most strange !—why of Hog-skin ?

"LISARDO. I should have said of Hog-skin binding : but your wonder betrayed itself too quickly. I fear our friend POSTHUMUS will repent of his attachment to this species of book-coverture ; and that, in some half-score years, we shall witness that glorious fabric of his large-paper Dutch quarto classics, built up by the tools of Charles Lewis (in hog-skin coating), perishing from the ravages of this destructive worm. To return, however, from this blood-curdling digression :—for what are we, ourselves, when alive, but walking books,

to be probed and perforated by designing knaves, and, when dead, food for worms 'of a larger growth?'"

Dibdin was anxious to secure evidence concerning the insect, and went first to Messrs. Payne and Foss. Mr. Payne said he thought he had seen two: one was like a small maggot, the other had something of the head and horns of a bug! At the British Museum, Dibdin goes on to relate, Mr. Henry Ellis had found only one, but it was alive, and in a volume of *The Spectator*! Dr. Bliss wrote on the subject thus: "If you are serious about bookworms, I have seen them both alive and dead, and fine fat fellows they are, when they get to a good BLACK LETTER feast served on stout paper! There is at this moment in the Bodleian library a book actually devoured, not having two lines together to be decyphered!"

Messrs. Ogle and Co. sent Dibdin two specimens, one alive, the other dead, in a deal box. The live one escaped in transit; the dead one arrived safely, and was about one-fourth of an inch long. Mr. Elmsley, the bookseller, detected one not only in the shape of a fly, but in the act of flying! Kirby, in his "Introduction to Entomology," 1816, has the following:—

"The larva of *crambus pinguinalis*, whose ravages in another quarter I have noticed before, will establish itself on the binding of a book, and spinning a robe, which it covers with its own excrement, will do it no little injury. A mite (*Acarus eruditus*, Schrank) eats the paste that fastens the paper over the edges of the binding, and so loosens it. I have also often observed the caterpillar of another little moth, of which I have not ascertained the species, that takes its station in damp old books, between the leaves, and there commits great ravages; and many a black-letter rarity which in these days of *bibliomania* would have been valued at its weight in gold, has been snatched by these destroyers from the hands of book-collectors."

Mr. Blades, in his "Enemies of Books," has a chapter on the bookworm, which exhausts all the trustworthy information on the subject.

It is curious that the earliest notice we have of this insect, albeit very minute and circumstantial, is probably not of the bookworm itself, but of the *Lepisma*, a similar kind. The description occurs in "Micrographia; or some Physiological Descriptions of Minute Bodies made by Magnifying Glasses," by R. Hooke, F.R.S., a highly curious and interesting work published at the expense of the Royal Society in 1665. Hooke heads his chapter, "Of the small silver-colour'd book-worm," and gives an illustration, a fearful-looking object, of which the accompanying is a reduced view. Mr. Blades thinks that Hooke drew

largely on his imagination, and remarks that his description "is most interesting for the frequent accuracy of the author's observations, and most amusing for his equally frequent blunders." Here we give the description, which is to be taken as a curiosity of the subject, rather than as an account of the actual bookworm.

"As among greater animals there are many that are scaled, both for ornament and defence, so there are not wanting such also among the lesser bodies of insects, whereof this little creature gives us an instance. It is a small white silver-shining worm or moth, which I found much conversant among books and papers, and is supposed to be that which corrodes and eats holes through the leaves and covers; it appears to the naked eye a small, glistening, pearl-colour'd moth, which upon the removing of books and papers in the summer, is often observ'd very nimbly to scud, and pack away to some lurking cranney, where it may the better protect itself from any appearing dangers. Its head appears bigg and blunt, and its body tapers from it towards the tail, smaller and smaller, being shap'd almost like a Carret.

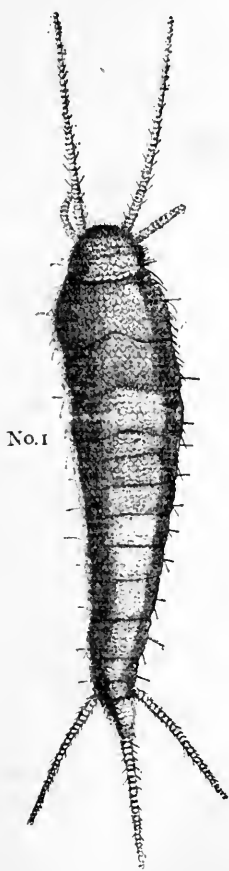
"This the microscopical appearance will more plainly manifest, which exhibits, in the third *Figure* of the 33 *Scheme*, a conical body, divided into fourteen several partitions, being the appearance of so many several shels, or shields that cover the whole body, every of these shells are again cover'd or tiled over with a multitude of thin transparent scales, which, from the multiplicity of their reflecting surfaces, make the whole animal appear of a perfect pearl-colour.

* * * * *

"The small blunt head of this insect was furnish'd on either side of it with a cluster of eyes, each of which seem'd to contain but a very few, in comparison of what I had observ'd the clusters of other insects to abound with; each of these clusters were beset with a row of small brisles, much like the *cilia* or hairs on the eye-lids, and, perhaps, they serv'd for the same purpose. It had two long horns before, which were straight, and tapering towards the top, curiously ring'd or knobb'd, and brisled much like the marsh weed, call'd horse-tail, or cat's-tail, having at each knot a string'd girdle, as I may so call it, of smaller hairs, and several bigger and larger brisles, here and there dispers'd among them; besides these, it had two shorter horns, or feelers, which were knotted and fring'd just as the former, but wanted brisles, and were blunt at the ends; the hinder part of the creature was terminated with three tails, in every particular resembling the two longer horns that grew out of the head. The leggs of it were scal'd and hair'd much like the rest, but are not express'd in this

Figure, the moth being intangled all in glew, and so the leggs of this appear'd not through the glass which looked perpendicularly upon the back.

"This animal probably feeds upon the paper and covers of Books, and perforates in them several small round holes, finding, perhaps,



No. 1.—The image of the Bookworm as it is graven in "*Micrographia*," by R. Hooke, Fellow of the Royal Society.

Fo. London, 1665.



No. 2.—*Anobium*, natural size.



No. 3.—*Anobium*, magnified.

a convenient nourishment in those husks of hemp and flax, which have pass'd through so many scourings, washings, dressings, and dryings, as the parts of old paper must necessarily have suffered; the digestive faculty, it seems, of these little creatures being able yet further to work upon those stubborn parts, and reduce them into another form.

"And, indeed, when I consider what a heap of saw-dust or chips

this little creature (which is one of the teeth of Time) conveys into its intrals, I cannot chuse but remember and admire the excellent contrivance of Nature, in placing in animals such a fire, as is continually nourished and supply'd by the materials convey'd into the stomach, and *fomented* by the bellows of the lungs; and in so contriving the most admirable fabrick of animals, as to make the very spending and wasting of that fire to be instrumental to the procuring and collecting more materials to augment and cherish itself, which indeed seems to be the principal end of all the contrivances observable in bruit animals."

The accounts of the insect, all briefly noticed by Mr. Blades in his "Enemies of Books," are somewhat conflicting; but after critically sifting the matter, Mr. Blades believes the following to be the truth: "There are several kinds of caterpillar and grub which eat into books. Those with legs are the larvæ of moths; those without legs, or rather with rudimentary legs, are grubs, and turn to beetles. . . . 1. The 'Anobium.' Of this beetle there are varieties, viz.: 'A. pertinax,' 'A. eruditus,' and 'A. paniceum.' In the larva state they are grubs, just like those found in nuts; . . . after a certain time the larva changes into a pupa, and then emerges as a small brown beetle. 2. 'Ecophora.' This larva is similar in size to that of Anobium, but can be distinguished at once by having legs. It is a caterpillar with six legs upon its thorax and eight sucker-like protuberances on its body, like a silkworm. It changes into a chrysalis, and then assumes its perfect shape as a small brown moth. The species that attacks books is the *Ecophora pseudospretella*."

Mr. Lang, in *The Library* tells us something of the ancient history of the bookworm:—"The ancients knew this plague, of which Lucian speaks. Mr. Blades mentions a white bookworm, slain by the librarian of the Bodleian. In Byzantium the black sort prevailed. Evenus, the grammarian, wrote an epigram against the black bookworm ('Anthol. Pal.' ix. 251):—

"'Pest of the Muses, devourer of pages, in crannies that lurkest,
Fruits of the Muses to taint, labour of learning to spoil,
Wherefore, oh black-fleshed worm! wert thou born for the evil thou workest?
Wherefore thine own soul form shap'st thou with envious toil?'"





First Editions.

I.—CHARLES DICKENS.

THERE are probably more English and American collectors of Dickens's works than of those of any other single author. This is not surprising, inasmuch as he is not only the most popular author of modern times, but, owing to the form in which many of his works were issued, and to the excellence of their illustrations, peculiar interest and difficulty are experienced in collecting them.

It is not proposed in this article to deal with his works in any scientific or exhaustive manner, but simply to jot down for the collector some matters of more or less importance, and to record some of the prices recently asked and obtained for fine specimens of Dickens's books. It is scarcely necessary to say in a periodical of this kind that the true collector will not only confine his attention as far as may be to the earliest issues, but will be satisfied with no copies except such as are immaculate, complete and uncut. It is of such copies only that it is proposed to treat, and to such copies only that the prices may be taken as applicable.

The variation in prices of all rare books is remarkable. A few years ago, copies of the pamphlet "Sunday under Three Heads" sold readily at from £10 to £12; but since it has become better known copies have cropped up in unexpected places, and I question whether the lower price is not now somewhat above the market value. However, great caution in buying is necessary, as there have been two so-called facsimile reprints, and though they are easily distinguished from the original by an expert, I have no doubt that many a tyro has been taken in by them. A bookseller, who should have known better, not long ago offered me a tattered, soiled reprint,

"on its merits," for 30s. I am afraid I was uncomplimentary either to his integrity or intelligence, and left him to decide which way to apply my remarks. In buying any rare book, the beginner would do well either to go to a first-rate dealer and buy on the faith of his assurances, or to seek aid from a friend.

"Sketches by Boz" is another book the price of which fluctuates greatly. There has been times when the one volume octavo edition of 1837 fetched more than the first edition in three volumes; but I think the value of the three volume edition is now about £15, and of the octavo edition about half that sum. The octavo edition in parts as issued with all the wrappers, would, however, certainly bring at auction £20, and might find a purchaser at half as much again. So much for the whims of collectors.

The most puzzling of all Dickens's books to the collector is probably "Pickwick." Many a time have I been told of great bargains in "Pickwicks." "A genuine first edition, with the Buss plates, and I only gave £2 10s. for it." Then one finds a dirty, mutilated copy, all the margins gone, several plates torn across, and clumsily mended—such a copy, indeed, as is really absolutely worthless, and, according to market prices, not worth half the money the bargain-hunter had given for it. These bargain-hunters are a great source of profit to booksellers. They know nothing of books, and care nothing for them. To them a first edition is a first edition, and, as such, valuable. They seize upon a copy, ask the unsuspecting (?) bookseller its price, and bear off in triumph the volume which they imagine he has sold in ignorance of its value, while they have in fact paid twice as much as it is worth. However, these bargain-hunters are good for trade, and should not be unduly discouraged. Those who have advanced a little farther in knowledge, are perhaps in a state more dangerous to themselves. They know that a first edition of "Pickwick" should be "in parts," and they buy the first copy they come across, paying £10 to £15, and delighting in their new possession until they find out its deficiencies.

Now I dare say there are not a dozen true first editions of "Pickwick" perfect in parts, with wrappers and notices, and plates in the first state, perhaps not half that number; and I am sure that such a copy as I propose to describe would at Messrs. Sotheby and Co.'s rooms bring at least £30, and, bold as the suggestion is, might, if properly heralded here and in America, sell for nearer £50 than £30.

A genuine "Pickwick," then, should have the wrappers consecutively numbered throughout. No. 1 should have on the wrapper the words,

"With Four Illustrations by Seymour;" No. 2 should have in like manner, "With Three Illustrations by Seymour;" No. 3, "With Illustrations by R. W. Buss;" and No. 4, and the remaining numbers, "With Illustrations" only. So much for the wrappers. Now for the notices. They are four in number, and were issued with the 2nd, 3rd, 10th, and 15th numbers. They have been reprinted, and care is required to insure genuineness. The paper should be carefully examined, and the copies, if possible, compared with undoubted original copies. The question of the plates is too wide to be treated here. Much has been written as to first states, but it is questionable if anybody knows which were first in some instances. Some broad rules may be given here. The plates should have no lettering at all, except in the case of the later plates, which have the pages opposite to which they are to be placed, faintly etched. The two "Buss" plates of the "Cricket Match" and "The Fat Boy Awake," should be present in part three, instead of Phiz's plates of the "Fat Boy" and "The Influence of the Salmon." The two first plates by Phiz in Part IV. should bear a very faintly etched signature "Nemo," instead of his well-known signature afterwards adopted. If a "Pickwick" has all these features, and is perfect and clean, it is worth certainly £20, and probably more.

Two early plays by Dickens, "The Strange Gentleman" and "The Village Coquettes," are rare and much sought after. The former, *with the frontispiece*, is not to be had for love or money. There is a copy in the Forster collection at South Kensington. I have never seen another, and cannot say what a really genuine copy would fetch. The play has been reprinted in facsimile.

"The Village Coquettes" is rare, but not so rare as is generally supposed. Every now and then a batch of them turns up, and comes into the market. This was the case lately, and I saw a copy priced at £30, and I believe it was sold at that price. It would be dear at half the amount. It has been reprinted by the original publisher, Mr. Bentley, and the title of his reprint bears on the reverse a notice that it is a reprint. Other title-pages have, however, been printed, *not by Mr. Bentley*, which omit this remark, and the purchaser should be wary, or he may pay many pounds for a 5s. reprint!

CHAS. P. JOHNSON.





De ortu Typographiæ.

Part I.

“Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.”

“For Time will teach thee soon the truth.”

HEARTILY welcome the new Serial, “The Bookworm,” and I see in the words of the American poet quoted above the very “image” (to use Hooke’s word in “Micrographia”) of a Bookworm, whether belonging to the genus *homo* or *anobium*. In fact the anobium has the advantage of man; he pursues, he labours, he waits, and knows naught beyond the restricted boundary of his paper tunnel, until time in due course develops the winged truth to him. Alas, for us human worms! we too grub, we achieve (sometimes), we pursue, we wait, and we call time and history to help us; and at every turn, instead of eating wholesome, natural truths, we feed perforce on adulterated documents, loaded with fibreless gypsum and historical pipe-clay. “Anything,” cried Walpole, “but history, for history *must* be false,” and if Walpole could say this of history in general, what pungency of satire would have escaped him had the bent of his mind led him to study the most deceitful of all—Typographical history.

For 300 years have writers of all nations in untold abundance been contradicting and vilipending one another; and still the wordy war goes on. Time has, however, in the last few years, taught us some truths and exposed many fables concerning the origin of printing. So many Dutch figments and falsities about Coster and the Haarlem press have lately been swept away by the trenchant pen of Dr. A. von der Linde of Wiesbaden; and so many German forgeries and fallacies about Gutenberg and Mayence have been exposed in the

more efficient, if less brilliant, publications of Mr. Hessels of Cambridge, that a much clearer battlefield is now left for the opposing forces. One excellent result of the exposures on each side is that we can afford to ignore the bulk of the old writers on printing, as the data upon which they trusted were incomplete or fallacious. This reduces the books necessary for the study of the subject to a number which can be reckoned upon one's fingers.

One cause, and perhaps the chief one, why so little progress was made by the older bibliographers in any true criticism of the subject, was the great difficulty of judging from actual inspection of either the original historical documents or the original productions of the press. Dispersed in various libraries throughout Europe, and separated from each other by long distances, the time and money necessary to personal inspection were prohibitory; so that any one wishing to study the origin of printing had to satisfy himself with an examination of the few specimens within his reach, and with adopting the arguments and conclusions of former writers, who in their turn had already done the same.

Thus the subject became encrusted with crude notions and legendary ideas, most of which have been consigned to oblivion by modern criticism. Now-a-days the comparative facilities enjoyed by travellers, the ease and speed with which libraries widely separated can be visited, and the greatly developed interest taken by the librarians of all countries in the "incunabula" under their charge, render the examination of any bibliographical treasures both pleasant and easy. Again the extreme accuracy of the best modern facsimile plates is another advantage possessed by the present generation over their predecessors, though no plates, however good (and certainly no photographic plates), can ever be to the critic what the originals should be.

The new school of criticism was started in 1870 by Dr. A. van der Linde, who since his German naturalization has altered the "van" to "von." In that year appeared "*De Haarlemsche Costerlegende*," which was issued the next year in an English translation as "*The Haarlem Legend of the Invention of Printing*." This was a heavy onslaught upon the very existence of printing or printers in Haarlem anterior to 1483. De Vinne followed on the same lines in 1876 with "*The Invention of Printing*," published in New York. M. Madden, of Versailles, in his "*Lettres d'un Bibliophile*," 1868-78, is also a disciple of the same school. In 1878 Dr. van der Linde issued a work of nearly 700 pages upon Gutenberg, in which he again treats the Dutch claims with extreme contempt. Nor was this enough, for in 1886, under the patronage of the German Government, he again

sent out three prodigious volumes on the same subject, entitled "Geschichte der Erfindung der Buchdruckerkunst." These works contain the very latest pleadings on the Gutenberg side. Meantime, the first shock of Dr. van der Linde's attack having been overcome, Mr. Hessels opened the case for Coster with a clever introduction to the Haarlem Legend, in which a very useful list of Costerian Incunabula were classified under their various types. Having discovered many blunders and inaccuracies in Van der Linde's dealing with his subject, he issued in 1882 "Gutenberg : Was he the Inventor of Printing?" which was followed by a series of articles in *The Academy* for 1887 on the same subject, in which the writer stoutly maintains that not only was Holland the birthplace of printing, but that Coster invented it at Haarlem. These have just been enlarged and reprinted under the title, "Haarlem, not Mentz."

Italians, and Italians only, maintain that their countryman, Panfilo Castaldi, of Feltre, was, about the year 1450, the originator of cast movable types; and that his pupils were Gutenberg and Fust, who carried to Germany his ideas, and there perfected them. But the claim rests upon no foundation, and need only be mentioned and then dismissed as unworthy serious examination.

I do not propose, even were it possible, to discuss the origin of printing in the short space of this article, but will as curtly as is compatible with a clear understanding of the subject state the position now held by each of the opposing camps, giving in the next article the case of "Coster v. Gutenberg," and in the following "Gutenberg v. Coster."

WILLIAM BLADES.



Shandy, of Shandy Hall.

SHAKESPEARE has afforded innumerable stumbling-blocks for the French translators, but it would be difficult to instance a more amusing blunder than that perpetrated by M. Eusebe Salverte, in his learned work on the origin of names and places. He has completely "fixed" Sterne's immortal character, citing Shandy, of Shandy Hall, as an instance of a local designation becoming the surname of an individual!



The Pilgrim's Progress.

THE literary history of Bunyan's immortal allegory is altogether peculiar. So obvious is the comparison of life, especially from the Christian point of view, to a pilgrimage through earth to eternity, that the marvel is not so much that the work was ultimately produced by an unlettered mechanic, as that so many generations of Christians should have performed that pilgrimage before it became adequately symbolized in literature. Much ink has been spent by the learned to show that the "pilgrim idea" was not new, and although the originality of Bunyan has not materially suffered from this process, many interesting facts and resemblances have been forthcoming. Mr. George Offor, who edited the allegory for the Hanserd Knollys Society in 1847, marshalled these alleged pioneers in his valuable Introduction, only to demolish them to his own exceeding and evident satisfaction. The question has been since reviewed in a much more impartial and scientific manner by Dr. J. Brown in his interesting and graphic volume *John Bunyan, his Life, Times, and Work*.

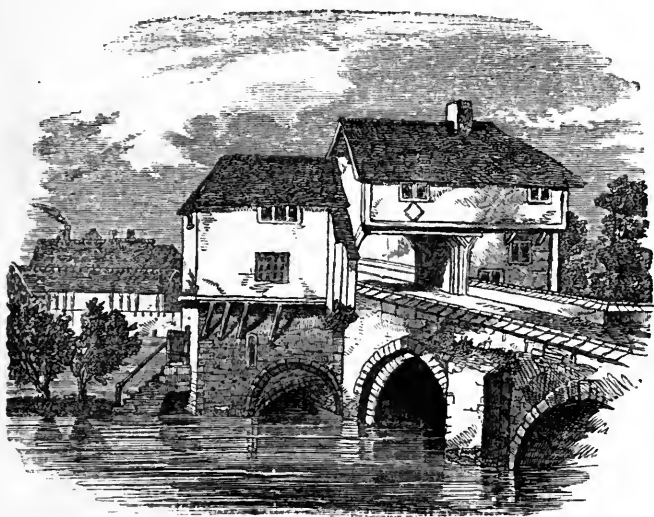
The earliest work which the incredulous have fixed upon as supplying suggestion or material to Bunyan, is a book printed by Caxton. Mr. Offor notes three previous instances of the "pilgrim idea" in literature; but the Caxton is the first book claimed as a pioneer of Bunyan. It is entitled *The Pylgremage of the Sowle* (Printed by William Caxton, 1483. Small folio). In his account of this volume, Dibdin wrote that as "this extraordinary production which, perhaps, rather than Bernard's 'Isle of Man,' laid the foundation of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' I shall make no apology to the reader for the following specimens of its poetry and prose." Mr. Offor hereupon breaks his first lance in behalf of Bunyan. Against the Doctor's eight folio pages of specimens, he produces his own inde-

pendent analysis ; and cries triumphantly, "The result is, to establish honest John's originality, and excite great surprise that the learned doctor could have published so unfounded an insinuation." This book was a translation of "*Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme*," by Guillaume de Guilville, a monk of the royal abbey of Chaliz, composed in 1330. The poem has been edited and compared with the *Pilgrim's Progress*, "from notes collected by the late Mr. Nathaniel Hill" (London : Pickering, 1858).

The reader who is curious in the subject will find the instances of supposed similarity set out in detail by Mr. Ofor; and the whole matter carefully summarized by Dr. J. Brown. Subsequent to the Caxton book we have mentioned, the elements of the dream and allegory appeared in the following works : The "*Chemin de Vaillance*" of Jean de Courcy (1426); the "*Palace of Honour*," by Gawin Douglas, of Dunkeld (1501); the "*Golden Terge*" of William Dunbar (1508); the "*Bowse of Court*" of John Skelton (1508); and the "*Example of Vertu*" (1503) and the "*Pastime of Pleasure*" (1506), by Stephen Hawes; these being followed by Sir David Lyndsay's "*Dreme*" of 1528. There are several books relating to pilgrims and pilgrimages, too, before the date of Bunyan's work. Of these Dr. Brown instances the "*Pérégrination Spirituelle*" of Pascha (1576); the "*Viaggio Spirituale*" of Bellanda (1578); the "*Pilgrimage to Paradise*" of Leonard Wright (1591); the "*Pilgrim's Journey towards Heaven*" of William Webster (1613); the "*Pilgrim's Practice*," by Robert Bruen (1621); the "*Pilgrim's Passe to the New Jerusalem*," by M. R. Gent (1659); and the "*Spiritual Journey towards the Land of Peace*" (1659). "*The Pilgrimage of Perfection*," by William Bond (1526), like "*The Pype or Tonne of the lyfe of Perfection*" (1532), is slightly allegorical, but in the main both these books are only a sort of code of directions for monks and nuns. "*The Pilgrimage to Dovekin and Willekin of their Beloved in Jerusalem*," the work of the Dutch engraver, Bolswert, though popular once and described to Southey by his friend Bilderdijk, as "one of the delights of his childhood," is nothing more than a weak and foolish story in the allegorical vein. Bernard's "*Isle of Man*," again, though wise and witty, is, like Phineas Fletcher's "*Purple Island*," more akin to the "*Holy War*" than to the "*Pilgrim's Progress*," and, as Southey says of Bernard's book, alike they want the charm of story and that romantic interest, "which holds children from sleep."

This is a magnificent array against poor Bunyan; and in these days when philosophers have taken up the old adage "There's nothing

new under the sun," and dressed it up in academic attire as "evolution," it should require some courage to believe that Bunyan's allegory was without connection with any of these works. Yet an examination of Bunyan's *Life*, which lies open to all in Dr. Brown's work, and of the circumstances in which the *Pilgrim's Progress* was written, can leave no doubt whatever as to Bunyan's originality. His supposed obligation to predecessors arises from a misconception, which we will explain. In doing this we shall not run a tilt against the law of interdependence of ideas and the growth of the heritage of thought; we shall point out that the various streamlets which, it has been supposed, merge into the river of Bunyan's inspiration,



have rather meandered into the sands of oblivion: while Bunyan's allegory comes straight from the Bible and his own experiences.

Not the least interesting chapter in Dr. J. Brown's work is that in which he tells the story of the production of Bunyan's masterpiece. The book was written in prison. The opening words refer to this fact:—"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted upon a certain place where was a Den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept I dreamed a dream." When the third edition appeared in 1679, Bunyan placed in the margin opposite the word "den," "the Jail." Dr. J. Brown determines the place of the den and the time of the dream. In doing this, he dissipates what had previously been received as one of the commonplaces of literature. Bunyan was twice imprisoned; first for a period of twelve

years; second, three years after, during the winter and early spring of 1675-6. The *Pilgrim's Progress* had always been assigned to the first of these periods; but Dr. Brown proves conclusively that the book was written during the later and shorter period, when Bunyan was imprisoned in the Town gaol on Bedford bridge.

Turning on the question of Bunyan's indebtedness to previous writers, all the circumstances attending the first publication of his book are of extreme interest. We say "first" publication, because thereafter he was a free man, and famous, and any modifications which he introduced into subsequent editions are more likely to have been tintured with conventional learning. The first edition has been reproduced in facsimile (*The Pilgrim's Progress*, as originally published by John Bunyan, being a facsimile reproduction of the first edition. London: Elliot Stock, 1875). All interested in the question of Bunyan's originality should compare the first with subsequent editions.

Dr. Brown concludes that Bunyan was released from prison in 1676, and came up to London with the MS. of his allegory in 1677. The publisher fixed upon was Nathaniel Ponder, at the sign of the Peacock, in the Poultry, near the church. "His was a new name on Bunyan's title-pages, but it was destined frequently to re-appear during the next ten years," writes Dr. Brown. Indeed, he became known to his brother craftsmen of the Stationers Company as "Bunyan Ponder." The *Pilgrim's Progress* was entered at Stationers' Hall: "22nd December, 1677, Nathaniel Ponder entered then for his Coppy by vertue of a licence under the hand of Mr. Turner, and which is subscribed by Mr. Warden Vere, One Book or Coppy Intituled The Pilgrim's Progress from this world to that which is to come, delivered in y^e Similitude of a Dream by John Bunyan, vj^d." The sixpence was the ordinary fee for registration. Dr. Brown writes—"Entered thus at Stationers' Hall at the end of December, Bunyan's Dream, we find from a 'General Catalogue of Books printed and published at London in Hilary Term, 1667,' was licensed February 18, 1678, and therefore early in the year was in the hands of that public which so quickly and for so long was to give it hearty welcome. In the catalogue referred to it was announced as 'price, bound, 1s. 6d.': it was printed in small octavo on yellowish-grey paper, from apparently new type, and extended to 232 pages in addition to title, author's apology, and conclusion."

This is the book which has been reproduced in *facsimile*. In his preface, Mr. Stock writes—"As regards typography, the present edition is strictly a lineal descendant of that of 1678; for the type

now used has been cast from moulds made in 1720, which were taken from the *Dutch* type used for that first issue. The paper, too, is a close imitation of that manufactured two centuries ago." But in the more important matters of orthography, grammar, expression, &c., faithful reproduction was rigidly adhered to. So that to-day we can behold the book which so stirred our forbears, just as they saw it.

THE
Pilgrim's Progreſs
FROM
THIS WORLD,
TO

That which is to come:

Delivered under the Similitude of a

DREAM

Wherein is Diſcovered,
The manner of his ſetting out,
His Dangerous Journey; And ſafe
Arrival at the Deſired Countrey.

I have uſed Similitudes, Hof. 12. 10.

By *John Bunyan.*

Licensed and Entered according to Order.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for *Nath. Ponder* at the *Peacock*
in the *Poultry* near *Cornhil*, 1678.

Here we give the title-page. Three editions were called for within a year. "A living artist," writes Dr. Brown, "has given us an ideal sketch of Nathaniel Ponder's shop at the time he first sent forth

the book. A scholar is coming out from under the sign of the Peacock, and a peasant, whip in one hand and money in the other, going in, while near the shop door are a gay gallant and a fair lady, school-boys, and grave men, all intently reading that story of the Pilgrim they have just purchased over the counter within. The picture is true to the time then, and true to the time now."

What is the secret of that power of Bunyan? It would not have been so had he laboriously collected "material," and digested all the forms of the "pilgrim idea" in literature, as the incredulous do vainly think. We began by calling the literary history of Bunyan's book "peculiar"; and so it is. It is an exception in literature. It is not an outcome of the heritage of thought, of previous efforts in the same direction, of evolution. It is the outcome of Bunyan's life and sufferings, transmuted through the teachings of the Bible. The similarities between Bunyan's "Pilgrim" and previous pilgrims in literature were merely accidental. The Oriental figures, allegories, and parables of the Bible had infiltrated European thought and literature, and gave rise to the idea of pilgrimage in the various forms which have been marshalled against Bunyan. But to "account for" Bunyan's Dream we must read his Life. There we perceive a man to whom life itself is transitory and the reality hereafter; in whom suffering produced only a more lively expectation of heaven. In the solitude of his prison-life, cut off from the world, this cast of thought and feeling became not only increased and confirmed; it possessed him entirely, mind, heart, and soul. The Word became to him the only reality here, as leading to the reality hereafter. The effect of this concentration was a realization of the Scriptures and their teaching which we can, as a rule, only faintly imagine; the result was a transfusion of biblical teaching into vernacular English, which carries the essence of the parabolical teaching of the Bible.

The religion of Bethlehem and the manger, of the lowly village life, was reclaimed from sacerdotalism by the unlettered and immortal tinker. The Bookworm loves books, but he is no longer a grub, and he knows that there is a wisdom above and beyond all books. The literary position of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is peculiar and exceptional.



A Book the Tree of Knowledge.



LIBER, a book, is the bark or rind of a tree. It is the equivalent of $\beta\iota\beta\lambda\omicron\varsigma$. $\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\pi\omicron\varsigma$ is the Greek for rind; and in this connection Bailey's "Facciolati" quotes *Isid.* l. 17, orig. c. 6: "Dictus est quasi *lepar*, ab \AE olico $\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\pi\omicron\rho$ pro $\lambda\acute{\epsilon}\pi\omicron\varsigma$ cortex, π converso in β et $\acute{\epsilon}$ in ι , veteri moro, quo dicebant *magester* pro *magister*." Let us then, upon a like analogy, suppose an \AE olic $\beta\iota\beta\lambda\omicron\rho$. Throwing out one β , and employing transposition, we should obtain all the consonants and one of the vowels required for *Liber*. The word *Liber* would thus come straight from $\beta\iota\beta\lambda\omicron\varsigma$, and that means the inner bark of the papyrus, which was probably the first material ever employed for writing upon, in the strict sense of writing, as distinguished from the process of engraving or insculping upon rock or tablets of marble, or plates of metal. The word *papyrus* or *paper* still lives in the substance of our books. So *boe* in Saxon is at once book or beech-tree, upon the rind of which latter the early books were written. Books and trees were ever wedded lovingly, so that even in China inner barks were used; and the last book out in Fleet Street published yesterday, though not in *folio* perhaps, is full of *leaves* as any tree.

In the confusion of returning sight, the blind man in the Gospel cried out, looking upwards, "I see men as trees walking;" and so do we the mighty spirits of the dead,—for they still walk in those of their books that live. In the sap of each good book-tree there circulates "the life-blood of a master-spirit." The *arbor vitæ* is not now rooted to one spot only, but moveth, like the wheels in Ezekiel, everywhere, and is full of eyes. It circumnavigates the earth like Captain Cook, and is indigenous at the Antipodes as here. Its fruits are still apples of delight, gift apples of wisdom, like those of the dread Tree of Knowledge so dearly bought in Paradise. But in our libraries it has now multiplied again into groves of pleasaunce Academical, where those, who hold the master-key of free entrance and of egress, can almost at will elude the flaming sword, and re-enter upon the garden of four rivers that was lost so long ago.

C. A. WARD.



New Books.

SYDNEY SMITH said, "There are two questions to be asked respecting every new publication: Is it worth buying? Is it worth borrowing?"



Grub Street and its Journal.

NO. 2.—THE GRUB STREET JOURNAL.

EXCEPT the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, the *Grub Street Journal* was the most ably conducted and interesting of the multitude of ephemeral broadsides which did the duties of newspapers at the earlier part of the last century. The first number, in folio, came out on Thursday, January 8, 1730, and it appeared regularly once a week until December 29, 1737—the entire issue comprising 418 numbers. The design of this journal was, in a manner of speaking, contradictory; for it was not projected to advocate the cause of the Grub Street writers, as its title would lead one to suppose, but rather to continue, and, if possible, to complete, the work of extermination and exposure initiated by “The Dunciad.” The works of “Orator” Henley, Eusden, Curll, Cibber, Dennis, Theobald, Ralph, Welstead, Budgell, and those of others of a like calibre, were traduced, imitated, and otherwise ridiculed with caustic irony. On May 9, 1737, a selection of the papers from the first to the hundred and thirty-eight was published in two volumes under the title of “Memoirs of the Society of Grub Street,” in the extremely interesting preface to which we get a circumstantial account of the design, rise, progress, and decline of *The Grub Street Journal*. After referring to the many literary impositions, false foreign and manufactured domestic news, the specious accounts of new books, the “useful” inventions and “infallible” remedies, strange and wonderful cures, sights, &c., the writer goes on to say that the affairs of Grub Street being in such a disorderly condition, “it was thought necessary to endeavour to repress in some degree at least, the exorbitances of authors, booksellers, printers, and publishers. This was the end and design of setting up *The Grub Street Journal* by some literary gentlemen, who, in order to carry it on with the greater

propriety, formed themselves into an imaginary society, as meeting once a week at the Pegasus, which is a real house in Grub Street" (pp. iv. and v.). "If success against opposition be any mark of a well-concerted scheme, ours was certainly such; having succeeded beyond all expectations; tho' never promoted by any of the artifices usual in establishing a paper, and continually opposed and depreciated by the generality of booksellers, and their hackney authors. Far from being recommended at first by a constant succession of advertisements and puffs, or franked into the country by post-official clerks; our advertisements, drawn up now and then on extraordinary occasions, were refused by the printers of other papers, and very frequently other journals were sent from the post-office to persons who had given particular orders for ours. In short, notwithstanding the practices of all the little unfair arts in opposing it, and the total neglect of the properest and fairest means of promoting it; it rose gradually, without the least working, to such a number, as yielded a very considerable monthly dividend for a good while" (pp. xi., xii.). This introduction itself gave great offence to many of the booksellers, who exerted themselves in tabooing these "memoirs." It will also be interesting to note that the first part of this introduction was printed in the *Journal* itself for April 14, 1737, before the two volumes appeared, and the remainder came out in the two final issues, *i.e.*, for December 22 and 29, 1737. The *Journal* was published at twopence, and in the first year or two seems to have changed hands several times so far as its printers were concerned; the actual publisher was apparently "Captain Gulliver, near the Temple," for this imprint is to be found on nearly all the copies. It was no doubt a fictitious name, but it might have been employed by Lawton Gilliver, at "Homer's Head in Fleet Street," a well-known and extensive bookseller of the period, and to whom Pope consigned the copyright of his books in later years. The *nom-de-plume* "Captain Gulliver" was so thoroughly in harmony with the ulterior aim of the publication, that we cannot wonder at its being employed. The first number, which contained no advertisements, led off with an appropriate quotation from the first book of "The Dunciad":

"Dullness! whose good old cause I yet defend,
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end!
For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,
With all such reading as was never read."

Three or four advertisements of books appear in the second number,

and gradually one page out of the four was absorbed by those who had books to sell or quack medicines to dispose of. Indeed, two papers in particular seem to have secured a wide circle of advertisers, viz., *The County Journal, or, The Craftsman*, edited by Caleb D'Anvers, and *The Grub Street Journal*. The former, being much older than its persistent rival, obtained the greater number of advertisements, which were, in addition, much better "set-out," whilst the quality, printing, and general get up were considerably in advance of these features of *The Grub Street Journal*.

As might have been expected, the consistent and systematic irony of the pseudo-Grub Street journalists procured them the scurrilous abuse of the inferior papers. *The Grub Street Journal* was bold and honest enough, in a way, for in a number selected at random (No. 109) we find that it gives a list of those papers whence its domestic news was obtained. This particular list includes the *Courant*, *Post-Boy*, *Daily Post*, *Daily Journal*, *Evening Post*, *St. James's Evening Post*, *Whitehall Evening Post*, and the *London Evening Post*. In the text, the source of a piece of news is indicated by initials only. Not content with utilizing the news published in other papers, sometimes the different versions relating to one incident were grouped together in a paragraph, the result being extremely amusing. The following is an example:—"This day Sir Will. Thompson made his report to his Majesty of the 2 condemned malefactors. *W. E.*—The report is put off 'till next week. *C.*—Yesterday Mr. Baron Thomson made his report, &c. *D. P.*—Mr. Sergeant Urling, Deputy Recorder, made his report, &c. *P.*—And they are ordered for execution on Monday next. *S. J.*" Upon these extremely conflicting accounts, *The Grub Street Journal* trenchantly observes: "No report has been made, but this false one." It will be readily understood therefore that this journal which was so scathing in its exposures, was not greatly beloved by its contemporaries. The conductors of it apparently had an inveterate hatred for *Mist's Journal*,¹ *Fog's Journal*, *The Craftsman*, and the *Daily Journal*. These were attacked at every opportunity, and they were not at all backward in retorting. The *Grub Street Journal* administered censure in an ironical way highly diverting to all but those whom it immediately concerned. The issue of October 22, 1730, reproduced some verses which appeared in the *Daily Journal* of July 17th of the same year, and which we here quote:—

¹ *Mist's Journal* was rechristened and called *Fog's Journal*, Sept. 28, 1728.

" *To the Author of the Grub Street Journal.*

" Vile, dark, and dirty ! if thy name and face
Be like thy work, humanity's disgrace,
Well dost thou wear, adapted to thy task,
The murd'rer's dagger, and the robber's mask.
Proceed, abuse, and scatter filth around,
Yet hope not any author can be found
Will stoop to grace that scribbler with reply,
Whose wit is slander, and whose jest a lye :
Unless thy stuff a cudgel may demand,
But that to wield requires no learned hand :
That job I'll undertake, tho' no great clerk,
So write your name, and I—*will make my mark.*

VINEGAR."

The foregoing is but one example of the "sweetness and light" which prevailed among the literary fraternity during the earlier part of the last century.

The principal, or almost sole, writers of *The Grub Street Journal* were two physicians of considerable natural abilities, viz., Dr. Richard Russel, who wrote under the signature of "Mævius," which was sometimes attenuated into the single letter M., and Dr. John Martyn, whose *nom-de-plume* was Bavius, or B. The former wrote a treatise on Sea-water, whilst the latter was a botanist of considerable eminence. In 1720 he translated Tournefort's "History of Plants," and six years later succeeded Bradley as Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge; and in 1727 was elected to a Fellowship of the Royal Society. He was the author of a number of works on botany, medicine, and other topics; he was, moreover, the translator of Virgil's *Georgics* and *Bucolics*, and the author of some Dissertations on the *Æneid*. He died in 1768, aged seventy years. Martyn and Russel issued, in 1730, a proposal for publishing an edition of Robert Stephan's "*Thesaurus Linguae Latinæ*," but it came to nothing, we believe.

It is asserted, on the authority of Budgell (*The Bee*, February, 1733), that, in addition to Martyn and Russel, a nonjuring clergyman, and Pope, were "thought to be at the head of the paper." There is not much confirmatory evidence to bear out this statement with reference to Pope, who, however, very probably contributed a "note" now and then. In his first Satire (lines 378-379) Pope exclaims—

" Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleased—except his Will."

Budgell accused Pope with the authorship of some severe remarks

in *The Grub Street Journal*, on the famous "last Will" of the Rev. R. Tindal, by which the whole fortune of the divine reverted to Budgell, who was charged with manipulating it in his own favour, and to the exclusion of Tindal's nephew. But Pope's "demoniac inaccuracy in the statement of facts" (to use an expression of De Quincey) is so well-known, that his denial of the authorship of the charges against Budgell is not worth much. Neither was at all likely to spare the other, and Pope was not the person to let slip so golden an opportunity to which Tindal's Will gave rise.

We have already given a specimen on two of the peculiar manners in which news found its way into the papers, and of the treatment it received at the hands of the *Grub Street Journal* people. We cannot refrain from quoting another very rich example of our forefathers' notions of "licking" a sentence into shape:—

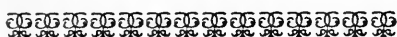
"Dublin, Sept. 1. Last night John Ferguson, an alehouse keeper in Stone-batter, was killed by some ruffians that were drinking in his house, who calling for his reckoning at their absconding, was stabb'd and hack'd by the said ruffians with butchers' knives, and made off. DAILY COURANT.—This article contains some surprising particulars. First, this alehouse keeper was killed by some ruffians; next, he called for his reckoning; then was stabb'd and hack'd by the said ruffians after their absconding; and after all this, he at last made off. To illustrate this passage, which is no doubt good Irish, and reconcile it to the belief of an English reader, requires the learning of some Hibernian *Speculatist*.¹—M." Some of the exposures are extremely funny, although, of course, much of the humour is now quite lost. But the following remarks, which appeared in *The Grub Street Journal*, No. 70, relative to five different published reports concerning a woman named Needham, are sufficiently self-explanatory:—"The sum of what my brethren here relate is this: The noted, notorious, famous, infamous, mother Needham stood in, was set before, and laid along under, on her face, on the pillory, in, and over against Park place."

The decline of *The Grub Street Journal*, and many others of a like character, was owing to the rise and progress of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, which was in reality a parasite living almost entirely upon the news and essays that appeared in its contemporaries, and with which it took French leave. A perusal of the earlier volumes of that magazine, which has now preserved an unbroken issue for over a century and half, will fully justify this statement.

¹ A fling at Mat. Concannen, an Irishman, and author of a short-lived periodical, *The Speculatist*.

The *Grub Street Journal* had not ceased to exist more than a week before *The Literary Courier of Grub Street* sprang, Phoenix-like, into existence. The first number is dated January 5, 1738, and it was continued until July 27, 1738. It bore the same imprint as its predecessor, but it lacked much of the smartness and "go." Apparently the management was entirely changed. "*The Grub Street Journal*," remarks the editor of the new paper, in his announcement, signed EPH. QUIBUS, "having for 8 years acted its part, sometimes well and sometimes ill, like all other comedians, made its exit with the last year. But to continue to divert, deceive, and inform the public, *The Literary Courier of Grub Street* sets out, for the first time, this day from the Pegasus. The making up of this paquet is intrusted chiefly to me as secretary of the society: in the discharge of which office, I shall not propose the example of many of my predecessors as an exact pattern, for my imitation." The *Literary Courier* "went down," but not in the manner its projectors desired. Its name first appeared among the list of papers on the left-hand side of the illustration of St. John's Gate on the first page of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1738, and continued there until the following July.

W. ROBERTS.



Snuffy Davy.

THE following is the account of Snuffy Davy in the "Antiquary," which Sir Walter Scott says is literally true:—

"Davy Wilson, commonly called Snuffy Davy, from his inveterate addiction to black rappee, was the very prince of scouts for searching blind alleys, cellars, and stalls for rare volumes. He had the scent of a slow-hound, and the snap of a bull-dog. He would detect you an old black letter ballad among the leaves of a law paper, and find an 'editio princeps' under the mask of a school Corderius. Snuffy Davy bought the 'Game of Chess,' 1474, the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groschen, or two-pence of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds, and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne sold this inimitable windfall to Dr. Askew for sixty guineas. At Dr. Askew's sale this treasure was purchased by Royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds."



John Baskerville.

THIS eminent printer was born in 1706, on the 28th of January. He does not appear to have been brought up to any trade, but being very skilful in caligraphy, and in cutting monumental inscriptions, he went to Birmingham when about twenty years of age, settled in a little court near the High Town, and taught writing and book-keeping. One of his efforts in stone-cutting was a tomb formerly in Edgbaston churchyard, erected to the memory of Edward Richards, an idiot, who died on September 21, 1728. Pye (*Modern Birmingham* (1819), p. 122) speaks of another stone cut by Baskerville in Handsworth church. These are "the only two known to be in existence." In 1737 he kept a school in the Bull Ring, and there is still preserved a small stone slab, engraved with the words, "Grave Stones Cut in any of the Hands by John Baskerville, Writing Master." After that date Baskerville tried his hand at making and ornamenting japanned goods, such as salvers, bread-baskets, and tea-trays, with so much success that he became able to afford a coach and pair of cream-coloured horses before many years. He began to occupy himself in type-founding about 1750, an art in which Caslon was his only competitor of importance. Several years passed in making experiments, and upwards of £600 was spent before he could produce a letter to please his fastidious eye, "and some thousands," adds Hutton, "before the shallow stream of profit began to flow." Having at length produced a type according to his taste, Baskerville circulated, in 1756, proposals for printing an edition of Virgil, with a specimen. There is reason to believe that he had the advice of his friend and neighbour Shenstone. The famous quarto "Virgil," the first of those "magnificent editions" which, in the words of Macaulay, "went forth to astonish all the librarians of

Europe," appeared in 1757. Baskerville's success encouraged him to print an edition of Milton's poetical works in 1758. Another edition was published in 1759; the typography, paper, and ink of both editions equal, if not excel, those of the "Virgil."

Baskerville was elected printer to the University of Cambridge for ten years from December 16, 1758, according to articles of agreement dated the 15th of December. He at once began to prepare to print editions of the Bible and Book of Common Prayer. In 1760 Baskerville circulated proposals for the printing of his famous edition of the Bible, and in 1763 the work was issued. Its production cost £2,000, and it has been referred to by Dibdin as "one of the most beautifully printed books in the world." In the same year, Baskerville printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, a quarto and an octavo Greek New Testament. The Bible, however, was not a commercial success, and his warehouses were full of unsold copies of his other speculations. He sought to sell his entire printing and type-founding plant to the French Ambassador, and desired Franklin, his old friend and correspondent, to use his influence to that end. The price he asked for it was £8,000, but it was too high, and the negotiations fell through. In 1768 Robert Martin agreed with Baskerville for the use of his whole printing apparatus, with which for ten years he had worked as a journeyman. Martin printed "The Christian's Useful Companion," 1766, 8vo, and Somerville's "Chace," 1767, 8vo, an edition of Shakespeare, and one or two other books. Martin's name as a printer then disappeared, and Baskerville resumed work in 1769 with Jackson's "Beauties of Nature," and in 1772 he brought out a series of beautifully printed classics, including the writings of Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Lucretius, Terence, and, next year, Sallust and Florus. These noble quartos are said to be incorrect texts, but for their magnificence of type, paper, ink, and press-work there can only be unqualified praise. Nothing so fine has yet been attempted in England. At the same time Baskerville published a duodecimo series, including Tibullus, Lucretius, Horace, and Sallust.

In spite of repeated efforts to get rid of his printing business, love of the art in the end proved stronger than dislike of pecuniary loss. Baskerville went on printing nearly to the last months of his life, and one of the latest works produced under his care was the letterpress of Dr. William Hunter's great work on the human gravid uterus, 1774. He was much disappointed by the death of a son, who was to have been his successor.

Baskerville died on January 8, 1775, in the sixty-ninth year of his age, and by his own direction was buried in a tomb of masonry, on the

site of an old mill in his garden. He had designed a monumental urn, with this inscription :

"STRANGER,
beneath this cone, in unconsecrated ground,
a friend to the liberties of mankind directed his
his body to be inurn'd.
May the example contribute to emancipate thy mind
from the idle fears of Superstition
and the wicked arts of Priesthood."



Xavier's Hymn, Translated by Pope.

IN Charles Butler's "Historical Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 308, it is asserted that Pope translated St. Francis Xavier's celebrated Hymn to the Deity. This information came from Mr. Wheble, a member of the Society of Jesus, a distinguished preacher, and he obtained it from Mr. Pigot, also a Jesuit, at whose desire the verses had been made. Xavier's hymn beginning with the words, "O Deus ego amo te," &c., is well known, but the translation is not found in the collections of the poet's works. Here it is :—

- 1 Thou art my God, sole object of my love,
Not for the hope of endless joys above ;
Not for the fear of endless pain below,
Which they who love thee not, must undergo.
- 2 For me and such as me thou deign'st to bear
An ignominious cross, the nails, the spear :
A thorny crown transpierced thy sacred brow,
While bloody sweats from every member flow.
- 3 For me in tortures thou resign'dst thy breath,
Embrac'd me on the cross, and saved me by thy death,
And can these sufferings fail my heart to move ?
What but thyself can now deserve my love ?
- 4 Such as thou was, and is, thy love to me,
Such is, and shall be still my love to thee ;
To thee, Redeemer, mercy's sacred spring,
My God, my Father, Maker, and my King !





Ballads.

"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers."

HENRY IV. (i.) Act iii., Sc. 1.

GLENDOWER had just retorted upon Hotspur that *he* had been trained up in the English Court, where he had framed to the harp many an English ditty lovely well, when Hotspur broke out into the above characteristic rejoinder. But they were alluding to the Court poets, or Shakespeare was making them allude to the Court poets of his ken, with that happy freedom as to chronology which is always like a good joke, never stale, to the reader who is in the secret. But it is of other productions than those of Surrey, Wyatt, and, Spenser that we would discourse. Ballads and their writers were frequently the subjects of the scorn and ridicule of writers in Shakespeare's time and after; and Hotspur, in affixing the term ballad-monger to one who had dabbled in Court poesy was as provoking as he could have possibly intended. Hotspur himself lived on the borders of the land of minstrelsy; and in point of characteristics he might have been the very Percy of the ancient ballad of Chevy Chase. To make *him* so impatient with "mincing poetry" is a splendid touch of insight: superlatively a man of action, nothing would have annoyed him more than to have been made the subject of a ballad. Shakespeare's illustrious contemporary, Sir Philip Sidney, wrote in his "Apologie for Poetrie," 1595, "I never hear the olde song of Percy and Duglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet is it sung but by some blinde crouder, with no rougher voice, then rude stile; which being so evill apparelled in the dust and cobwebbes of that uncivill age, what would it worke, trymmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar!"

The answer is, it would have worked wondrously more upon the poet Sir Philip Sidney, but not upon the people. There is no study more interesting to the student, not of literary history merely, but of humanity itself, than ballads. They represent the conduit-pipe of

ideas between the higher and the lower strata of society. They are an index to the mental development of periods, or they *might* be so. But there is nothing more difficult of determination than the date of a ballad. The date of entry of your ballad upon the Stationers' Registers is nought, almost less than nought, because it leads you to attach a fictitious importance to that date. On that date somebody thought it worth his while to print and utter for sale such a ballad; but that is not the date of composition. That ballad had been filtering down from the stratum of Court life and romance, or of chivalry and minstrelsy, many years, or else it had been evolving itself from the stratum of village life, gathering the aroma of obscure activities and interests during long years of toil and joy under the changing sky. But if you study the ballads that were current at a particular period, bearing in mind these considerations as to their origin, you will find reflected an image of the time, dim and fitful it may be, a very distant echo, but the most reliable indication of history after all.

But it was not of Chevy Chase, nor of Arthurian romance, nor of the adventures of Robin Hood and Guy of Warwick, that the ballads which were hawked about Old England in Shakespeare's time and after were chiefly concerned. Let us hear what Autolycus has to say about the wares he is vending:

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mopsa. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Autolycus. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: and let's first see moe ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman and was turned into a cold fish for she

would not exchange flesh with one that loved her : the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you ?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too : another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to the tune of "Two maids wooing a man" : there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it ; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it : if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear ; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part ; you must know 'tis my occupation : have at it with you.

They sing it together. Dorcas and Mopsa (styled shepherdesses among the *dramatis personæ*) both know the song. At their work in the fields, or in the dairy, the country wenches sang these old songs, which were full of suggestion of the life they knew and also of life in the outer world of which they dreamed and wondered.

The illustrations which adorned the old ballad-sheets are oftentimes incredibly crude and comical. Woodcuts that had become too old and worn for books were handed over to the ballad printer, who used them with bountiful reliance upon the ignorance of those for whom the ballads were intended. Sometimes the block was too big for the purpose required, and it was ruthlessly cut in two ; the same woodcuts were used over and over again with a freedom exceeding even that which Artemus Ward employed upon the wax "figgers" of his "onparalleled show." The accepted lover of one ballad did duty as the indignant father of another ; and in the *Century of Ballads* recently published¹ we have a touching ballad of "The Bride's Good-morrow," headed by a presentment of Elizabeth, England's virgin Queen, bearing close resemblance to the effigy at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street. Beneath this portrait, the opening lines of the ballad appear very funny :

"The night is passed and joyfull day appeareth

most cleare on every side,

With pleasant musick we therefore salute you,

good morrow, Mistris Bride."

¹ "A Century of Ballads," by John Ashton. London : Elliot Stock, 1887

But Mopsa and Dorcas, who were charmed with Autolycus's wares, are limned more faithfully in the ballad of "The Merry Milk-Maids : or the Country damosels pleasure in their rural labours." It begins :

" Ye nymphs and Silvian Gods,
That loves green fields and woods,
When spring newly blown,
herself does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds,
Come sing to the praise,
(whilst flocks do graze
In yonder pleasant vale),
of those that choose
their sleep to lose
and in cold dews
with clouted shoes
To carry the milking pail."



There are five more verses, with the refrain, "To carry the milking pail." The last verse is—

" The Country Lad is free
From fears and jealousy,
when upon the green
he is often seen

With his lass upon his knee ;
 with kisses most sweet,
 he does her so treat,
 And swears she'll ne'er grow stale,
 whilst the London Lass,
 in every place,
 with her brazen face,
 despises the grace
Of those with the milking pail."



But however free from fears and jealousy, and however content with rustic beauty, the country lad would oft be gadding. In a ballad of "Down-right Dick of the West" we have something like D'Urfey's "Collins' walk thro' London" at the end of the seventeenth century. The ballad is probably older. The sub-title is, "or, The Plow-man's ramble to London, to see my lord mayor, and the rest of the vine volk of the City; with what hapned while there he remained." The yokel goes up to London, and as he stands, whip in hand, admiring the fine folk and city gallants at the Royal Exchange, an officious personage comes along, and calling him "Bumpkin" and "Country Clown," bids him not lag and loiter there, but to begone—"Begone, and pack off, or the Stocks is your doom." They wrangle; Dick gives the fine fellow a lash, who began to roar and brought others upon the scene. Then

follows an altercation, the drift of which is to prove that although the city folk may have chains and jewels, and spices and fine things, yet the countrymen produce the provisions to feed the Londoners, and are worthy of respect accordingly. The argument is admitted, and they part amicably.



But here surely is a ballad of Autolycus himself?—"The Sorrowful Lamentation of the Pedlars, and Petty Chapmen, for the hardness of the times, and the decay of trade." The refrain is—

"The Maidens and Men, Come see what you lack,
And buy the fine toys that I have in my pack."

The following are some of the verses :

"Come hither & view, here's choice and here's store,
Here's all things to please ye, what would you have more?
Here's points for the Men, and Pins for the Maid,
Then open your purses & be no afraid.

Here's Garters for Hose, and Cotten for shooes,
And there's a Gnilt Bodkin which none would refuse.
This Bodkin let John give sweet Mistris Jane
And then of unkindness he shall not complain.

Here's Bandstrings for Men, and there you have Lace,
 Bone-lace to adorn the fair Virgin's sweet face,
 Whatever you like, if you will but pay,
 As soon as you please, you may take it away.

* * * * *

We travail all day through Dirt & through Mire
 To fetch you fine laces & what you desire,
 No pains we do spare, to bring you choice ware,
 As Gloves & Perfumes, & Sweet Powder for Hair.

We have choice of Songs & merry books too,
 All Pleasant & Witty, Delightful, & New,
 Which every young Swain may whistle at Plough,
 And every fair Milkmaid may sing to her Cow."



Dolet and Rabelais.

AMONG literary quarrels, that which severed the bond of friendship between Dolet and Rabelais is not without interest. In 1534 Cardinal Jean du Bellay, accompanied by Rabelais as secretary, passed through Lyons on his way to Rome, and to the Cardinal Dolet secured an interview, probably through the influence of his friend the secretary. Dolet's volume of 1538 contains three poems in honour of Rabelais. Coming to the cause of the quarrel, it should be pointed out that the first book, "Gargantua," of Rabelais, as we now have it, appeared in 1535, and immediately became popular. It was anonymous, and naturally gave great offence to the Sorbonne. The name of the author became known gradually, and, not desiring, as he expresses it, to be "burned alive like a red-herring, being by nature dry enough already" (Book 2, chap. v.), he at once entered the abbey of St. Maur des Fossés, as a canon. His next act was to issue a revised edition of his work, and, by implication, to repudiate the former impressions being sanctioned by him. The edition, therefore, which issued from the press of François Juste, of Lyons, in 1542, was very materially toned down and modified. In the same year Dolet also published, entirely without the author's knowledge or leave, an edition purporting to be revised and augmented by Rabelais, ("revue et de beaucoup augmentee par l'auteur mesme"), but including the passages and allusions which gave so much offence. In the next authentic edition of his works, there appeared a bitter attack on Dolet, ostensibly by "the Printer," but in really by Rabelais. It is almost needless to state that the friendship was never renewed.



Tyndale's Pentateuch.

IN his splendid new "General Catalogue of Books," Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, offers a copy of Tyndale's Pentateuch, and appends an interesting note relating to it, as follows :

[Tyndale's Pentateuch].

The secon
de boke of Moses cal-
led Exodus—The
thyrde bo
ke of Moses cal-
led Leviticus
The four
the boke of Moses called
Nueri [Deuteronomy].

4 vols. in 1 sm. 8vo, *fine copy in the original boards, covered with leather, £210.* (1530).

The only perfect copy known is in the Grenville library ; there are six imperfect ones in existence (including this), of which three are in public libraries. The above copy is in magnificent condition, sound and fine as when it was brought to England. The names of John Halle and John Bennett appear in contemporary red ink on the title-pages. The Book of Numbers (like the absent Book of Genesis) is in Gothic characters ; the other three are in Roman characters—from which circumstance it has been surmised that Tyndale, having already produced Genesis and Numbers at Marburg (as shown by the known imprint of Genesis), printed Exodus, Leviticus, and Deuteronomy in a different town (Cotton says probably Hamburg). But the few Gothic letters which appear on the title-pages of Exodus and Leviticus (Deuteronomy has not a separate title, but begins with the text under a head-line) are identical in type with the corresponding letters in Genesis and Numbers ; and what is more, each of the

three title-pages is surrounded by a wood-cut border which is identical in all. Therefore though the Roman type, in certain characteristic features bears a strong likeness to that which was used by Nucio at Antwerp, the whole five books must have been produced at a single press, or else Tyndale carried the wood-block of the titles with him wherever he went, which is scarcely likely. There are two editions of the Genesis; the first one, dated 1530, in Gothic type like Numbers, the other, dated 1534, in Roman type like Exodus, Leviticus, and Deuteronomy. Hence it has been usually stated that there were two editions of Tyndale's Pentateuch, one of 1530 and the other of 1534, while these were in truth merely two issues of the book, varying only in the first part, which had evidently been exhausted between those two years.

This little volume deserves to rank among the most precious jewels of a biblical collection, and is no less important as a literary monument of the English language. The work of our first Bible translator—printed under his own supervision, five years before the appearance of the first English Bible—is like the Holy Grail of romance, an object of worship and veneration which few eyes have had the happiness to see.



A Pioneer of Parliamentary Reporting.

IN the early annals of Parliamentary Reporting there is, perhaps, no more conspicuous a figure than William Woodfall, the son of the celebrated printer of *The Public Advertiser*, in which the letters, of "Junius" first appeared. Woodfall undertook the sole task of reporting the debates of both Houses of Parliament, day by day, in his father's paper, and afterwards in the daily journals. He possessed a most extraordinary memory, and, in the highest degree, the capability of intense application to literary work. He would sit through a long debate in the House of Commons without making a single note of the proceedings, and immediately afterwards transcribe his mental notes to the extent of sixteen columns of printed matter, and before taking any rest. Woodfall was fifty-nine years of age when he died, so that the great strain of his public career could not have been so excessive after all.



Americana.

SMITH'S "VIRGINIA."

THE late Mr. Henry Stevens, in his "Recollections of Mr. James Lenox of New York," has given an entertaining account of the formation of the library of that distinguished collector. The following notes are abstracted therefrom :

"Mr. Lenox was very much interested in the bibliography of Captain John Smith's 'History of Virginia,' and spent much time and a great deal of money in running out its history and variations, especially in the maps and plates. As early as 1852 we had a brisk correspondence for many months, and I procured for him a great many variations of the maps, and informed him of others in the libraries of London, Oxford, and Cambridge. The results of this correspondence were worked up by him in a paper entitled 'Curiosities of American Literature. No. 1. Smith's General History of Virginia, New England and the Summer Islands,' which appeared in Norton's *Literary Register* in 1853 or 1854, signed L. In this he aimed at giving an account of all the mechanical features of the volume, together with all the known editions or variations of the maps, and a brief enumeration of the other works by Captain Smith : altogether, for a first attempt, a most valuable contribution to the bibliography of American History. A few copies were printed separately on blue writing-paper. Eight distinct issues of the map of New England were described.

"No. 2 of the 'Curiosities' was a reprint of No. 1, greatly enlarged, modified, corrected, and improved, mostly based on the friendly criticisms and help of Dr Charles Deane. Both of these papers Mr. Lenox subsequently sent to me with his manuscript additions and corrections, soliciting further criticism. I was able to send him several other items of interest generally, and particularly to raise the number of issues of the New England map to eleven.

"Here the matter rested for several years, until the 1st of March, 1873, when I wrote him—'One should never despair. All rare books turn up sooner or later in London. Some twenty-five years ago you ordered or inquired about a large paper copy of Smith's "History of Virginia." I offered £100 for Colonel Aspinwall's copy [then for sale], though broken in the binding, and two or three of the maps were supplied from a small paper copy. . . . That copy I had put in order by Bedford for the Colonel, and it is now the gem of Mr. Barlow's collection. BUT, a few days ago, THE copy turned up in the library of a clergyman in Yorkshire, lately deceased, the Rev. Mr. Lowe, brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is not only large paper, but is in the original binding in dark green morocco, very richly tooled all over, and in excellent preservation. It is the *Dedication* copy, and no doubt belonged to the Duchess of Richmond and Lenox. The Richmond and Lenox arms, very large and elaborate, with her quarterings, are on the side. The binding alone is, I think, the finest I ever saw of Charles I.'s time, and would readily bring £100 without the book. I am having it put in a morocco case, and shall next week send it out to [my agents] Messrs. Austin, Baldwin, & Co., Bankers, 70, Broadway. . . . I shall instruct them to give you the first offer, and if you decline it they are to send it at once to Mr. Brinley. The price of the Smith is 250 guineas, a large sum for a Smith; but when you see the book I trust you will not think—or rather will think it not best to pass it.'

" . . . The book left Liverpool by the Cunard steamer March 15, only four days before the ill-fated *Atlantic* sailed on her last voyage. On the 26th of April I wrote [to Mr. Brinley] :—Baldwin of New York called on me this morning, and gave me the first information I had received respecting the Smith's 'Virginia.' He said Mr. Lenox called on him just before he left and told him he had decided not to be tempted to buy any more books at present, and declined to trust his eyes to see it. . . . I am not surprised at Mr. Lenox passing the book judging from his recent letters, especially as he did not trust himself to see it; . . . but his love of books is so big that he has to treat his good resolutions every little while and indulge!

"So the 'Smith' became Mr. Brinley's at about \$1,275, but after his death it became eventually Mr. Lenox's, by purchase at the Brinley sale in March, 1878—Part I., No. 364, at \$1,800, or above forty per cent. advance on my price. In 1884, a similar copy, in the last Hamilton sale, wanting the large map of Virginia brought £605, or about \$3,000, which has also, I understand, found its way to New

York, making three large paper copies in that city. The five copies in England known to me are the Grenville, Cambridge University Library, Lambeth Palace, Eton College, and Mr. Christie-Miller's. . . . On my congratulating Mr. Lenox on his recovering from his non-purchasing resolutions, and his courage in so far topping my prices, he merely remarked that if I added simple interest for the five years to my price, I would see that he had not paid anything more by waiting. To this I rejoined that I always supposed that the pleasure a millionaire derived from book-hunting, more than paid the interest on his outlay."

THE "MAZARINE" BIBLE.

"Mr. James Lenox was always liberal, and even willing, if necessary, to pay a high price for a very rare book, provided he was sure the transaction was open and perfectly fair, but he was ever suspicious of paying more than the market value. A curious case occurred in 1847, some eighteen months after I had begun supplying him with Americana and occasionally with other rare books. I had announced to him, among other bibliographical gossip, that a fine and perfect copy of the forty-two line Latin Bible of 1450-1455, usually but unjustly called the 'Mazarine' Bible, was soon coming on for sale by auction at Sotheby's, and, though a copy had been sold as high as £190, suggested that he should go in for it at that or even a higher price if necessary. I gave a careful collation and description of the two volumes, and stated that though both Mr. Putman and I would probably be absent in Paris at the time of the sale, his order would be attended to by the house of Messrs. Wiley and Putnam, to whom he was requested to address his orders and instructions. His order came during our absence, with a simple request to the manager to buy the Bible for him, without any particular instruction or limit as to price. Mr. Davidson, the manager, was thus unexpectedly thrown on his 'discretion,' and he, it seemed to me afterwards, wisely decided to exercise that virtue by buying the book against all comers, and accordingly he attended the sale personally and ran the book until it was knocked down to Messrs. Wiley and Putnam at £500, at that time pronounced to be a 'mad price,' though other copies have since been sold by auction at from £1,600 to near £4000.

"This 'mad price' was at once heralded as such in the London papers, and the book was stated to have been bought by a well-known American collector against Sir Thomas Phillips, under exciting

circumstances. Sir Thomas had arranged with Messrs. Payne & Foss, after his peculiar manner, to buy the Bible for him at an agreed limit of £300. But Sir Thomas was so anxious about the result, that he committed the indiscretion of going to the sale-rooms himself to witness the competition. When the biddings between Mr. Davidson and Mr. Foss had exceeded £300, Sir Thomas, when he could not induce Mr. Foss to go on, took up the competition himself, and ran his American opponent up to £495, when Mr. Foss arrested his mad career, and the hammer fell at Mr. Davidson's final bid of £500 for Messrs. Wiley and Putnam.

"That sale was a bibliographical event, and was greatly talked and written about both in London and New York, insomuch that Mr. Lenox, whose name as that of the unlucky purchaser had been freely used, declined to clear the book from the New York Custom House, and pay for it. The cost, including the commission, expenses and customs duty, amounting to about \$3000, was deemed by him an amount of indiscretion for which he could not be responsible. However, after some reflection, and a good deal of correspondence, he took home the book, and soon learned to cherish it as a bargain and the chief ornament of his library. Mr. Putnam soon after returned to America, and the result of this campaign was all in my favour.

"Mr. Lenox used often to pay an unprecedentedly high price for a prime rarity, with the remark that he 'could at present find the five-pound notes more easily than such books, but you must not tell anybody how much I have paid.' A few years later, when I quoted the same books at two to four times the prices he paid, he willingly removed the injunction of secrecy."





Barclay's Character of a Bookworm.

The "Shyp of Folys of the World," which appeared in 1509, and was issued "by Richarde Pynson, to hys Coste and charge," contains a very interesting "character" of the student or bookworm, who is allotted the position of the first fool in the ship.

THAT in this ship the chiefe place I governe,
By this wide sea with foolis wandering,
The cause is plaine and easy to discerne ;
Still am I busy bookes assembling,
For to have plentie it is a pleasant thing,
In my conceyt, to have them ay in hand,
But what they meane do I not understande.

But yet I have them in great reverence
And honour, saving them from filth and ordure,
By often brusshing and much diligence,
Full goodly bounde in pleasant coverture
Of damas, sattin, or els of velvet pure :
I keepe them sure, fearing least they should be lost,
For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

But if it fortune that any learned man
Within my house fall to disputation,
I drawe the curtaynes to shewe my bokes then,
That they of my cunning should make probation :
I love not to fall in alterication :
And while the comen, my bookes I turne and winde,
For all is in them, and nothing in my minde.

Ptolomeus the riche caused, lone agone,
Over all the worlde good bookes to be sought ;
Done was his commandment, &c., &c.

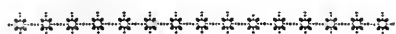
* * * * *

Lo in likewise of bookes I have store,
But few I reade, and fewer understand ;
I folowe not their doctrine, nor their lore,

It is enough to beare a booke in hande,
 It were too much to be in such a lande ;
 For to be bounde to loke within the boke
 I am content on the fayre coveryng to looke.

Each is not lettred that nowe is made a lorde,
 Nor eche a clerke that heth a benefice ;
 They are not all lawyers that plees do recorde,
 All that are promoted are not fully wise ;
 On such chance now fortune throwes her dice ;
 That though one knowe but the yrish game
 Yet would he have a gentleman's name.

So in likewise, I am in such a case,
 Though I nought can, I would be called wise ;
 Also I may set another in my place
 Which may for me my bookes exercise ;
 Or els I will ensue the common guise,
 And say *concedo* to every argument,
 Lest by much speech my Latin should be spent.



Sir Philip Sidney's Oak.

SIR JOHN CULLUM in 1782 wrote a letter to Mr. Henry Nichols, F.S.A., from which we extract the following particulars :—

“Sir Philip Sidney's Oak is also standing, about half a mile north of the house (Penshurst Place, Kent) ; a most venerable plant, just 24 feet in girth, about three feet from the ground, reduced to a rind, with a seat within it ; yet it is so thrifty, that it may well stand a century longer. The oldest inhabitant in the parish cannot remember that it ever made a better appearance than it does now. It cannot have been sown or planted the day of Sir Philip's birth, as has been said ; but must have been a favourite tree of his, to recline under its shade, and enjoy its reveries ; for I cannot allow it a year less than 350. There is also a venerable pear-tree near Houghton Park (of which Mr. Pennant has given so good a drawing in his last work) called Sir Philip Sidney's.”

In a letter penned in the following year, Sir John Cullum writes :—
 “The Houghton Pear-tree was not gone in Autumn, 1781. The landlord of the principal inn at Ampthill pointed it out to me as a curiosity, when he attended me in the little circuit of that house, and the neighbouring one of Lord Ossory's.”



Southey's "Wat Tyler."

THE indiscretions of a man's youth are bound to become common property, and to be made the most of, if he attains to anything out of the ordinary in after life. No more conspicuous example of this exists, perhaps, than that in connection with Southey's unfortunate poetic drama, "Wat Tyler." This production was written in the course of three mornings. "I wrote 'Wat Tyler,'" said the poet, "as one who was impatient of all the oppressions that are under the sun. The subject was injudiciously chosen, and it was treated as might be expected by a youth of twenty in such times, who regarded only one side of the question." But it appears, from a statement in *The Quarterly Review*, that Southey's bookseller "was too virtuous or too prudent to print it; the author forgot to reclaim it; and if he had remained in obscurity, the public would never have heard of it."

When Southey, in common with many of the best minds in England, recoiled at the ferocity of the leaders of the French Revolution, and gave in his adhesion to the existing order of things, thereby incurring much opposition, an advertisement appeared, announcing "Wat Tyler," by Robert Southey, "a Dramatic Poem, with a preface suitable to recent circumstances. London, W. Hone." When the publication appeared, a copy of it, addressed to "Robert Southey, Poet Laureate and Renegade," was sent to the author. He at once applied for an injunction to restrain the publication, which Lord Eldon refused to grant on the plea that "a person cannot recover damages upon a work which in its nature is calculated to do injury to the public." This case was a splendid advertisement for "Wat Tyler," of which no fewer than 60,000 copies were sold in a very short time. The question of Southey's consistency was brought before the House by Lord Brougham and Mr. William Smith, Member for Norwich, from each of whom

Southey held totally opposite political views, and their motives were therefore as much political as patriotic.

Three separate publishers issued an edition each in 1817. One was printed for W. Hone, 67, Old Bailey and 55, Fleet Street, from the strongly written preface of which we will quote the opening paragraph:—"Since the year 1794, when Mr. Robert Southey entered his Majesty's gaol of Newgate, with his late dear departed bookseller and friend hanging on his arm, and presented unto the Rev. W. Winterbotham the manuscript of 'Wat Tyler,' as an offering on the altar of freedom,—since then, amongst the things that have changed, may be numbered Mr. Robert Southey; not that he then changed immediately, or that he afterwards changed suddenly, or that he hath now changed for *good*, perhaps; but 'time hath written strange defeatures on his brow,' and he *hath* changed—no matter how, or when, or for what—and liveth an exemplification of the first paragraph of his last article against Reform in the last *Quarterly Review* (i.e. No. xxxi., October, 1816), which thus beginneth: 'If the opinions of profligate and of mistaken men may be thought to reflect disgrace upon the nation, of which they constitute a part, it might verily be said, that England was never so much disgraced as at this time.' This passage, inscribed beneath a portrait of the Laureate, weeping for his principles, 'because they were not,' wearing a cap and bells, and writing a receipt for his next quarter's salary on the back of 'Wat Tyler,' or on a *leaf* out of the *first* edition of his 'Joan of Arc,' would most appropriately illustrate the title-page to his works." This preface runs into xxiii. pp., and, although nine of these are taken up with a notice of the historical Wat, quite sufficient is said to make Southey writhe in his agony.

Another edition was printed for Sherwood, Keeley, and Jones, Paternoster Row, whilst a third bears the imprint of John Fairburn, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, which is chiefly noted for the exhaustive account of Wat Tyler, for the incorporation of a prologue written originally by Savage, and published in 1726, and also for an indictment of thirty pages, entitled "The Stripling Bard, or the Apostate Laureate."

It will not be necessary to enter into any discussion in relation to this matter, which, after supplying a text which affords plenty of food for reflection, we must be content to let the question rest where it is, simply quoting a paragraph from *Leigh Hunt's Journal*: "The author of 'Wat Tyler' was an ultra-Jacobin; the author of 'Parliamentary Reform' is an ultra-royalist: the one was a frantic demagogue; the other is a servile court tool."

Guibert de Pixérécourt.

M^R. LANG tells us *apropos* of auction rooms, and of the passion of emulation which besets rival buyers when bidding for coveted treasures, that Guibert de Pixérécourt, being outbid, said in tones of mortal hatred, "I will have the book when your collection is sold after your death." And he kept his word.

Pixérécourt steadfastly refused to lend his books. His device was, *un livre est un ami qui ne change jamais* ; and above the lintel of his library door he had this couplet carved—

" Tel est le triste sort de tout livre prêté,
Souvent il est perdu, toujours il est gâté."

"M. Paul Lacroix says he would not have lent a book to his own daughter. Once Lacroix asked for the loan of a work of little value. Pixérécourt frowned, and led his friend beneath the doorway, pointing to the motto. 'Yes,' said M. Lacroix, 'but I thought that verse applied to every one but me.' So Pixérécourt made 'him a present of the volume.'" (*The Library*, p. 45.)



The Sins of the Bookworm.

M^R. BLADES writes in his "Enemies of Books":—"I have now before me a fine folio volume, printed on very good unbleached paper, as thick as stout cartridge, in the year 1477, by Peter Schoeffer, of Mentz. . . . The worms have attacked each end. On the first leaf are 212 distinct holes, varying in size from a common pin-hole to that which a stout knitting-needle would make, say $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch. These holes run mostly in lines more or less at right angles with the covers, a very few being channels along the paper affecting three or four sheets only." The varied energy of the little pests is shown by the decreasing number of holes, from folio 1, where there are 212 holes, to folio 87, where there is only one hole. On folio 90 there are none. "These 90 leaves, being stout, are about the thickness of one inch. The volume has 250 leaves, and turning to the end, we find on the last leaf 81 holes, made by a breed of worms not so ravenous." From the end, they only penetrated as far as folio 66, where there is one hole.



Shakespeare's Physiognomy.

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of ——" (?)

TH remains to be seen what progress the characteristic heresy which has come to us across the Atlantic will make in this country, through the restatement of the case which is impending. But Shakespearians might do worse than wish it heartily more power, or indeed, if it show signs of flagging, give it a little left-handed help. Its direct result upon those who really care for the national poet must be to send them to authentic sources for the life of Shakespeare, and really these are of such a nature that they should no longer be the theme of antiquaries and specialists, but household words in every English home the world over. How many even among cultured people really know how much is known concerning the life of Shakespeare? It will not be amiss if the heresy lead to a universal recognition of the researches of him who has, with single-minded purpose and the toil of a lifetime, been unceasingly delving, unearthing, and piecing together the scattered facts of Shakespeare's biography.

The Bacon heresy is one of denial ; we propose to give an account of another heresy, which is one of affirmation. This concerns the portrait of Shakespeare, and the actual existence at the present time of a cast taken of the head of Shakespeare immediately after his death.

There is no direct proof that such a cast was taken, but there is a tradition, and even probability that such was the case. The tradition is connected with the effigy in the church of Stratford-on-Avon. Tradition says that the Stratford monument was made from the plaster-cast ; but, however likely that may be, the tradition possibly originated with the sculptured effigy itself. There is no proof. But

there is proof and clear knowledge of the making and setting up of the effigy in the church. Shakespeare died in 1616, and the bust is alluded to as being in the church in 1623. It was executed by Gerard Johnson, a sculptor, whose place of business was near the western door of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, within a few minutes walk of the Globe Theatre, where Shakespeare was constantly employed as actor and playwright. Shakespeare himself lived hard by, near the Bear Garden, an easy stroll. Is it not evident, the extreme probability that Shakespeare's physiognomy was familiar to the sculptor? He could have produced the bust without the plaster cast.

But there is nothing so obstinate as tradition, and it is only fair to remember that much truth as well as falsehood has been transmitted by it. If there is no more than tradition to vouch for a plaster cast having been taken of the great dramatist's head, it has been a peculiarly obstinate and persevering one, because it has not only persisted that a cast was made, but has produced it for us; and certainly it would be impossible to *disprove* that we here behold the actual features of Shakespeare.

In his account of the cast in *The Antiquary*, Lord Ronald Gower writes (in 1880):—"At the present time of writing these lines there is staying at Windsor Castle (as private secretary to the household of the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt) Doctor Ernest Becker, whose brother, Ludwig Becker, Court painter at Darmstadt, discovered the mask or cast of Shakespeare's face in an old curiosity shop at Mayence in 1849, and brought it in the following year to London, where it was exhibited. In the same year he left England for Australia, and was one of the victims of the expedition led by Burke and Wills, to which he had attached himself as naturalist. Between the years 1849 and 1861 this cast was kept in the charge of Professor Owen. I recollect seeing it under a glass case in his department in the British Museum, probably about a quarter of a century ago."

The story of the discovery of the cast is thus related in the account we are quoting: "It appears that a tradition had long been current in the artistic and scientific companies of Germans about Cologne and Mayence that, besides a curious miniature, representing a Shakespearian featured-like corpse—laurel crowned and lying in state, which had passed for generations in the family of its owner, Count Francis von Kesselstadt, as being the likeness of Shakespeare; that besides this little picture, there had been kept in the same family a plaster-of-Paris cast, from which this little painting had been

copied. Count Kesselstadt died in 1843, and his collections and pictures were sold. An antiquary of Mayence bought the little funereal picture, and re-sold it to Ludwig Becker (the painter and naturalist already mentioned) in 1847. Becker, having obtained the picture, now sought for what was supposed to be its original—namely, the cast, and after a hunt of a couple of years lighted upon it in a broker's shop at Mayence, among rags and articles of the meanest description.



“On seeing the cast he was convinced that it was the original from which the Kesselstadt portrait (said to be that of Shakespeare) was copied.

“On the back of the mask is inscribed A.D. 1616, the year of the poet's death. Examined under the critical eyes of the authorities of the Museum, this inscription was declared to be of the same time as the cast, and not produced after the plaster had hardened. This is the most interesting portion of the very slender chain of evidence,

technically speaking, that exists to point it as being the mask of the poet.

"Human hairs of an auburn hue are still adhering to the moustache and peaked beard, such as they were coloured in the bust in Stratford Church. That this cast is the original of the little Kesselstadt corpse-picture, always considered in that family as being that of Shakespeare, there is little reason to doubt; but how it and the picture came into that family, or into Germany at all, no one knows, nor will it be known probably throughout all time."

Our readers will appreciate the reservation implied in the official opinion that the date is simultaneous with the making of the cast. *When* was the cast made? No opinion is ventured in that direction. The remaining proof is that Ludwig Becker was convinced that it was the original from which was taken the portrait which Count Kesselstadt and his family believed to be of Shakespeare. This portrait is produced in *The Antiquary* (vol. ii. p. 107), and readers may judge whether it was drawn from the cast. Of course, they have not been hunting about Mayence and its neighbourhood for two years in search of what they want. We shall recur to the picture a little farther on.

Lord Ronald Gower did not hesitate to say that, sentimentally speaking, he was convinced that the cast is of no other but Shakespeare's face; "that none but the great immortal looked thus in death, or bore so grandly stamped on his high brow and serene features the promise of an immortality not of this earth alone." His lordship was equally convinced that the bust in Stratford Church was taken from this cast.

He writes: "A trifling but a marked difference between the two sides of the face almost prove this. Looking into the cast narrowly, one is convinced that that bust is a poor copy, a very poor and coarse, but still a copy of this mask."

If it indeed were so, the discrepancy between them is capable of other explanation than the clumsiness of the workman which his lordship adduces. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, who does not doubt that the Stratford bust was originally an authentic likeness of Shakespeare, gives an account of the various mutilations to which it has been subjected, and disfigurements also, under the plea of beautifying and repairing the effigy. It is distressing to think of the apathy which has permitted this national disgrace. The monument was "entirely renovated" in 1748. Originally it had been painted in imitation of life; in 1793 Malone caused the whole of the bust to be painted white; in 1861 there was a second imitation of the original colouring. It is now, in the words of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, "a miserable travesty."

¶ In the following number of *The Antiquary*, Dr. Ingleby presented a copy of the Kesselstadt miniature with a brief but discriminating notice. Dr. Ingleby failed to perceive the likeness to the mask. The miniature bears a strong resemblance to a portrait of Ben Jonson in the Dulwich Gallery, and the year marked on the picture, 1637, is the year of Jonson's death. Dr. Ingleby thought that the most probable conclusion to be drawn from the picture, assuming it



to be the one which was in the Kesselstadt collection up to 1843, was that the original collector obtained not only Gerard Johnson's plaster mask of Shakespeare, but also an original picture of Ben Jonson lying in state.

Whether or no there is any stronger ground for believing the mask to be of Shakespeare, it is satisfactory to know that there is a portrait of him which is authentic. This is the Droeshout engraving, which appears on the title-page of the first collective edition of Shakespeare's

plays, 1623, commonly known as the first folio. The favoured few who may have seen the original engraving in Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's collection will not enjoy the view of this copy; but although

MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE'S
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.



L O N D O N

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

the plate had been altered when the original of the present copy was taken, it is radically the same portrait. There is a fine copy in the National Portrait Gallery, but not so fine as that which adorns Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's collection. Opposite this portrait in the folio of

1623 (only seven years after Shakespeare's death) appear the following lines by Ben Jonson :—

" To the Reader.

" This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut ;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-doo the life :
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face ; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke,
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.—B. I."

It is remarkable that while in the case of the monumental effigy tradition asserts the existence of a plaster cast, it is silent as to the original of the only authentic engraved portrait which exists of our national poet and dramatist. Was the engraving done from a painting? If so, where is it? Will somebody now proceed to hunt for this? Let us hope it may turn up in a broker's shop or in a dust-heap in Boston or New York. When we consider the numerous English portraits contemporary with Shakespeare at present existing in the ancestral homes of England, and in the public picture galleries, can we say that a discovery of an actual painted portrait of Shakespeare is impossible? Such an one the so-called Chandos portrait in the National Portrait Gallery is alleged to be. The pedigree of this picture is thus set out at the back of the portrait: "The Chandos Shakespeare was the property of John Taylor, the player, by whom or by Richard Burbage it was painted. The picture was left by the former in his will to Sir William Davenant. After his death it was bought by Betterton, the actor, upon whose decease Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for forty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicolls, of Michenden House, Southgate, Middlesex, whose only daughter married James, Marquis of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, father to Anna Eliza, Duchess of Buckingham."

There is also in the Gallery a cast of the face taken from the monument in the church at Stratford-on-Avon. It is impossible to notice the many engravings which since 1623 have gone forth as representing Shakespeare's physiognomy; they are mostly variations of each other, and their name is legion.

T. FAIRMAN ORDISH.



Our *Modus Vivendi*.¹

SCENE: *A library of old-time aspect (vide cover of "The Bookworm").*

The "Chief Book-lover" (vide "The Bookworm's Story," ante p. 41) riseth and walketh to and fro, muttering, wearing a frown more thunderous than sapient; he glareth upon humanity thro' his window, and laugheth scornfully.

Chief (more Leading Tragedian): Ha! and this it is to be endowed with human nature! To be saluted Chief of Bookworms, and hailed the king of them that read! Would that the wizard had left me an inoffending grub, that I might blindly bore and bore with ever-growing appetite!—Nay, this is weakness! I was an insect much offending, and for my evil deeds must now disgorge the learning that I ate!—Hard fate! oh! how it throbs! it throbs! (*placing his hands wearily upon his temples*). Oh, happy though ignorant mortals, ye know not what it is to have indigestion in the wrong place! Would that I could my stolen lore at once yield up and stand acquit for ever of my sins!

Voice of the Wizard beneath: Rebel, beware! resume your allotted task!

Chief: Oh, truepenny! I warrant you! there! there! — What a terrible man that is!—Well, these mortals say there's no peace for the wicked! Very shrewd remarks they make sometimes, and much like those inscribed in that roll of papyrus in which I was immured with the mummy of Is-mi-shu-oph at Thebes. Queen Dido was very partial to the precepts of that philosopher, and one day—but soft, here comes the torturer!

¹ Those of our readers who have not read "The Bookworm's Story," in the second number of this magazine, are requested to skip the present *jeu d'esprit*, or else to refer to the Bookworm's story before reading it.—ED.

Enter EDITOR.

Editor: Chief of all the Bookworms—elected king of them that read! I come with tidings that will glad thee! Those paragraphs and odds and ends which we have culled from the byways of learning are much appreciated, and I propose——

Chief: Look here, how long do you think I am going to stand this kind of thing?

Editor: Stand what, your Highness?

Chief: Don't Highness me! How many years do you think it will take to roll it all off at this rate? Tell me that.

Editor: Pardon me, your Highness, if I say that your present tone and manner do not consort with what we in this age and country consider regal. I hope your Highness will take this hint from me; I should be sorry if your kingdom of book-lovers should know of your lack of dignity.

Chief: Ridiculous mortal! have you not a saying that a worm will turn?

Editor (with a flattering smile): We have, Highness; but also another, that worm, proud worm, is conqueror still! But, Highness, suffer me to remind you—no longer a worm, but elected chief of book-lovers!

Chief (relapsing into his tragic vein): Ah, lonely exaltation! profitless honour! Oh, would that I were a mockery king of lore, that I might exude at every pore, and shrink away and be no more! Alas! alas! A poor blind sinner—for I knew not how precious the food I did consume—of all that breathe I am most deject and miserable. Say, Mr. Editor, how long will it take me to restore that of which I most innocently robbed the world?

Editor: Nay, Highness, distress not yourself—I look forward to many, many years——

Chief (shrieks aloud and seizes the ink-pot): WHAT!!

Editor rushes behind a stack of folios. The Chief, with a scornful smile, replaces the ink-pot, and the Editor emerges a very little way from his place of shelter.

Chief: "Many years"—ha!—many years of throbbing brain and aching head, while the mighty heritage of thought and lore slowly spends itself! Oh, what it is to be a freak of evolution! The peculiarity of my position shuts me out from all sympathy! Mortals have often shed a sympathetic tear over those who were born before their time—pshaw! their case was nothing compared with mine!

Editor: Prithce, Highness, be content. Cultivate a self-sacrificing spirit. Goethe, you know, recommends this formula.

Selbst-tödtung would ease you mightily. Now think of my position, and, rejoicing therein, forget your own chagrin. The longer it takes you to "roll it all off," as you euphemistically expressed it, the longer my wages as editor will continue; now, for me, that's a good thing, which you may fairly set against your grievances.

Chief: But I don't enjoy your wages!

Editor: That, Highness, is entirely your fault, forgive me for saying. You can enjoy them vicariously; through sympathy, that is to say.

The Chief is much puzzled; the Editor continues.

Editor: Now, let us be practical and business-like, my dear Chief——

Chief: Sir, not so familiar, I beg.

Editor (aside): 'Tis well! he is becoming sensitive as to the dignity of his position; he will soon be reconciled. (*Aloud*) Pardon, Highness. In my anxiety to set your mind at rest, I allowed myself to forget the deference due to one in your unique position. Pardon, I beg. What I would represent to your Highness is this: Ours is a world of compromise, and between one of your peculiar attainments and the world to which it is your duty, as I trust it is also your will, to transmit them, it is necessary to establish some *modus vivendi*. Now, to put it logically, you can never be at ease till you have rolled it all off, that you grant? Well, the end to be attained is, therefore, that you roll it all off and that the world receive it. Good. But that process must depend upon the world's power of receiving as well as yours of giving. Now, I put it to the fairness of your Highness's mind and the goodness of your Highness's heart, you would not have our human bookworms suffer like yourself from indigestion in the wrong place?

Chief (with emphasis): Marry, God forbid!

Editor: Then your lore must be administered in regulated quantities, and the wizard and I have computed that the quantity *per mensem* hitherto given, the parts of heavy and light nicely balanced, the elements of the regimen delicately adjusted, is calculated to produce a pleasant mental suffusion, and a disposition to cut and come again. Now, if your Highness consider that your being eased of your burden of knowledge must depend upon the continued existence of the vehicle through which it is transmitted, I trust your Highness will perceive the wisdom of this arrangement.

The Chief Book-lover boweth profoundly and smileth with superb disdain.

Chief: Ratiocination was a pastime in ancient Egypt, and brilliant

were the demonstrations of Alexandria ; Socrates and Plato, although far inferior to the Egyptians, were agreeable mental exercises ; but, sir, suffer me to say that the brilliance of your argument transcends all in my somewhat lengthy experience.

Editor (warmly) : Highness, we call it vulgar in this period to have recourse to sarcasm and abuse when one is placed in a dilemma ! Besides, as for argument, if you had a spark of patriotism in you—and I do think that since your metamorphosis you should identify yourself with this age and country—I could adduce an argument that would silence you for ever !

Chief : Indeed, and what may it be ?

Editor : Why, this. An eminent cardinal has been writing in the principal Reviews, to prove that our nation is being fast undermined by its drinking propensities. Now, it is well known that this vice is widely prevalent even among them that read. But his Eminence has entirely failed to grapple with the cause of the evil. Highness, there can be no doubt whatever on the point, that cause is the insatiable dryness of our books ; such a thirst is induced, Highness, that nor Nilus nor Thamys flood could e'er assuage ! Pity our countrymen, most worthy chief, and submit to our arrangement !

Chief (emphatically) : I will !

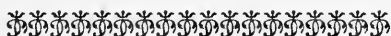
Voice of the Wizard beneath : Swear !

Chief : By Pharaoh's foot, I swear !

The Chief Book-lover resumes his place at writing-table (vide cover) ;

Wizard appears at doorway and beckons Editor.

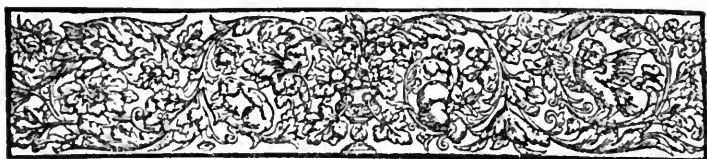
TABLEAU.



The Rambler.

WHEN Dr. Johnson's "Rambler" was first published the sale was very inconsiderable, and seldom exceeded five hundred. It is a remarkable and curious trait of the age, that the only paper which had a prosperous sale, and may be said to have been popular, was one which Dr. Johnson did not write. This was No. 97, which was said to have been written by Richardson.





First Editions.

II.—CHARLES DICKENS.

IT is strange that, in these days, when books are so highly valued for themselves, and when collectors and book-lovers are so numerous, a writer in *The Daily News* should have been permitted to exhibit his ignorance by attacking the first instalment of these notes, on account of the, perhaps superfluous, recommendation to the collector to insist upon having copies of books with the edges uncut. But so it is, and the writer of a note on this subject in *The Daily News* of the 1st of February is unable to distinguish between *uncut* edges and *unopened* leaves!

The next book, which calls for the attention of the collector is "Oliver Twist." It was the last of Dickens's books which was illustrated by George Cruikshank, and about the last plate, commonly called the "Fireside Scene," there was some trouble. It was so bad, so shockingly out of drawing, that Dickens insisted on its being cancelled. This was done, and an almost equally bad plate substituted for it, of Rose Maylie and Oliver looking at his mother's tomb. I need not say that the book with the cancelled plate is more valuable than with the substituted plate. Putting the present value of the one at £7 or £8, the other is worth about £5. In either case the title-page should read "OLIVER TWIST; or, the PARISH BOY'S PROGRESS. By 'Boz.'" Another edition of the same year, 1838, reads "OLIVER TWIST, by CHARLES DICKENS," and is not the genuine first issue. The first octavo edition was published first in ten parts, with a green wrapper by Cruikshank, and then in one volume, in 1846. In parts it is worth about £8 to £10, and in cloth about £3.

Two little anonymous volumes, called "Sketches of Young Gentlemen" and "Sketches of Young Couples," were issued in



HOW TO WRITE THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY.

BY W. P. W. PHILLIMORE, M.A., B.C.L.

Author of "Memorials of the Family of Fynmore," &c., &c.

.....



NOTWITHSTANDING the great and increasing interest taken in genealogy, both in England and America, the student of family history must learn by slow and difficult experience "How to write the History of a Family." With the exception of a few popular magazine articles, forgotten almost as soon as they are printed, no guide has ever been written of the same character as this volume, which the publisher believes will supply a want long felt by many genealogical students. The present work, which is the result of a lengthened experience in genealogical research, is something more than a guide to the public records and other sources of information.

In the first place a sketch is given of the rise of genealogical study, showing how from the dry lists of names which formed the pedigrees of early days have grown the modern family histories. Examples are given of the various methods of recording genealogical facts, whether in narrative form or in the shape of the familiar chart pedigree, and the student's notice is specially directed to the necessity of accuracy and system. The questions of typography and illustration, especially portraiture, also receive due attention, and the book contains some useful information on these points.

Amongst the many topics dealt with in detail may be mentioned the following:—Surnames, Heraldry, the arrangement of Paragraph Pedigrees with the accompanying key charts, the Sources of Family History, both printed and manuscript, with special reference to the Public Record Office, while information is added as to the various offices and Libraries both in London and the country, from which the genealogist may gain information.

A novel feature in the book is the section dealing with the scientific aspect of genealogy and the doctrine of heredity, while special stress is laid on the necessity of a family history being something more than a dull collection of names and dates, the reader's attention being directed to the value of anthropometry and the collection of vital statistics relating to the family.

A small section of the book also deals with American genealogy, which it is thought may prove of interest to English readers.

The sections of the work in which they are severally interested have been revised by the following gentlemen:—G. E. Cokayne, Esq., Norry King at Arms ; Walford D. Selby, Esq., H.M. Record Office ; and J. C. C. Smith, Esq., of H. M. Principal Probate Registry.

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Edited by G. LAURENCE GOMME, F.S.A.

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BY W. O. HAZLITT.

"A volume that may afford delight to the lover of gardens, even if he be not a lover of books in general."—*Morning Post*.

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

1838 and 1840, with illustrations and illustrated covers by Phiz. They are worth about £3 apiece.

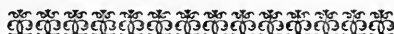
"The Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi" were edited by Dickens in 1838, for the benefit of the widow and children of Macrone, the publisher, who had behaved so badly to Dickens over the "Sketches by Boz." It was illustrated by G. Cruikshank, but not, I imagine, at Dickens's request, and was published by Mr. Bentley. It had a great success, though it is very difficult to read the greater part of the two volumes, and one can well imagine how distasteful Dickens must have found it to attempt to give coherence to such a rambling story. The first edition was bound in pink cloth and later copies were done up in a dark cloth. These later copies have the same title-page and text as the earlier ones, but the last plate, Grimaldi's "Last Song," appeared in these later copies with a border of masks, &c., round it. These copies are rarer than those without the border, and copies of either issue sell for prices varying from £6 to £10, according to condition.

"Nicholas Nickleby" was issued in 1839 in parts, and in this state is worth £3 or £4, but it is, to the reader and collector alike, one of the less interesting among Dickens's writings.

For my views on "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," and for my reasons for not including it among Dickens's works, I must refer the reader to *The Athenæum* of the 21st of January, and to the succeeding numbers, where he will find the arguments for and against the theory of Dickens's connection with it fully stated.

I must correct a clerical error in the first of these papers where the date of the first octavo edition of "Sketches by Boz" appears as 1837, instead of 1839.

CHAS. P. JOHNSON.



Reviewers.

MISS LUCY PORTER once told Dr. Johnson that she should like sometimes to purchase new publications, and asked him if she might trust to the reviewers. "Infallibly, my dear Lucy," he replied, "provided you buy what they abuse, and never anything they praise."





Rousseau's "Imitatio Christi."

LET M. Tenant de Latour, lately the happy owner of this possession, tell his own story of his treasure. It was in 1827 that M. de Latour was walking on the quai of the Louvre. Among the volumes in a shop, he noticed a shabby little copy of the "Imitatio Christi." M. de Latour, like other bibliophiles, was not in the habit of examining stray copies of this work, except when they were of the Elzevir size, for the Elzevirs published a famous undated copy of the "Imitatio," a book which brings considerable prices. However, by some lucky chance, some Socratic dæmon whispering, may be, in his ear, he picked up the little dingy volume of the last century. It was of a Paris edition, 1751, but what was the name on the fly-leaf? M. de Latour read "*à J. J. Rousseau.*" There was no mistake about it, the good bibliophile knew Rousseau's handwriting perfectly well; to make still more sure he paid his seventy-five centimes for the book, and walked across the Pont des Arts, to his bookbinders', where he had a copy of Rousseau's works, with a facsimile of his handwriting. As he walked, M. de Latour read in his book, and found notes of Rousseau's on the margin. The *facsimile* proved that the inscription was genuine. The happy de Latour now made for the public office in which he was a functionary, and rushed into the bureau of his friend the Marquis de V——. The marquis, a man of great strength of character, recognized the signature of Rousseau, but with little display of emotion. M. de Latour now noticed some withered flowers among the sacred pages; but it was reserved for a friend to discover in the faded petals Rousseau's favourite flowers, the periwinkle. Like a true Frenchman, like Rousseau himself in his younger days, M. de Latour had not recognized the periwinkle when he saw it. That night, so excited was M. de Latour, he never closed

an eye! What puzzled him was that he could not remember, in all Rousseau's works, a single allusion to the "Imitatio Christi." Time went on, the old book was not rebound, but kept piously in a case of Russia leather. M. de Latour did not suppose that "dans ce bas monde il fût permis aux joies du bibliophile d'aller encore plus loin." He imagined that the delights of the amateur could only go further, in heaven. It chanced, however, one day that he was turning over the "Œuvres Inédites" of Rousseau, when he found a letter, in which Jean Jacques, writing in 1763, asked Motiers-Travers to send him the "Imitatio Christi." Now the date 1764 is memorable, in Rousseau's "Confessions," for a burst of sentiment over a periwinkle, the first he had noticed particularly since his residence at *Les Charmettes*, where the flower had been remarked by Madame de Warens. Thus M. Tenant de Latour had recovered the very identical periwinkle which caused the tear of sensibility to moisten the fine eyes of Jean Jacques Rousseau. (Andrew Lang, *The Library*, pp. 25-27.)



Early American Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics.

ABOUT the beginning of the present century Mr. William Poyntell, a wealthy resident of Philadelphia, in connection with Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, a bookseller, established a "Classic Press," for the printing of editions of the Greek and Latin classics.

In 1804 they issued the first American edition of "Cæsar," with maps and plates. 8vo.

In 1806, "Xenophon" (Hutchinson's edition) appeared, in Greek and Latin; 8vo. This was the first Greek book printed from the first Greek type that had ever been cast in America. John Watts, educated at Oxford, was the editor and corrector.

The first American issue of Homer's "Illiad," in Greek and Latin, 2 vols. 8vo, appeared in 1814. This was printed in New York.

GEO. E. SEARS, Kingston, Ont.





De ortu Typographiæ.

COSTER v. GUTENBERG.

THE ebb and flow of opinion, even upon the most important questions, upon which one would suppose everybody would agree, is a remarkable psychological fact. Upon no question has this alternation of opinion been more noticeable than "On the Origin of Printing." Indeed, from the earliest times up to now there have been divergent opinions. That moveable types were used in Holland before the earliest specimens of the Gutenberg school appeared has been maintained with more or less success ever since 1499, when the author of the Cologne Chronicle published his important history. And that belief was held by many learned bibliographers when Dr. van der Linde in 1870 issued his remarkable book known in England as "The Haarlem Legend." The vigour of his attack in that work upon the Dutch claims, and his wonderful skill in the use of his materials and the marshalling of his arguments, made his readers shut their eyes to the savage personality of his warfare and the gross unfairness of his statements. Nevertheless, he did good by sweeping away many literary cobwebs and erroneous ideas by which former writers had been entrapped, and by placing the facts of the debate upon a firmer basis. In stating the case for either Holland or Germany, theory must to some extent be introduced, but theory must always be grounded on a good substratum of fact, and then the reader must judge for himself whether the facts are sufficiently strong to support the superstructure.

The first fact adduced in favour of Holland as the birthplace of printing is the Cologne Chronicle of 1499. This evidence, coming as it does from a writer who lived and wrote in the 15th century and who obtained his information from "Master Ulric Zell," a celebrated Cologne printer of the Gutenberg school, demands the most serious consideration. Unfortunately there are certain discrepancies in his narrative, which, however, are not in that portion which concerns the

positive invention so much as in the sequence of the places in which the art was introduced. We must remember, too, that the account was written at a time when criticism or bibliography were unborn. The passage, which is quoted from "The Haarlem Legend" (1871), page 8, is as follows :—

"When, where, and by whom was found out the unspeakably useful art of printing books?

"Here we have especially to observe that of late the love and ardour of mankind have decreased very much, or have been polluted, at one time by vain glory, at another time by covetousness, idleness; &c., particularly reprehensible in the clergy, who are more watchful and anxious to gather temporal good, and to seek the enjoyments of the flesh than the salvation of the soul; whereby the common people fall into great error, for they and their leaders seek only temporal good, as if there were no eternal good or eternal life hereafter. In order, therefore, that the negligence of our leaders, and the evil example and corruption of the Divine Word by all preachers in general, who cause their immoral covetousness to be heard and observed, at the same time might not be too great an impediment and injury to good Christians; and in order that nobody might excuse himself, the Eternal God has produced out of His impenetrable wisdom the present excellent art whereby books are printed and multiplied, so that every person himself is able to read, or hear read, the way to salvation. How should I attempt to write or to relate the praise, the advantage, and the bliss which arise, and have arisen, from this art? for they are inexpressible. Let all who love letters testify it. God gives it to laymen who are able to read German, to the learned who make use of the Latin language, to monks and nuns, in short to all. O, how many prayers, what unspeakable edification is derived from printed books! How many precious and wholesome exhortations are given in preaching! All this arises from this noble art. O, how great an advantage and blessing proceed, if they choose, from those who either make, or are instrumental in making, printed books. And he who wishes to read about this may peruse the little book, written by the great and celebrated Doctor Joh. Gerson, 'De laude scriptorum, or the book of the spiritual father and abbot of Spanheim, Joh. von Trittenheim.' This highly valuable art was discovered first of all in Germany, at Mentz, on the Rhine. And it is a great honour to the German nation that such ingenious men are found among them. And it took place about the year of our Lord 1440, and from this time until the year 1450, the art, and what is connected with it, was being investigated. And in the year of our Lord 1450, it was a golden year (Jubilee), and they began to print, and the first book they printed was the Bible, in Latin. It was printed in a large letter, resembling the letter with which at present missals are printed. Although the art (as has been said, was discovered at Mentz, in the manner as it is now generally used, yet the first pre-figuration (*die erste vorhyldung*) was found in Holland, in the Donatuses, which were printed there before that time. And from these the beginning of the said art was taken, and it was invented in a manner much more masterly and subtle than this, and became more and more ingenious. One named Omnibonus wrote in a preface to the book called 'Quinctilianus,' and in some other books too, that a Walloon from France, named Nicol. Jenson, discovered first of all this masterly art; but that is untrue, for there are those still alive who testify that books were printed at Venice before Nic. Jenson came there and began to cut and make letters. But the first inventor of printing was Junker Johan Gutenberg. From Mentz the art was introduced first of all into Cologne, then into Strasburg, and afterwards into Venice. The

origin and progress of the art was told me verbally by the honourable Master Ulrich Zell, of Harran, still printer at Cologne, Anno. 1499, by whom the said art came to Cologne. There are also some confident persons who say that books had been already printed before; but this is not true, for we find in no country books printed at that time."

We have here the account of a writer who is eminently German in his sympathies, and is proud of the position held by his countrymen in the early stage of printing. He lived in the midst of an extensive book manufactory—Cologne—and his ideas are large and biblical. When he speaks of Gutenberg's art, he refers to Bibles and Psalters, and Classics, books of literary and religious importance, and not to school books for boys. His account reads thus:—"This highly valuable art (that is, the perfected state of which he had been speaking) was discovered first in Germany, and the first book printed was the Bible in Latin. But although the art was discovered at Mentz *in the manner now generally used* (the manner of the first great Bible), yet the first pre-figuration was found in Holland in the Donatuses which were printed there *before* that time. And from these the beginning of the said art was taken; and it was invented (by Gutenberg) in a manner much more masterly and subtle than this (viz., the Holland school books), and became more and more ingenious."

Surely this is easy to understand, notwithstanding the learned mists by which it has been enveloped. The Donatuses referred to, says Dr. van der Linde, were block-books, engraved on, and printed from, wood. But a block-printed Donatus of Dutch make does not exist, while early Dutch Donatuses in moveable types are among the most common on the list of "Costeriana." It is to me plain that Gutenberg could not have taken the idea of separate types from a Dutch block-book which did not exist, while German ones were within his reach; but that seeing a type-printed Donatus which had come from Holland, he was struck with the novel process, saw that it was capable of great improvement, and after years of trial and experiment, produced books in a manner "much more masterly and subtle" than the poor Dutch Donatus. This argument formerly was much less complete, because the type Donatuses were then unknown. Now there are at least twenty editions in various types all belonging to Holland. The only question is, are there reasons for believing that these Donatuses, or some of them, are products of the Dutch press anterior to the first German-printed dated piece, viz., the "Indulgence" of 1454? This and other arguments we will discuss in a future article.

WILLIAM BLADES.

To the Bookworm.

REST thy book among the flowers,
 Rest thy limbs amidst the heather ;
 Looking skywards, thought endowers
 All in life and books together.
 Ah ! welcome musings ! only then
 We learn that nature has to tell
 So much, it takes a world of men
 To hear ; long ages to unspell ;
 And ages longer to unfold.
 See our books among the flowers !
 Rest our limbs in leafy bowers !
 Learning much that's yet untold.

G. LAURENCE GOMME.

Lulli's Opera.

WHEN Lulli was so seriously ill as to be thought near to death, the confessor attended him, but refused to grant him absolution unless he burnt his opera, "Achilles et Polixene," which was then in preparation for the stage. He consented, and the opera was burned. A few days afterwards, when somewhat better, one of the young princes (his friend) called to see him. "What, Baptiste," said he, "have you been such a fool as to burn your opera?" "Hush, my lord!" he replied, in a whisper; "I have got a copy of it."

What is Trash?

IN compiling his "Catalogue of my English Library," Mr. Henry Stevens intended at the outset to limit himself to four thousand volumes, but, little by little, the list was increased to 5,751. He says:—"I have been considerably puzzled to know what titles to strike out in my next impression, being well aware that what is trash to one person is by no means such to another; also that many books of more merit than those admitted have been omitted. *You* may not think it difficult to strike out twenty authors, and to add twenty better ones in their places, but let me relate to you a parable. I requested twenty men, whose opinions on the Literary Exchange are as good as those of the Barings or the Rothschilds on the Royal, each to expunge twenty authors and to insert twenty others of better standing in their places, promising to exclude in my next impression any author who should receive more than five blackballs, and to add any one who should receive more than five votes. The result was, as may be supposed, not a single expulsion or addition. Now, what is trash?"

Washington's Library.

IN 1848 I bought Washington's Library of about 3,000 volumes, for \$3,000, to secure about 300 volumes with the autograph of the "Father of his Country" on the title pages, some rarities for Mr. Lenox, and many tracts and miscellaneous American books for the British Museum. Mr. Lenox declined the books with autographs; and there being a great hue and cry raised in Boston against my sending them out of the country, I sold the collection to a parcel of Bostonians for \$5,000, but after passing that old Boston hat round for two or three months for \$50 subscriptions, only \$3,250 could be raised, and therefore, as I had used a few hundred dollars of the money advanced to me by the promoters, and was in a tight place, I was compelled to subscribe the rest myself to make up the amount of the purchase. I reserved to myself five volumes with choice autographs, two of which were sold to Mr. Lenox, the one for £20 and the other for £50, the remaining three being presented to the British Museum, the Bodleian, and the Royal Library of Berlin. (H. STEVENS, *Recollections of Lenox*, pp. 109, 110.)

Print a Catalogue!

"TO the Christian Reader: If you are troubled with a pride of accuracy, and would have it completely taken out of you, print a catalogue." So wrote Mr. Henry Stevens, and then, after describing the *raison d'être* and scope of his Catalogue, he says, *apropos* of its merits:—"At least, it would be so were it better done, but, notwithstanding considerable painstaking, I am aware, Christian Reader, that my Catalogue is as full of errors, both of omission and commission, as you acknowledge your own heart to be."

Lallah Rookh.

THE origin of this remarkable poem was an application made to Tom Moore by Messrs. Longman and Co. to write for them an epic poem in which there should be no allusion to the ancient classical authors, they being responsible for the highest sum ever given for an epic poem. It was agreed that Mr. Perry should decide the amount, and this was fixed at 3,000 guineas.



Famous Libraries.

NO. 2.—DR. WILLIAMS'S LIBRARY, GRAFTON STREET.

THERE were, during the days in which he flourished, few stouter Nonconformists than Daniel Williams, D.D., a learned and somewhat choleric Welshman, and it is fitting that the collection of books he formed should have been the nucleus of what, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, should still be popularly known as the Dissenters' Library. Although little is accurately known of Dr. Williams's early days, he was in all probability a "Cradockian," as the ultra-good people in Wales were dubbed during the middle of the seventeenth century, and it is certain that he was one of the first to adopt the hazardous calling of a Nonconforming preacher after the passing of the Act of Uniformity. After several years of itinerant preaching the Countess of Meath chose him as her chaplain, but he did not long enjoy the doubtful pleasure of leaving the table with a bow when the pudding appeared, being speedily elected pastor of Wood Street Congregational Church, in Dublin, which he held nearly twenty-three years—in fact, till his detestation of popery made him so hateful to the Catholics, that, in fear of his life, he resigned, and exchanged the shadow of St. Patrick's for that of St. Paul's. In 1688 he was chosen minister of a Presbyterian congregation which met in Hand Alley, Bishopsgate Street, where he remained for the rest of his life.

The above meagre outline of the good minister's life, any one who feels so inclined can supplement for themselves; our interest is rather with his death, or, to speak more correctly, with his will, for that document is responsible for the present article. If he had not married for money, he had "gone where money was," for his wife brought him a considerable fortune, which during his lifetime, he himself says, "he used with moderation as to himself, that he might

be the more useful to others both in life and after his death." Accordingly his will positively bristles with bequests to persons, places, and societies—amongst the latter is the "Society for the Reformation of Manners"—and left the residue of his properties to a body of trustees to be applied to a number of useful objects. Among these was the distribution of "good practical books in English and Welsh" from year to year, the reprinting of his own works at intervals—an item which, through the weakness of the taste for theology now-a-days, has fallen into abeyance—and, last but not least, to forming "a public library whereto such as my trustees appoint shall have access for the perusal of any book in the place where they are lodged."

Although his will was not drawn up till 1711, Dr. Williams does not appear to have had very firm faith in the Protestant succession, for the document is full of provisions as to what was to become of his means should the trustees ever be under "violent restraint," or Protestantism be legally suppressed; for, wrote the sturdy Puritan, "my mind is, that no part . . . be applied to, or for the use or benefit of, any person or persons or society belonging to, or in the communion of the Church of Rome." It would be rather interesting to know what the exact duty of Dr. Williams's trustees would be if a person who used the library were to avow himself a Romanist: must all the books be sold, and the money applied to building almshouses in Edinburgh and Glasgow? Can the dwellers in these towns who grieve over the poor rates should diligently inquire whether any member of the tabooed community does benefit under the will in question.

At the date of Dr. Williams's will there were of course a number of libraries in London, but all, except Archbishop Tenison's, were the exclusive property of particular bodies; nor does the testator seem to have had any idea of founding a public library in the broadest sense of the term, for it is pretty evident that he only intended his books to be consulted by the sympathetic eyes of Nonconformists. Nor can we credit him with any desire to render his library one of current value, for while he made express provision for reprinting his principal works every twenty years for twenty centuries after his death, he made no provision for the addition of any new books. Curiously enough, Archbishop Tenison, whose library had only recently been founded, made the same mistake. The very definite instructions he leaves as to the housing of his books show that his was not an oversight, so we are reluctantly compelled to the belief that, during the two thousand years he provided for his legacies remaining in force, he supposed no fresh books worthy of a place on his shelves would be written. The trustees were further directed to house the books

in a "throwster's warehouse or the like," or, if they preferred it, to erect a small structure, and to provide "one room" for a librarian, who was to receive £10 a year for his trouble.

The trustees, being men of larger views than the testator, erected a good-sized building in Red Cross Street — since pulled down to make way for the Metropolitan Railway—and having exceeded the sum apportioned by the Court of Chancery, nobly put their hands in their pockets and paid the difference. In this building, besides the library, they provided committee rooms and a reception hall, and here, for many years, Nonconformists were accustomed to assemble to discuss matters of common interest. When this edifice had to be vacated in 1864, the books lay for several years in a couple of houses in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, until the building they now occupy could be erected.

The real foundation of this library was the purchase by Dr. Williams in 1699 of the collection of books formed by his friend Dr. Bates, once rector of St. Dunstan's in the West, and to these were added many hundreds of his own. The collection, however, continued comparatively small until, in 1740, Dr. William Harris, once minister of Jewin Street Chapel, bequeathed another couple of thousand. Then a custom grew up for every lay trustee to give ten guineas for the purchase of books, and it has from time to time received many presentation copies, and benefited by many wills. Recently it has been increased by the gift of Christopher Watson's collection of theosophic books, and by a donation of some 2,400 books from the library of the late George Henry Lewes. A limited sum is now annually spent in the purchase of books, and the trustees have managed to find means for remunerating the librarian in a manner more liberal than appears to be consonant with the views of the founder of the library.

Partly from the peculiar manner of its foundation, and partly from the fact of its having always been under the care of a special class of men, Dr. Williams's library is, from a bibliophile's point of view, of much less interest than its size should warrant. Very few of its books are unique, and these few are almost without exception theological tractates of little other interest. The collection of seventeenth-century theology is unequalled,—it even beats the British Museum in the matter of funeral sermons—but there praise must end, for in all other departments of literature it comes very far short of nearly every other public library in the world, although it does contain a copy of the first folio of Shakespeare. The literature of the seventeenth and the earlier part of the present centuries is badly

represented. The trustees and the past and present librarians have done their best to remedy this defect, but the library is so far behind that any attempt to bring it abreast the age is practically hopeless. The liberal rules under which books are lent render it of great value to theological students and others who care for doctrinal subjects, and as this is the object for which it was established, it does its duty.

What has been said about its books does not apply to the manuscripts, of which it contains some five hundred volumes. Among the most valuable of these is a small octavo Psalter of 199 leaves, which dates from the thirteenth century, with the exception of the first few leaves, which are fifteenth-century work; it has eight illuminations, and is beautifully written. There is also a well-written "Biblia," of little later date, on vellum. Most of the MSS. relate to Puritanism, and several are biographical collections of great importance. Two of these were used by Neal in compiling his "History of the Puritans," and though most have been more or less largely used for publication, yet a diligent gleaner can find much to garner. Three folio volumes contain the rough minutes of the Sessions of the Assembly of Divines which met at Westminster between 1643 and 1652, and there are no less than fourteen volumes of MSS. relating to Richard Baxter. These are, of course, very valuable, but to most the gem of the collection will be a little volume of George Herbert's, a part of which is in the poet's own writing, and which is believed to be the copy he sent to Nicholas Ferrar; at all events the copy comes from Little Gidding, where it was probably *not* bound, for the binding is plain and rough, utterly unlike the magnificent work that Protestant nunnery was accustomed to turn out. Of course there are many other curious and valuable manuscripts—not the least being a tiny shorthand Bible, exquisitely written, which is said to have belonged to an apprentice who, suspicious of James II.'s intentions regarding Protestantism, wrote the whole for himself, fearing the powers that were might deprive him of his printed copy—but space forbids their enumeration. The Crabb-Robinson MSS. will be of great value some day, for as many of the letters are written by persons still living, the trustees wisely and kindly do not permit them to be used except under special circumstances. The manuscripts were catalogued in 1858 by Mr. W. H. Black, then assistant-keeper of Public Records. And here we must take our leave of Dr. Williams's Library, not omitting to thank Mr. Jones, the courteous librarian, for the ready kindness with which he showed its treasures, in the hope that some day we may find space to notice in detail a few of its more rare and curious contents.

A. C. BICKLEY.



Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia."

SIDNEY conceived and planned his design of the "Arcadia" at Wilton, the beautiful rural seat of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke. It has been conjectured that the Ethiopic history of Heliodorus suggested that new mode of writing romance which is pursued in this work. It seems, however, more probable that he derived the plan of his work from the *Arcadia* of Sanazzarius, a complete edition of which was printed at Milan in 1504. The persons introduced by the Italian author are shepherds; and their language, manners, and sentiments, are such as suit only the innocence and simplicity of pastoral life. Like the English "Arcadia," it consists partly of verse and partly of prose, after the manner of Boëthius. It must affix no small degree of merit to the "Arcadia" to reflect, that the reader of it will meet with no tale of obscurity, no dark attempt of lawless lust to destroy the purity of virgin innocence, or to corrupt the chastity of the marriage bed—no wicked artifice to poison the mind with the principles of irreligion, and thus to leave it a prey to the violence of passion, the blandishments of vice, or the enchantments of pleasure. Sidney's shepherds are the patterns of that simplicity and innocence which once adorned the pastoral life. The author of the "Arcadia," so far from allowing it any superiority of merit, undervalued it as an idle composition, as a trifle, and triflingly handled. In an address to his sister, whom he loved with the most endearing tenderness, he intimates his fears that, like the spider's web, it will be thought fitter to be swept away than to be worn to any other purpose. It was originally written on loose sheets of paper, most of it in her presence, the rest on sheets sent to her as soon as they were finished. His wish is that it should not walk abroad; and he exhorts her to read it at her idle times, and not to blame, but to laugh at the follies which her good judgment will find in it. Previously to his death, he is said to have made a request similar to that of Virgil concerning the unfinished poem of the *Æneid*,

that it might be committed to the flames. He did not complete the third book, nor was any part of the work printed during his life. His design was to have arranged the whole anew ; and it is asserted on the authority of Ben Jonson, in his conversation with Drummond, of Hawthornden, in the year 1619, that he intended to change the subject by celebrating the prowess and military deeds of King Arthur. Apelles thought even his best and most finished pictures capable of improvement. Surely, then, much would have been amended in the rude draught of the "Arcadia" if the author had revised it. The scattered manuscripts which he left were collected by his sister, to whose care they were consigned, and for whose delight and entertainment they were written. The whole was corrected by her pen, and carefully perused by others under her direction, so that it was properly called "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." It was read with attention by Shakespeare (who makes several references to it in his works), Milton, and Waller. Cowper, too, mentions it in his "Task." There is a charge brought against King Charles I. for the adaptation of a prayer, almost literally transcribed out of this work, to his own great and urgent necessities. A copy of it is declared to have been taken from Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, along with other papers that were delivered by the king to that prelate when he attended his Majesty on the scaffold. The following extract is made from Milton's "Iconoclastes":—

"Who would have imagined so little fear in him of the true All-seeing Deity, so little reverence of the Holy Ghost, whose office it is to dictate and present our Christian prayers, so little care of truth in his last words, or honor to himself, or to his friends, or sense of his afflictions, or that sad hower which was upon him, as immediately before his death to popp into the hand of that grave bishop who attended him, as a special relique of his saintly exercises, a prayer stolen word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god ; and that in no serious book, but in the vain amatorious poem of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia ; a book in that kind full of mirth and witty, but among religious thoughts and duties not worthy to be named, nor to be read at any time without good caution : much less in time of trouble and affliction to be a Christian prayer-book."

Again, when Milton speaks of King Charles quoting, or, as he expresses himself, borrowing passages out of David's psalms, he adds, "Such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is called plagiarie. However, this was more tolerable than Pammela's prayer stolen out of Sir Philip."

The prayer to which Milton makes such serious objection was that

used by Pamela when in great distress. It is a very fine composition, and by adopting the few corrections which it hath undergone from the royal pen, may without impropriety be admitted into the closet. The prayer is not addressed to a heathen deity, but to that Being "whom no darkness hides, and whom no gaol bars out," to Him who is light itself.

Sidney wrote the "Arcadia" when he was twenty-five years of age. One of the apartments at Wilton, where the "Arcadia" was written, is said to have the panels painted with several of the most remarkable stories in the "Arcadia," badly executed at first, and now almost obliterated by age. In Gough's edition of Camden's "Britannia," vol. i. page 329, Houghton Conquest, in Bedfordshire, is named as the seat of the Countess of Pembroke, in which Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia." This account is certainly erroneous. Houghton House was built by the Countess of Pembroke, but not till long after the death of her brother. Her husband, Henry Earl of Pembroke, died in 1601; and in her widowhood she built this house, and died herself in 1620.

The "Arcadia" was first published in 1590. The following is the title, not in *facsimile*, but set out in this manner—

THE
COVNTESSE
OF PEMBROKES
ARCADIA

WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIPPE
SIDNEI.

LONDON

Printed for William Ponsonbie.

Anno Domini, 1590.

It is perhaps unnecessary to dwell upon the excessive rarity of perfect copies of this first edition. There is one fine-conditioned copy in the Grenville Library at the British Museum (G. 10440), in which its former possessor, the Hon. Thomas Grenville, has written the following note:—

"I am asured that this is the only perfect Copy of this very rare first edition. Mr. Heber's Copy & Mr. Collier's are both very imperfect."

In 1593 a folio edition was printed by the same printer, but the variations between the quarto and the folio are innumerable, and not a few original poems are found in the former which were not reprinted when the Countess of Pembroke revised the whole, and reprinted it in a more convenient shape. This gives the quarto a peculiar value. "In this edition (the 4^o) the work is divided by the Printer into Chapters, but they were not observed in the subsequent editions."

The following letter is preserved in the State Paper Office. It is from Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, to Sidney's father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham, and is endorsed "November, 1586." It has been printed in Dr. Grosart's edition of Sidney's Poems.

"To the Right honorable S^r francis Walsingham.

"S^r, this day, one ponsonby, a booke-bynder in poles church yard, came to me and told me that ther was one in hand to print S^r Philip Sydney's old arcadia, asking me yf it were done with your honors consent, or any other of his frendes? I told him, to my knowledge, no: then he advysed me to give warninge of it, either to the archbishop or doctor Cosen, who have, as he says, a copy to peruse to that end.

"S^r, I am loth to renew his memory unto you, but yeat in this I must presume; for I have sent my lady, your daughter, at her request, a correction of that old one, don 4 or 5 years sinse, which he left in trust with me; wherof there is no more copies, and fitter to be printed than the first, which is so common: notwithstanding, even that to be amended by a direction sett down undre his own hand, how and why; so as in many respects, espetially the care of printing of it, is to be don with more deliberation.

"Besydes, he hathe most excellently translated, among divers other notable works, monsieur du Plessis book against Athiesme, which is sinse don by an other; so as both in respect of lov between Plessis and him, besydes other affinities in ther courses, but espetially S^r Philip's uncomparable judgment, I think fit ther be made stay of that mercenary book, so that S^r Philip might have all thos religious works which are worthily dew to his lyfe and death.

"Many other works, as Bartas his Spanyard, 40 of the psalms translated into myter, &c., which requyre the care of his frends, not to amend, for I think it falls within the reach of no man living, but only to see to the paper, and other common errors of mercenary printing. Gayn ther wilbe, no doubt, to be disposed by you: let it be to the poorest of his servants; I desyre only care to be had of his honor, who, I fear, hath carried the honor of thes later ages with him.

"S^r, pardon me, I make this the business of my lofe (=loye), and desyre God to shew that he is your God. From my Lodge, not well, this day in haste.

"Your honors

"FOULK GREVILL

"S^r, I had wayted on you my selfe for answer, because I am jealous of tyme in it, but in trothe I am nothing well. Good S^r think of it."



Neck-verse.

A THIEFE was arraigned, found guilty, and craving his booke, was burnt in the hand. The judge bid him crie, "God save the King" that had saved his life. "Nay, by your favour, Sir," said the prisoner, "I have more reason to pray for my parents that set me to schoole, whereby I learn'd to reade: For the king would have hanged me if I could not have read."

Books and Wives.

A CERTAINE lady, whose husband was a great scholler, and very studious, on a time came into her husband's studie, and said: "Fie, sweetheart, will you never have done with your books; if you love them so well, would I were a booke too." Quoth another that sate by: "If ever wives should come to be bookes, I would have them almanacks, so that every yeare I might have a new one."





Curiosities of Dedications.

NO. I.—CUMBERLAND'S "DEDICATION TO DETRACTION."

ALTHOUGH Mr. Wheatley has gathered together some of the more interesting examples of dedications in his volume published in "The Booklover's Library," still very many more are worthy of special notice. Where nearly every book published during a period of two hundred years possessed a dedication of some sort, and each was in some way unique, the matter of selection becomes one of considerable difficulty, and even in the most comprehensive work on the subject some one individual would detect the omission of a particular example. In this series of articles no rule, so far as specific arrangement is concerned, will be observed, variety and general interest alone being the chief aims. Cumberland's dedication of his comedy, "The Cholerick Man" (1775), is of a very interesting character, and is practically an essay on detraction, as which, indeed, it is chronicled by Watt. A great deal of a man's character comes out in a dedication, however short. Cumberland's address to Detraction is a conspicuous proof of our contention. Sir Egerton Brydges tells us that Cumberland, by "his vanity, his self-conceit, and his supercilious airs, offended everybody," and that "he was a most fulsome and incontinent flatterer of those who courted him." That he had received some sharp stabs to his vanity is apparent throughout his dedication, and if he picked some palpable faults in the historical criticisms of his opponents, it was as much satisfaction as he could get. He was charged, among other things, with having derived his material from Shadwell's "Squire of Alsatia," and the "Adelphi," of Terence, which he denied *in toto*; and various other points appear to have been urged against him, all of which he refuted with evident self-satisfaction. This

dedication runs into eleven pages, the following being the opening paragraphs :—

“ High and Mighty Sir,

“ The attention, with which you have been pleased to distinguish this inconsiderable production, makes it a duty with me to lay it at your feet. The applauses of the Theatre give me assurance of its success, but it was your testimony alone, which could inspire me with any opinion of its merit : Nor is it on this occasion only I am to thank you ; in whatever proportion I have been happy enough to attract the regards of the public, in the same degree I have never failed being honoured with your’s.

“ How I have merited these marks of your partiality I am not able to guess : I can take my conscience to witness, I have paid you no sacrifice, devoted no time or study to your service, nor am a man in any respect qualified to repay your favours : Give me credit, therefore, when I tell you, that your liberality oppresses me. Was I apt to rate my pretensions highly, and presume upon the indulgence of the public, I might have some claim to your favor ; but ’till you hear me complain that my reward is not equal to my merit, I pray you let me enjoy my content and my obscurity.

“ At the same time that I would gladly withdraw myself from your notice, I have no one in my eye whom I could wish to recommend to it : It is my desire to put you at your ease, worn out as you must needs be with the toils of your employment ; and I seriously protest to you, that if your silence will be the consequence of mine, I am ready to enter with you into articles whenever you think fit ; convinced that I can never benefit mankind so much as by procuring you a lasting repose ; nor would you be long to seek for a retreat ; there are many market-towns in the country where you may drink your tea in quiet with a reputable set of elderly maidens at a distance from the capital. Above all things I should humbly recommend it to you, to relieve yourself from your labours in the dramatic walk : Consider, Sir, the campaign is now opening ; I understand it will be an active one : new competitors will be pressing forward in the field of fame ; I could wish you to keep out of their way ; enervated as you are by past excesses, you will be ill able to struggle with these young and maiden spirits ; but if you must engage, let it, I pray you, be with some of your intimates, if you find any on the ground ; and do not pursue those ministerial politics, hitherto adopted by you, of bestowing all your favors on your opposers, and letting your friends go without their reward.

“Whilst I am consulting your future repose, do not think I am unmindful of your past renown : It is to you alone, *Most mighty Sir*, we owe the great encrease of *news-papers* (not to mention *magazines, reviews, &c.*) in this metropolis. In former times, the world was contented with a stale recital of *foreign and domestic occurrences*, which never came to pass, and a lame account of *casualties*, where no mischief was ever done ; now the reader is convey’d under your auspices to the foot of the throne ; you have the key that admits him into the cabinets of all the princes in Europe ; nay, you can carry him a dance thro’ the air, as familiarly as the lame devil did the scholar of Salamanca, and uncover the roofs of our closets and chambers to his view : The world is not only supplied with a faithful history of the times in our public prints, but every private family, thro’ your means, may meet its own secret *Atalantis*. These are advantages, which some people of confined notions have not clearly understood, and have rashly proceeded to oppose the tyranny of the law against the freedom of the press ; pains and penalties have been inflicted, mulcts and imprisonments have been put in force against the conductors of your undertaking ; but, thanks to our excellent constitution, you still enjoy your full liberty, though many of your partisans are abridg’d of theirs.

“The personal, political and literary characters of men are the three great branches of your study ; eminent have been your researches in each ; but it is not within the compass of this dedication to follow you thro’ any but the latter, and that in the dramatic division only : And here I observe that your ordinary practice hath been as follows :

“When any play, like this now submitted to the public, meets a favourable reception on its first appearance, the very next morning by break of day out comes your manifesto ; unravels the whole plot and contrivance of the drama, dissects the characters, detects the plagiarisms, and kindly tells the town what it is to expect ; and all this is the dark operation of one midnight hour, while the poor romantic author lies wrapt perhaps in golden dreams of happiness and success : The consequence of this manifesto is, the clearing up of many mistakes which the public would else be apt to make : They who have been pleas’d, being told they ought not to have been pleas’d, go no more and avoid an error in judgement ; they who would have gone, stay at home and save their money ; the performers, whom success might have made giddy, are now prevented from over-acting their several parts, and seasonably kept down ; the author, whom the plaudits of a theatre might have intoxicated to that

phrenzy of sensibility, in which we are told that *Philippides the comic poet* expired, is kept in due regimen, and under no danger of losing the moderate share of senses you allow him : Thus you stand, like the admonishing slave in the triumph, to remind the conqueror that *he is a man* ; if therefore the shouts of the people are loud, you hallow in his ear, so as to be heard above the cry ; if they are moderate, you whisper ; but where the people are silent, the admonition is unnecessary ; and whenever your own friends mount the carr, your delicacy in their instance is conspicuous, by the profound tactiturnity you observe."

The dedication concludes with the following piece of information :

" And now, Sir, having addressed you under your general title, do not believe that I mean to mark you out by any particular one : Your correspondence with me, you well know, has always been *anonymous*, except in the case of one unhappy gentleman, and he has fled his country. As for you, Sir, wherever you inhabit, and whatever is your fortune, I bear you no ill-will ; my character I will keep out of your reach, and for my writings I shall not much differ in opinion from you about them : If you pursue the same studies with me, good luck attend you ; give your own works a good word, and be silent about mine ; for if it shall please the Giver of my life to spare it, I hope soon to present to my countrymen something more worthy of their approbation, and less dependent upon your's."

" I am, &c. &c.

" THE AUTHOR."



A Bibliophile's Memory.

THE trait that was the most remarkable in the literary character of Dr. Barrett, of Trinity College, Dublin, was his astonishing memory, from the accuracy and extent of which he might be properly styled a living encyclopædia. The accuracy of his memory was sometimes whimsical ; for instance, he once directed a gentleman for information to a book, the title of which had escaped his recollection, but which, he said, was the second book from the door, on a certain shelf in the library, and that the information alluded to was to be found at the top of the left-hand page, near the end of the book ; where it was accordingly found.



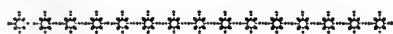
Burking a Knockout.

ABOUT 1852 my old friend, William Pickering, one Saturday afternoon, showed me a catalogue he had received of Lord Mountmorris's Library to be sold at Arley Castle the following Tuesday, and intimated that we might perhaps indulge ourselves in some rare sport in burking a projected knockout among the London booksellers, of which he had got wind. This suited my complexion ; but it was necessary for us to know all about the books and their condition, and it was impossible for him to get away from town just then, so it was arranged that I was to see Messrs. Farebrother & Co., the auctioneers, and obtain an order from them to examine the books on Sunday in time to set our traps for Tuesday.

Accordingly, with the necessary order in pocket, I telegraphed to a jobmaster in Birmingham to have a man and dog-cart meet me on the arrival of the midnight train, to take me over to Arley Castle, some dozen miles. It was a fearfully rainy night, but we reached the little inn near the castle before dawn, after a bibliographical steeplechase that ought to be celebrated in the annals of book-hunting. The next morning early, after a two hours' sleep and an hour's breakfast, I tried in vain as a 'casual to gain admittance to the Library with proper assistants, until finally I produced my order with a sovereign wrapped in it. These brought two caretakers up smiling, and we went not exactly to "work," but to bibliographical devotion.

During the day I saw every book and every parcel, both printed and manuscript, and entered in my catalogue a rough estimate of the value of every lot. Before the sun set, I set out for London by the Great Western route, and was able to join Mr. Pickering Monday morning with all the necessary information cut and dried for our purposes. We retired and went thoroughly through the numbers,

fixing a low limit on every lot that we did not want, and a higher one on those we desired to secure. Mr. Craven, Mr. Pickering's accountant, was then called in and instructed. He left for Arley that night fully equipped and primed for battle. He was to procure, if possible, about a hundred lots. If the combined trade seemed disposed to let him have the lots at reasonable prices he was to bid on no others, but if they "ran him," he was then without any bargain or compromise to bid on every lot up to a limit of about two-thirds its market value, which was marked in cypher in his catalogue. On his declining to join them the Philistines ran him hard, but in every case he won his lots, though at a high cost. He then began to play at their game and bid on every lot, but let them have all he was not told to secure. This spoiled their beautiful knockout, so that their dividend above twenty hardly paid for their grog. (H. Stevens, *Recollections of Lenox.*)



A Literary Fraud.

TWO editions of the Book of Jasher have been published: the first appeared in 1751, and the other in 1829, both in 4to. The title-page of the latter edition informs us that it was "translated into English from the Hebrew, by Flaccus Albinus Alcuinus of Britain, Abbot of Canterbury, who went a pilgrimage into the Holy Land and Persia, where he discovered this volume, in the city of Gaznâ." But it appears that this Alcuin of Britain was no other than Jacob Ilive; and, according to Rowe Mores, the whole of it is a palpable forgery. He states that "the account given of the translation is full of glaring absurdities. Mr. Ilive, in the night-time, had constantly an Hebrew Bible before him, and cases in his closet. He produced the *Book of Jasher*; and it was composed in private, and the same worked off in the night-time in a private press-room."





Australian Literature.

WHILE England was making, English literature was a young plant which grew of itself, and but small account was taken of it. The same has been the case with other of the older communities of the world; the history of literature has been evolved by research in later and more self-conscious periods. It is otherwise with our colonies. Although in the world's history they are of yesterday, yet they are as self-conscious as ourselves, and take note of their own growth and development. Already there are antiquities in colonial literature; patriotic collectors at the antipodes search out and cherish examples of early printing in their country; and the bibliographers of Old England, beaten out of the field at home, have the distant prospect of *emigration* as a resource. The following notes, taken from Mr. Barton's "Literature of New South Wales," are indicative of the humours of colonial bibliography.

"'Diary of a Visit to England in 1776, by an Irishman (Reverend Dr. Thomas Campbell, author of "A Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland") : and other papers by the same hand. With notes, by Samuel Raymond, M.A., Prothonotary of the Supreme Court of New South Wales. Sydney. 8vo. 167 pages.'

"The diary published by Mr. Raymond was discovered by a clerk of the Supreme Court 'behind an old press which had not been moved for years.' The author, Dr. Campbell, was a learned Irishman, who, on the occasion of his visit to England, gained the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson and other celebrities of the time. His name occurs more than once in Boswell's 'Life of Johnson.' How his manuscript diary found its way into an office of the Supreme Court in Sydney, was a mystery which the Editor was unable to solve. An article in *The Edinburgh Review* supplied a clue which was successfully followed by a reviewer in *The Sydney Morning Herald*. In vol.

vii. of Nichol's 'Literary Illustrations,' occurs a passage with respect to the eldest nephew and heir of Dr. Campbell, by name John Thomas Campbell. It is there stated that the latter was on his way, in 1810, to New South Wales, in the hope of procuring some Government appointment in the colony. The reviewer in *The Herald*, on searching the files of *The Gazette*, discovered that John Thomas Campbell filled the two offices of Provost Marshal and Colonial Secretary until the year 1821, when he was appointed Sheriff and Provost Marshal. In this capacity, he no doubt had an office in the Supreme Court, and in this office he must have left the manuscript of his literary uncle. The book is one of the 'Curiosities of Literature,' and its contents are extremely interesting. The editor has appended a large amount of information in the shape of 'Addenda.'"

"An historical account of the Colony of New South Wales and its dependent settlements, in illustration of twelve views engraved by W. Preston, a convict, from drawings taken on the spot by Captain Wallis of the 46th Regiment, to which is subjoined an accurate map of Port Macquarie, and of the newly discovered River Hastings. By J. Oxley, Esq., Surveyor-General of the Territory. Folio."

"The only trace of this work I can find is in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1824, which contains a short article on New South Wales, quoting Mr. Oxley's work, and the third edition of Mr. Wentworth's history. Respecting the former, it adds, 'The engravings in this volume are curious and interesting, as being the first specimen of the graphic art which this infant community has produced. They are engraved on the common sheet copper used for ships, it being impossible to procure a single copper-plate fit to engrave upon in the Colony.'"

1821.—"The Australian Magazine : a Compendium of Religious, Literary, and Miscellaneous Intelligence. No. 1, May 1, published monthly, 32 pages, 8vo, price 1s. 3d."

"This was the first magazine published in the Colony. The contents of the first number are as follows:—(1) Extract of a Letter from Governor Macquaire, giving his 'sanction and approbation' to the Magazine; (2) A Life of the Eminent Missionary, Swartz; (3) A Sermon on the Truth, Importance, and Design of Revelation; (4) History of Water-Snakes, Sea-Snakes, and Sea-Serpents; (5) On Liberality of Sentiment; (6) Letter to the Editor; (7) Allegory on Impudence and Modesty; (8) Literary Intelligence; (9) Religious Intelligence; (10) General Information; (11) Agricultural Report; (12) Select Poetry.

"The appearance of this Magazine is by no means good, the paper and type being of a very inferior description. It was printed by George Howe, the publisher of *The Sydney Gazette*; and it seems that, up to the year 1821, no other printing office had been established in the Colony. The thirteenth number contains an announcement that the magazine would appear, after that issue, as a quarterly, instead of a monthly publication; the reason assigned being the want of mechanical facilities. The publisher hints at the expected receipt of a 'liberal and diversified supply of type' from Europe, which would enable him to overcome the difficulties in his way.

"The contents of *The Australian Magazine* display no talent. They are principally of a religious character, suggesting the idea that the editor was a clergyman, and that he was under the necessity of writing the whole of the magazine himself. At a much later period, we find the failure of many similar publications ascribed to the difficulty of finding contributors; the editor being in most cases left to furnish the contents with his own pen."

In 1838, another journal under the same title was published, the contents of which were more varied and interesting; this later issue, indeed, marks a considerable advance in the literature of the Colony.

The Sydney Gazette and *New South Wales Advertiser*—the first newspaper published in New South Wales—made its appearance on 5th March, 1803. It was a weekly publication, issued at first on Saturday, but afterwards on Sunday, and so continued till 1825, when it was published twice a week. In 1827 it was published daily, and subsequently three times a week; in 1842 it ceased. Its size was enlarged at various times. At first it consisted of four pages of small demy; then of two pages, with three columns in each, the sheet being slightly larger; and lastly, of four pages of the usual size.

"The appearance of this publication, for some years after its establishment, is the reverse of attractive. The paper is bad, the types with which it was printed were evidently half worn out, and the contents consist merely of advertisements, with a few official announcements, and a sprinkling of local intelligence. The printer, publisher, proprietor, and editor, was a creole, born in St. Kitts, in the West Indies, where his father and brother had for many years conducted the Government press. He went to London and was engaged as a printer at several establishments: among others, at the office of *The Times*. He arrived in the Colony in 1800; and as there was no press established at the time, he offered his services to the Governor in the capacity of a printer. His proposal was accepted; a small

supply of materials was ordered from London, and soon after its arrival the publication of *The Gazette* commenced. It was conducted solely with a view to the service of the Government. What we may term the leading article in the first issue runs as follows :—

“ ‘ The utility of a paper in the colony, as it must open a source of solid information, will, we hope, be universally felt and acknowledged. We have courted the assistance of the ingenious and intelligent—we open no channel to political discussion or personal animadversion. Information is our only purpose : that accomplished, we shall consider that we have done our duty in our exertions to merit the approbation of the public, and to secure a liberal patronage to *The Sydney Gazette*. ’

“ The programme thus announced was faithfully adhered to. Up to the year 1823, *The Gazette* supplied its readers with nothing more lively than the acts and proceedings of the Government. In that year, the Colonial Secretary, Major Goulbourn, informed Mr. Howe that his columns might be opened to the public for political discussion ; and, in the following year, the censorship under which the paper had till then been carried on was abolished, and the ‘ Liberty of the Press ’ was formally announced.

“ The difficulties with which Howe had to contend in his printing operations were very great, and form an ample excuse for the poor appearance of his journal. The voyage to England in those days occupied many months ; the arrival of a ship was a rare event. There was no commerce with other countries ; consequently, when ink and paper fell short in the office of *The Gazette*, it was by no means easy to procure the necessary supplies. Many numbers were printed on paper of all sorts of colour ; green, blue, pink, and yellow, were almost as common as white ; but the prevailing tint is a dirty compromise between white and yellow. Inconveniences of this kind seem to have existed for many years subsequently. The first specimen of good printing we met with is *The Colonist*, a weekly newspaper published in 1835 : the proprietor having brought out from England a large Columbian press, with a stock of excellent printing material.

“ The literary management of *The Gazette* never reflected much credit on the colony. The small amount of original writing that appeared in its columns during its early years, proceeded from the pen of the proprietor. On his death in 1821, the business was conducted by his son Robert, who was drowned a few years after while fishing in the harbour. The Rev. Ralph Mansfield then became the editor : he was also the proprietor and editor of *The New South*

Wales Magazine; and he was for many years the editor of *The Herald*. His intellect was distinguished rather by its sound sense than by its brilliancy or polish. Mr. Mansfield was succeeded in the editorship by the Rev. H. Carmichael, a teacher of classics in the Australian College. He, however, gave offence to the proprietors by an article in which he commented on the large salaries paid to certain Government officials—the policy of *The Gazette* not admitting any strictures on Government. His services were dispensed with, whereupon he brought an action for breach of agreement and recovered £150 damages. The next editor was a man named O'Shaughnessy, who had been sent out to the colony as a convict, and who was subsequently assigned to Howe. The latter employed him in the capacity of a reporter to his newspaper, and also as an occasional writer of leading articles. His appointment as responsible editor of *The Gazette* was strongly denounced by Dr. Lang in the columns of his journal, *The Colonist*. The doctor wrote a series of articles under the title of 'The Literary Profession,' in which he dwelt upon the dangerous results to morality likely to ensue from the writings of editorial convicts. The first of these articles was expressly aimed at O'Shaughnessy, and became the subject of an action at law. Dr. Lang defended his own case. His speech on the occasion is published at full length in the last edition of his 'History of New South Wales.' O'Shaughnessy soon after ceased to act as editor of *The Gazette*: but whether on account of these exposures or not is uncertain. *The Gazette* itself ascribed his removal to his pecuniary embarrassments. The doubt is strengthened by the fact that the next editor of the paper was another and still more notorious convict—a man named Watt. The venerable champion of colonial morals was again in arms, *The Colonist* was again the medium of his assault, and Watt was eventually driven from the field. A full account of this individual may be found in Mudie's *Felony*. Another editor of *The Gazette* was a Mr. Cavenagh. A curious squabble arose between him and Mr. W. C. Wentworth, the details of which are prominently noted in the papers of the time. A paragraph slightly ridiculing the latter appeared in *The Gazette*. Mr. Wentworth attributed it to the editor, and wrote a violent letter on the subject to the proprietors of the paper. Mr. Cavenagh brought an action for libel, and recovered £225 damages. No one was more given to the use of rough words than Mr. Wentworth, and it occasions some surprise to find that he felt it so acutely when applied to himself."



The First Folio Shakespeare, 1623.

No. I.

IT is certainly strange that, while the famous folio contains those typographical crudities and blunders which have furnished the alleged cryptogram, in which the authorship is claimed by Francis Bacon, the same book contains numerous evidences that Shakespeare's contemporaries, at least, held him to be the author of the plays. The evidences we allude to are the prolegomena of the folio. These are probably familiar to many of our readers ; but we are not all so fortunate as to possess copies of the folio, or even of reprints of it, and some notes on the book will probably be found convenient for reference.

As the matter we are about to reproduce tells against the Baconians, perhaps a word of justification—if not impertinent—may be said as to their position. Those whom the theory makes only irritated and indignant, should in justice remember that the editors of Shakespeare for years have called attention to the more obvious anomalies in the literary history of the plays. If the weed of scepticism has suddenly sprung to such rank growth as to endanger the fruit of faithful erudition, the sowing has been plenteous, the way has been opened ; doubt has produced denial. Take a widely circulated edition like that of Staunton : the opening remarks of the preface are full of doubtful suggestion :—

“Of the personal history of Shakespeare, and of the usages of theatres formerly in relation to dramatic productions, so little is now known, that it is impossible to say why he made no provision for the publication of his transcendent works. Whether, having written them for the stage, he was satisfied with their success in that arena, or had forfeited the power of giving them a wider circulation, or was confident enough in their merits to believe they must survive all

accidents, no one probably will ever determine. All we know upon the subject is, that, unlike his learned contemporary, Jonson, he published no collection of his 'Plays' as 'Works,' and that, although some of them were printed during his life, and possibly with his sanction, there is no evidence to show that any one of them was ever corrected by his own hand. What is strange, too, of a writer so remarkable and of compositions so admired, not a poem, a play, or fragment of either, in his manuscript has come down to us. What is still more surprising, with the exception of five or six signatures, not a word in his handwriting is known to exist ! "

This was written more than twenty years ago, and Shakespearianism is a progressive study. We cannot now justly lament the smallness of our knowledge of the life of Shakespeare. Possessors of the latest edition of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's biography rather marvel at its bigness. The growth of that book is one of the most remarkable things in literature. Nor need we pine for knowledge of "the usages of theatres formerly in relation to dramatic productions." The story of the plays, from the time they were penned till they were printed, is clear and connected. Seventeen of them were printed surreptitiously (in quarto) before the famous folio was published. The rest remained in manuscript till 1623. No doubt, if the players could have had their way, all the plays would have remained in manuscript till 1623. It was—as it still is—the natural condition of plays : the interest of all concerned in their production is against publication. Would my lord of Verulam have submitted to the exigencies of dramatic production? This is how Shakespeare's plays were treated¹ :—

"The manuscripts of Shakespeare's plays encountered a number of vicissitudes during the thirty years that elapsed from the inception of his dramatic career. Their first trial was held before the Master of the Revels, who was invested with compulsory powers of excision and alteration. They were next read in taverns before the selected actors ; who were invariably treated with wine on such occasions, and whose criticisms, under so agreeable a liberality, must always have been of a lively, and, no doubt, sometimes of a peremptory nature. There is nothing to show that fair copies were ever made in those days for the prompters, who, in all likelihood, used the author's original manuscripts after they had been submitted to the tribunals just mentioned ; and these manuscripts would again, especially at revivals, have been liable to modifications suggested by

¹ Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare," 6th ed., p. 264.

the exigencies of the stage. Then there was the contingent probability of further variations being insisted upon at rehearsals, and of other changes being enforced by theatrical arrangements when the London prompt copies were used in the provinces. In addition to all these perils, there were those arising from the occasional necessity of supplying the place of worn-out acting copies by new transcripts, and although printed editions were now and then substituted, the latter were equally at the mercy of the company. Some of the manuscripts, before they reached the hands of the printers or the intermediate scribe, must have abounded with alterations, portions marked for omission, all sorts of directions, and finally, additions that were either written on the margins or on inserted scraps of paper."

Such were the MSS. which furnished forth the famous folio of 1623. When Dr. Johnson and others after him inveighed against the typographical blemishes of this book, they did not realize the nature of the "copy" from which it was printed. Not that all the absurdities which it contains are chargeable to the players. Doubtless the printer bore his share very generously, as scores of books printed at that time amply testify. Now it is these alterations and markings of the plays, the outcome of playhouse conveniences and necessities during many years, *plus* the errors of the press, which have called down upon those responsible for the first folio the wrath of modern students. The alleged Great Cryptogram will show us that all these blemishes were intentional.

But, in spite of its blemishes, the famous folio is the most important, the most interesting, book in our language. Out of thirty-six plays, nineteen were in it printed for the first time, and the editors claim completeness. Those editors were fellows of the company—that of which Shakespeare had been a member—in which the property of the plays was vested, and without doubt possessed perfect knowledge as to their authorship. It is important to bear in mind that in printing the plays the company were making a sacrifice for Shakespeare's family. There is ample evidence on this point in dramatic history. The following note by Mr. Staunton illustrates it very succinctly :—

"It is well ascertained that the printing of a play was considered injurious to its stage success; and although in the sale of a piece to the theatre there may have been no express contract to that effect between the vendor and the vendee, the purchase apparently was understood to include, with the special right of performing such piece, the literary interest in it also. Authors, however, were not always faithful to this understanding. Thomas Heywood, in the

address to the reader prefixed to his Rape of Lucrece, 1608, observes, 'Though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage and after to the press, for my own part, I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first and never guilty in the last.'

"Sometimes plays were printed surreptitiously without the cognizance of either the authors or the company to which they belonged, and there is an admonition directed to the Stationers' Company, in the office of the Lord Chamberlain, dated June 10, 1637, against the printing of plays, to the prejudice of the companies who had bought them: 'After my hearty commendations, whereas complaint was heretofore presented to my dear brother and predecessor by his Majesty's servants the players, that some of the Company of Printers and Stationers had procured and printed divers of their books of Comedies, Tragedies, Interludes, Historiès, and the like, which they had for the special service of his Majesty, and their own use, bought and provided at very dear and high rates,' &c.

"Occasionally, too, an author, from apprehension or in consequence of a corroupt version of his piece getting abroad, was induced to have it printed himself."

The title-page of the first folio, with Shakespeare's portrait and Ben Jonson's lines thereon, we have already reproduced (*ante* pp. 126-7). There is no Preface, but a dedication and copious prefatory and commendatory matter; and on these prolegomena,—which are very characteristic of publications in that age,—Shakespeare's name and fame must mainly rest. The two leading addresses are here given; the remainder will follow in a subsequent article on the subject.

TO THE MOST NOBLE
AND
INCOMPARABLE PAIRE
OF BRETHREN.

VVILLIAM

Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the
Kings most Excellent Maiesty.

AND

PHILIP

Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Maiesties
Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, and our singular good
LORDS.

Right Honourable,



Hilst we studie to be thankfull in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L.L. we are faine upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diuerse things that can bee, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For when we valew the places your H.H. sustaine, we cannot but know their dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have depriv'd our selves of the defence of our Dedication. But since your L.L. have beene pleas'd to thinke these trifles some-thing, heeretofore; and have prosecuted both them, and their Author living, with so much favour: we hope, that (they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any Booke choose his Patrones, or finde them: This hath done both. For, so much where your L.L. likings of the seuerall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the Volume ask'd to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame; onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, & Fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere youre L.L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H.H. by the perfection. But there we must also crave our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, frutes, or what they have: and many Nations (we have heard) that had not gummes & incense, obtained their requests with a leavened Cake. It was no fault to approach their Gods, by what meanes they could: And the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to Temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H.H. these remaines of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them, may be ever your L.L. the reputation his, & the faults ours, if any be committed, by a payre so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE.
HENRY CONDELL.

Steevens supposed, that the following address was written mainly by Ben Jonson:—

To the great Variety of Readers.



FROM the most able, to him that can but spell: There you are number'd. We had rather you were weighd. Especially, when the fate of all Bookes depends upon your capacities; and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now publike, & you will stand for your priviledges wee know: to read, and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a Booke, the Stationer saies. Then, how odde soever your braines be, or your wisdomes, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your sixe-pen'orth, your shillings worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, what ever you do, Buy. Censure

will not drive a Trade, or make the Jacke go. And though you be a Magistrate of wit, and sit on the Stage at *Black-Friers*, or the *Cock-pit*, to arraigne Playes dailie, know, these Playes have had their triall already, and stood out all Appeals; and do now come forth quitted rather by a Decree of Court, then any purchas'd Letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confesse, worthie to have bene wished, that the Author himselfe had liv'd to have set forth, and overseen his owne writings; But since it hath bin ordain'd otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envie his Friends, the office of their care, and paine, to have collected & publish'd them; and so to have publish'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos'd them: even those, are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he conceived thē. Who, as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works, and give them to you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

John Heminge.

Henrie Condell.

What is here said with regard to Shakespeare's MSS. refers to the papers as originally handed to the players for acting purposes. Mr. Staunton remarks,—Malone having a note to the same effect,—

"By 'diverse stolne and surreptitious copies' they point evidently to the quartos; but the depreciation of those editions is merely clap-trap to enhance the value of their own folio. The facts, which are indisputable, that in many of the plays, the folio text is a literal reprint of that in the quartos, even to the errors of the press, and that some of the publishers of the latter were bought off and included among the proprietors of the folio, prove that, if not absolutely authentic, the earlier copies had strong claims to accuracy and completeness. The seventeen of Shakespeare's plays which appeared in the quarto form prior to the publication of the folio, 1623, are:—King Richard II., King Richard III., Romeo and Juliet, Love's Labours Lost, Henry IV., P. I.; Henry IV., P. II.; Henry V., The Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado about Nothing, Titus Andronicus, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Hamlet, King Lear, Troilus and Cressida, Pericles, and Othello."

T. FAIRMAN ORDISH.





Fair Enemies of Books.

ANOTHER enemy of books must be mentioned with the delicacy that befits the topic. Almost all women are the inveterate foes, not of novels, of course, nor peerages and popular volumes of history, but of books worthy of the name. It is true that Isabelle d'Este and Madame de Pompadour and Madame de Maintenon, were collectors; and, doubtless, there are other brilliant exceptions to a general rule. But, broadly speaking, women detest the books which the collector desires and admires. First, they don't understand them; second, they are jealous of their mysterious charms; third, books cost money; and it really is a hard thing for a lady to see money expended on what seems a dingy old binding, or yellow paper scored with crabbed characters. Thus ladies wage a skirmishing war against booksellers' catalogues, and history speaks of husbands who have had to practise the guile of smugglers when they conveyed a new purchase across their own frontier. Thus many married men are reduced to collecting Elzevirs, which go readily into the pocket, for you cannot smuggle a folio volume home easily. This inveterate dislike of books often produces a very deplorable result when an old collector dies. His "womankind," as the Antiquary called them, sell all his treasures for the price of waste-paper to the nearest country bookseller. . . . They often dispose of treasures worth thousands for a tenpound note, and take pride in the bargain. Here let history mention with due honour the paragon of her sex, and the pattern to all wives of book-collecting men—Madame Fertault. It is thus that she addresses her lord in a charming triolet ("Les Amoureux du Livre," p. xxxv.) :—

“ Le livre a ton esprit . . . tant mieux !
Moi, j'ai ton cœur, et sans partage.
Puis-je désirer davantage ?
Le livre a ton esprit . . . tant mieux !

Heureuse de te voir joyeux,
 Je t'en voudrais . . . tout un étage
 Le livre a ton esprit . . . tant mieux !
 Moi, j'ai ton cœur, et sans partage."

" Books rule thy mind, so let it be !
 Thy heart is mine, and mine alone.
 What more can I require of thee ?
 Books rule thy mind, so let it be !
 Contented when thy bliss I see,
 I wish a world of books thine own.
 Books rule thy mind, so let it be !
 Thy heart is mine, and mine alone."

(A. Lang, *The Library*, pp. 61-3.)



The Birth of a Book.

IN his "Life of Henry Prince of Wales, eldest son of James I.," Dr. Birch has inserted the following account of the commencement and progress of his work :—

"THO. BIRCH,
 24 *Jan*y, 1760.

"This book was begun to be compiled on Monday, Jan'y 1, 1759, and the first draught finished on Monday the 29th of that month. It was revised in February and March following, and occasionally improved till it was committed to the press in September, the same year : the first proof sheet being corrected by me, on Friday, the 21st of that month, and the last sheet printed off on Wednesday, Jan'y 23, 1760. On Monday, Jan'y 31, it was presented to the Prince of Wales, at his *levee* in Saville House, the Earl of Bute introducing me to his Royal Highness.

"Friday, Feb. 8, the book was published.

"It has been reprinted in Dublin by George Faulkner, whose edition was published on Tuesday, April 15, 1760."

By this we learn that the author was one month in writing his book ; two months in revising it ; but that he occupied the interval between March and September to put the finishing hand to his labours. It was three entire months passing through the press, which, as it consists of about thirty-five sheets, was in the proportion of three sheets a week.



A Life risked for a Library.

ON the 28th day of January, 1824, died Mr. L. M. Langlès, the celebrated Oriental scholar, and keeper of the Oriental MSS. in the Library of the King of France. Fortunately for M. Langlès, he survived the storm of revolution in which thousands perished. It being determined to preserve the royal library under a national denomination, the literary reputation and the known probity of M. Langlès obtained him the place of keeper of the MSS. He had not long enjoyed this post before the rage for destroying every vestige of royalty and nobility extended the hand of desolation to the national library. Citizen Langlès was summoned to render an account of all books and MSS. in the library relative to genealogy, and whatever tended to the illustration of one class of society over another; the anathema pronounced included all charters, titles, genealogies of the noble families, heraldic biography, and even books on other subjects with the insignia of royalty on the binding. Citizen Langlès asked for delay, on account of the immensity of the collection, there being no exact catalogue of its contents. Resolved, at the peril of his life, to save so many precious documents from destruction, he fresh labelled some, tore the bindings off others, and concealed an immense number in the attics of the library; but, as a holocaust was necessary, he selected volumes of minor interest, duplicate copies, and a great number of ponderous tomes on polemical divinity, in which those of Molina figured largely: this was a kind of retributive justice on the society which had condemned so many victims to the flames. The agents of Government, seeing an immense pile of books doomed to destruction, were satisfied with the zeal of Langlès, and they were carried away, without examination, by waggon-loads, to the Place Vendome, to be burned; and by this means many most important documents for the illustration of national history were preserved, at the risk of the life of M. Langlès, who concealed five thousand volumes which but for him would have perished.—*Times Telescope* for 1825.



The Wicked Bible.

MR. LENNOX was so strict an observer of the Sabbath, that I never knew of his writing a business letter on Sunday but once. In 1855, while he was staying at Hôtel Meurice in Paris, there occurred to me the opportunity one Saturday afternoon, June 16, of identifying the long-lost octavo Bible of 1631, which has the negative omitted in the seventh commandment, and purchasing it for fifty guineas. No other copy was then known, and the possessor required an immediate answer. However, I raised some points of inquiry, and obtained permission to hold the little sinner, and give the answer on Monday. By that evening's post I wrote to Mr. Lennox and pressed for an immediate reply, suggesting that this prodigal, though he returned on Sunday, should be housed. Monday brought a letter "to buy it," very short, but tender as a fatted calf. On June 21 I exhibited the volume at a full meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of London, at the same time nicknaming it "The Wicked Bible," a name that has stuck to it ever since, though six copies are now known.

In the "Proceedings" of the Society, vol. iii. p. 213, appeared this record: "Henry Stevens, Esq., F.S.A., exhibited an octavo Bible of the Authorized Version called 'The Wicked Bible,' from the circumstance of its being filled with gross and scandalous typographical errors, not the least remarkable of which is the omission of the important word *not* in the seventh commandment, leaving it to read '*Thou shalt commit adultery.*' Upon Charles I. being made acquainted with the fact by Archbishop Laud, the King's printers, Robert Barker and Martin Lucas, were summoned before the Star Chamber, and on the fact being proved were fined in the sum of £300, and the entire edition of 1,000 copies was ordered to be destroyed. Although the book has been diligently sought after for the last hundred years, no copy has hitherto been known to have been discovered; and though many writers have told the story for the last two hundred years, no one identified the edition or indicated the year in which it was printed. The present volume settles the

question. It was printed by the Royal printers in 1631, in octavo. The present copy is believed to be unique. It came from Holland within the last few days, and is on its way to America. It cost its present owner fifty guineas."

In the discussion that followed, I ventured to assure the Society that though the commandment was actually so printed by the King's printers, I felt sure that it was not now binding on the Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries. Lord Macaulay was present at that meeting, but did not at first credit the genuineness of the typographical error. Lord Stanhope, however, on borrowing the volume, convinced him that it was the true wicked error.

As this "Wicked Bible" has attracted a good deal of attention since 1855, and has led certain serious writers and divines into historical and bibliographical errors, it may not be uninteresting to name a few particulars respecting it. The volume, comprising the Book of Common Prayer, the Genealogies, the Bible, and the Psalms in metre, all bound in one, and as clean and as fresh as new, had been the property of the celebrated John Canne while he resided in Holland, and was left in a library founded by him. It was offered to me as "unique," and priced accordingly, with the assurance that no abatement would be made. On taking it home to my house in Camden Square that Saturday night, and overhauling my pile of octavo Bibles laid aside for collation and binding, I was both delighted and disappointed to find that I was already the possessor of a "Wicked Bible," an overlooked duplicate of the copy offered, though not so "unique as my other copy," as my old American friend Dowse used to say, for it contained the Bible only, in inferior condition and wanting twenty-three leaves in the Psalms.

On Monday morning when the owner came for his Bible or the fifty guineas, I showed him my copy in triumph to convince him that his was not unique, and hence was not worth the price asked. He at once admitted my plea, and accepted £25. My junior copy, after being done up in forel, was sold in the autumn of 1855 to Mr. Panizzi for eighteen guineas, and is now in the British Museum, locked up in Case 24 A, 41, bearing the stamp of Jan. 3, 1856, when paid for. Mr. Winter Jones was afterwards fortunate enough to procure the twenty-three missing leaves for five guineas, from the Rev. Mr. Jennings, who had picked up a copy wanting three leaves, for which he asked twenty guineas, so that the Museum copy is also complete. Mr. Jennings sold the remainder of his copy, which then wanted twenty-six leaves, for fifteen guineas, to Mr. Francis Fry, of Bristol, who I believe succeeded in completing it, and sold it to Dr.

Baudinel for the Bodleian Library. It was lent to the Caxton exhibition of 1877, where it attracted more attention than any honest Bible of the collection. A fourth copy is preserved in the Ewing Library in Glasgow, and a fifth fell into the hands of Mr. Henry J. Atkinson, of Gunnersbury, in 1883. In the autumn of 1884 a sixth copy, which might be designated the Godiva copy, was brought to me for identification by a gentleman of Coventry, who said it had recently been picked up in Ireland. Thus, you see, in less than thirty years this unique has increased and multiplied like lost sinners.

The truth seems to be that few books remain "unique" long, when their attractions have been once noised abroad. Immediately on completing the purchase, I wrote to Mr. George Offor, announcing my bibliographical luck; and he replied next day, June 18, "What a world this would be if such Bibles abounded! Thank goodness they are so rare that their existence has been doubted and disbelieved. I and my father before me sought for it sixty years *diligently*, as Herod sought the young Child, and, like him, could not find it. Nor can I yet fully believe its genuineness, but hope soon to be cured of my unbelief, for seeing is believing." A sight of the volume was his "convincement."

Like the early translators, this Bible sought a refuge in Holland, where it escaped the flames, more fortunate than Tyndale or Rogers. Of the six copies now known, this one preserved in the "Lennox Library," New York, is by far the purest and finest, if not the wickedest of all; and I never heard that Mr. Lennox ever felt or expressed any compunctions of conscience for having ordered it on a Sunday. It should perhaps be stated that the Germans have also their "Wicked Bible" of precisely like tenor, only as in many other things the Germans are a hundred years behind the English. They are, however, I believe, as yet limited to the possession of a single copy, which is carefully guarded in the quaint old library of Wolfenbüttel, where I recently had the sinful pleasure of seeing, handling, and collating it. The wicked typographical error consists, as in its English namesake, in dropping the negative. It is a little decimosexto volume in small German black letter, double columns, in a form not quite so large as the English, and has this title:—*Biblia / Dasist / Die Gautze / Heil / Geschrift / Altes und Neues / Testaments. / Nach der Teutschen Übersetzung / D. Martin Luther / Nebst der Vorrede / Des S. Herr Baron E. H. von Caustein. / Die xxxiv. Auflage. Halle, Zu finden in Maijsenhouse MDCCXXXI. Exodus xx. 14. "Du solt chebrechen."*

We are not aware if the French have a like authority.

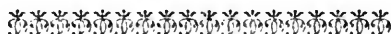
(*Mr. Stevens' "Recollections of Lennox,"* pp. 34-42.)

crime, they will find it hard to shew any difference in the punishment. And he will answer for it that nothing shall be wanting, on his part, to do them justice." It is not surprising that even Mr. Cox's cuticle was too thin to withstand the onslaughts of the two men. He declared that when the book was published he was on his way to Scotland, and that he knew nothing more of it than this : A few days before he left London, "a certain person came to me with a part of a sheet as a specimen of the paper and print, and desired me to buy



some of them ; and at the same time told me there had been a wrangling between Mr. Taylor and the author about copy-money for the second volume." So soon as Cox, who had not seen nor sold one of the books that occasioned the complaint, returned to town, he at once called upon Taylor, explaining his position in the matter, and demanding a public explanation to prevent any blame being attached to him. But all the satisfaction he could get from Taylor was a promise to stop the prosecution of a bill in Chancery which had been taken out against him. Cox stigmatizes the author of "Robinson Crusoe" as being "one of the most prostituted pens in the whole world," and winds up with the following threat :—"If Mr. Taylor or the author of Crusoe's

Don-Quixotism should make any further steps to insinuate that I was the proprietor of that abridgement, I assure the public that, in justice to myself, I shall publish some secrets as yet unknown to the world ; and prove that there is as little sincerity and honesty in exposing me, both in bookseller and author, as there is truth in 'Robinson Crusoe.'" But perhaps, after all, this was only a case of a quarrel between two thieves, each knowing the weak points of the other, and both equally versed in all the "moves on the board."



Practica Musicæ utrius que Cantus.

THIS may fairly be considered a remarkable and curious book. It is by Franchino Gafori, and published at Milan, 1496, and is the first treatise on the art of music ever printed. It is curious for the length of some of its words. Here are a few titles of sections of the fourth chapter :—

"De proportione subsuperquatripartientequintas."

"De genere Multiplicisuperparticulari."

"De proportione trilasuperbipartientequintas."

"De proportione Subduplasuperbipartientetertias."

"De proportione Subquadruplasupertripartientequartas,"

A. RHODES.

A Quaker Translator.

ANTHONY PURVER, a poor Quaker carpenter, conceived that the Spirit impelled him to translate the Bible. He accordingly learnt Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and published a literal version of the Old and New Testament in two vols. folio, 1764.

This book is curious for its Hebrew idioms. By adhering to these, Anthony has in some rare instances excelled the common version ; but when he alters only for the sake of alteration, he makes miserable work : e.g., "*A hind let go may exhibit genteel Naphtali ; he gives fine words,*" for "Naphtali is a hind let loose ; he giveth goodly words."

"*I am he who am,*" is better than "I am that I am."

He calls the Song of Solomon the "Poem of Solomon" ; "Song," he says, "being of profane use."



De ortu Typographiæ.

COSTER v. GUTENBERG.

IN Mr. Hessels' last work, "Haarlem the Birthplace of Printing, not Mentz," he gives a most interesting list of forty-seven books and fragments of books, all connected together typographically, and all without doubt printed in Holland at a very early stage of the art. For these, eight different founts of type were used, and the proofs of their origin are in the language of some, which is Dutch; in the shape of the **t** and **ʒ**, a form peculiar to Holland, and especially peculiar to Dutch MSS. of the first half of the fifteenth century; and in the typographical treatment. All are rude in workmanship, though not contemporaneous, and twenty-one out of the forty-seven are editions of the school-book known as "Donatus," the very book which the Cologne Chronicler refers to as having suggested to Gutenberg the idea of improved movable types.

Forming as these do a group of books having similar peculiarities all their own, we want a general title by which to speak of and identify them; and the word "Costeriana," by which already some of them are known, seems a fit designation for the whole class.

Of these forty-seven "Costeriana," thirty-five are printed on vellum and twelve only on paper. Now this great prevalence of vellum over paper undoubtedly points to an early period of printing.¹ Seven editions of the "Alex: Galli Doctrinale," another well-known school-book, are also among the "Costeriana." Being all in Latin they would be equally useful as school-books in other countries, and would naturally travel away from the seat of their production. It is therefore nothing extraordinary to find them in towns outside Holland.

¹ This is used as an argument for the antiquity of the two or three Donatuses printed with the types of Pfister or Gutenberg, and therefore is equally good when applied to Dutch Donatuses.

When they became injured by use, or, in the course of time, obsolete, they naturally fell into the hands of the book-binders, who, according to a well-known custom, cut them up and used them to strengthen the backs and sides of any books they had to bind. Thus the great bulk of "Costeriana" have been rescued from the sides and backs of old books, and from the covers of a variety of fifteenth-century works. They have turned up at Haarlem, Delft, Deventer, Strasbourg, Reutlingen, and even at Cologne. Haarlem supplies five varieties, all found in the town or cathedral archives, the earliest of which is a manuscript volume begun in 1474, which belongs to Haarlem Cathedral. Of course a book which begins in 1474, and is partly made up of fragments of an utilized book, must have been bound earlier and with material already old. How far back this would take us must remain a matter of conjecture: if we reckon it as twenty years, we should just precede the Indulgence of 1454-5 attributed to Gutenberg.

Reverting to the eight varieties of type found in the forty-seven "Costeriana," there are no data at present by which to determine their sequence. They ought all to be studied side by side by an expert in early types—apparently an impossibility, as they are scattered through various libraries in Europe—for, if their typographical peculiarities were carefully and scientifically observed, I feel sure that they would yield very important data, and probably supply us with evidence of a true chronological sequence. There is no certain evidence of their issue from one press or even from one town. They are, however, in one way or another closely related. When two sorts of type as happens with types 1 and 2, are used in the same book, we may safely attribute them, as is the case with others, to the same printing-office. Types 3, 4, 5, and 6, are in like manner closely related, and with the same Gothic peculiarities as Nos. 1 and 2; while types 7 and 8, though distinct, are plainly of the same class, and with the others form an interesting family group.

Again, we must note that not one of these "Costeriana" has catch-words, or signatures, or headlines, or hyphens. Four editions of the "*Speculum humanæ salvationis*" are printed by using the "froton," and therefore upon one side only of the paper, in a manner similar to that used by our modern wood-engravers when they want to prove their work. These rank among the "Block-Books." Certain pages in these books are entirely cut in wood; certain others have a wood-block printed separately in the upper part of the sheet, while the text beneath is printed at a press, and with movable types. It would be absurd to place these typographical customs any where in Germany

so late as 1470—a period when books printed with types were being sold in every capital of Europe.

But, suppose that an early date is admitted for these “Costeriana,” can we then place them before 1454, which is the date written upon an Indulgence admittedly of German printing? Honestly speaking, I think the direct proofs insufficient; but if we study the typographical evidence by the light of the Cologne Chronicle, the probabilities seem to me quite on the side of the “Costeriana.” Time, however, will show. Mr. Hessels, reckoning the Donatus editions backwards from 1471, thinks that the demand which necessitated so many as twenty-one editions, must have been spread over a series of years long enough to bring back the earliest edition to a period before the Indulgence of 1454. I am afraid this is a weak argument; and I would rather rest upon the fact that these early Dutch prints fit in exactly with the allusion to them in the Cologne Chronicle—that is before 1450; that, try as much as you like, you cannot place them in any other period, or with any other group of Dutch typography. Bring them up to 1470, or near it, and they are anachronisms—leave them, or some of them, anterior to Gutenberg, and they “fit in.”

We should also remember that the evidence is not, and cannot for many years to come, be complete. There are many collections in Europe which have never been searched for “Costeriana,” and it is not often that bibliographers can boast of a good “hunter,” who unites will, knowledge, and devotion, to the search. Several “Costeriana” have been discovered within the last few years, and looking at the spoils already snatched from the hands of time, we may well exclaim—

Quanta fuisti si tanta sunt reliquia!

We must now refer shortly to the account of Coster, given by the historian Junius. This writer's character and work have been most unfairly treated by Dr. Van der Linde. Junius narrates the story of the Dutch invention of printing as it was current in Holland in 1568, and because his account overthrows Dr. Van der Linde's pet theory, he is accused of every base artifice and historical deceit. Now, who was Junius? The Dutch form of his name was De Jonghe, but as he lived in a scholarly age and wrote mostly in Latin, and as the fashion in his time was to Latinize surnames, he was universally known as Junius. Few men had a more extended fame in the latter part of the sixteenth century than he. Wherever throughout all Europe men of culture and learning congregated, his name was known and respected; and in any collection of letters

from and to literary men of that period, you are sure to meet with his name. His career was brilliant, and it has been left for one of his own countrymen to bolster up a weak cause by attributing base motives to him after the general consent of 300 years had agreed to yield him honour. Junius, writing in 1568, the true date of his "*Batavia*," gives a rather lengthy account of the origin of printing in Haarlem—not as a proved historical narrative, but as reported to him on trustworthy testimony. He states the general belief of the Dutch people at that time, which was that a native of Haarlem, named Laurens Janszoon Coster, about the year 1440, discovered the means of printing from separate wooden types, which shortly afterwards led to the use of metal types, and that he printed small books with them. This is the pith of the story; for whether he was a tallow-chandler or Custos of the Cathedral, whether he had children and grandchildren, or whether his types were years afterwards cast into wine-pots, is of no moment whatever. What is of moment is this:—When Junius wrote the story of Coster, he depended upon what had been handed down through three or four generations to his time, and was quite unaware that the Town Registers of Haarlem sustained his account in some important particulars. For instance, Junius gives the name of the man who invented printing as Coster of Haarlem, and sure enough, between 1436 and 1483 the name of Laurens Janszoon Coster appears frequently in the Haarlem Town Records. Coster there is a tallow-chandler, and of course the occurrence of such a name is no evidence that the Coster of Junius was the Coster of the Haarlem Records. Still it is worth remembering. Again, Junius says Coster had a servant named Cornelis, and here again is a curious agreement in name, for the Cathedral Records of Haarlem mention several times the employment of "Cornelis, the book-binder." Here, too, we must remember that several fragments of "*Costeriana*" have been extracted from volumes bound by this very Cornelis. Many minor arguments and coincidences might be adduced to show that if the story of Coster has not been handed down with that accuracy of statement we so much desire in old history, but which, alas, we so seldom get, there is nevertheless a foundation for it stronger than mere rumour, and in it a history free from intentional misrepresentation.

Turning now to Gutenberg, we have much firmer ground to stand upon. We have, to begin with, abundant evidence of his existence; and of his having been a printer. We have the general consent of Germany, Italy, and France as to the art, as practised by them, having been derived from him, and the natural tendency is to attach

greater weight to this evidence than upon critical examination it will bear. Workmen whose tuition had come more or less directly from him, and book-buyers, who were naturally in ignorance of the steps which led up to Gutenberg's success, attributed to him not only priority in producing the books which called forth their admiration, but believed him to have been the first to use movable types. And yet, as we have seen, the testimony is not given with that perfect assurance of its truth that one might expect if they spoke of things within their own knowledge. The weak part of Gutenberg's case is that, notwithstanding several opportunities, he never claimed the invention, although others around him were taking the honour to themselves—that there is not a single piece bearing his name, and that the earliest efforts attributed to him may with just as much probability be put down to Pfister, the first printer at Bamberg. Not indeed until 1472 do we meet with a direct mention of Gutenberg's name in connection with the discovery, and then (it is Prof. Fichet, of Sorbonne, who is writing) the statement is not positive; "*ferunt enim illic*," which may be rendered by the French "*on dit*." In the sense that he improved so far on his Haarlem originals as to enable him to print grand instead of unimportant books, Gutenberg was an inventor; but had the question been put to him, "Had you any idea of movable, separate types before you saw a Dutch Donatus?" his answer would, I believe, have been "No!"

Perhaps the best verdict upon the whole question has come from the pen of M. Madden, of Versailles. This biographer is a strong adherent of Dr. Van der Linde, yet this is the conclusion of an article in the February number of "*La Typologie Tucker*":—

"Sans les humbles Donats de Haarlem nous n'aurions pas l'admirable Bible de Trente-six lignes, et sans les persévérants et féconds efforts de Gutenberg pendant dix ans, de 1440 à 1450, l'humanité ne jouirait pas de l'art que son génie créateur a élevé à une perfection qui laisse très loin en arrière les premiers et nécessairement très imparfaits produits des essais de Laurent Coster. En un mot: Coster nous a donné Gutenberg, et Gutenberg nous a donné la Typographie."¹

WILLIAM BLADES.

¹ Without the humble Donatuses of Haarlem we should never have had the wonderful Bible of thirty-six lines; and without the persevering and fruitful efforts of Gutenberg during the ten years from 1440 to 1450, mankind would never have been blessed with that art which his creative genius has raised to a perfection which leaves far behind the first and necessarily imperfect attempts of Coster. In a word: Coster gave us Gutenberg, and Gutenberg has given us Typography.



Book-hunting in Paris.

THE best time for book-hunting in Paris is the early morning. "The take," as anglers say, is "on" from half-past seven to half-past nine a.m. At these hours the vendors exhibit their fresh wares, and the agents of the more wealthy booksellers come and pick up everything worth having. These agents quite spoil the sport of the amateur. They keep a strict watch on every country dealer's catalogue, snap up all he has worth selling, and sell it over again, charging pounds in place of shillings. . . . Yet the Paris book-hunters cleave to the game. August is their favourite season ; for in August there is least competition. Very few people are, as a rule, in Paris, and these are not tempted to loiter. The bookseller is drowsy, and glad not to have the trouble of chaffering. The English go past, and do not tarry beside a row of dusty boxes of books. The heat threatens the amateur with sunstroke. "Then," says M. Octave Uzanne, in a prose *ballade* of book-hunters, — "then, calm, glad, heroic, the *bouquineurs* prowl forth, refreshed with hope. The brown old calf-skin wrinkles in the sun, the leaves crackle, you could poach an egg on the cover of a quarto. The dome of the Institute glitters, the sickly trees seem to wither, their leaves wax red and grey, a faint warm wind is walking the streets. Under his vast umbrella the book-hunter is secure and content ; he enjoys the pleasures of the sport unvexed by poachers, and thinks less of the heat than does the deer-stalker on the bare hill-side." — *A. Lang, "The Library,"* pp. 11-13.





Four Songs by Thomas Love Peacock.

THE followings songs have not been included in the collected works of Thomas Love Peacock. They were published as words to music between 1816 and 1820. We are indebted to Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, for this communication.

THE FLOWER OF LOVE.

'Tis said the Rose is love's own flower,
Its blush so bright, its thorns so many ;
And winter on its bloom has power,
But has not on its sweetness any.
For tho' young love's ethereal rose
Will droop on Age's wintry bosom,
Yet still its faded leaves disclose
The fragrance of their earliest blossom.

But ah ! the fragrance lingering there
Is like the sweets that mournful duty
Bestows with sadly soothing care
To deck the grave of youth and beauty.
For when its leaves are shrunk and dry,
Its blush extinct to kindle never,
That fragrance is but memory's sigh
That breathes of pleasure past for ever !
Why did not love the Amaranth choose,
That bears no thorns and cannot perish ?
Alas ! no sweets its flowers diffuse,
And only sweets love's life can cherish ;
But be the Rose and Amaranth twin'd,
And love, their mingled powers assuming,
Shall round his brows a chaplet bind,
For ever sweet, for ever blooming.

(Music by G. Kiallmark.)

THOU WHITE ROLLING SEA.

THOU white rolling sea ! from thy foam-crested billows,
 That restlessly flash in the moon's silver beam,
 In fancy I turn to the green waving willows
 That rise by the side of my dear native stream.
 There softly in moonlight soft waters are playing,
 Which light-breathing zephyrs symphoniously sweep ;
 While here the loud wings of the north wind are swaying,
 And whirl the white spray of the wild dashing deep.

Ye fair spreading fields which fertility blesses,
 Ye rivers that murmur in musical chime,
 Ye groves of dark pine, in whose sacred recesses
 The nymph of romance holds her vigils sublime !
 Ye heath-mantled hills in lone wildness ascending,
 Ye valleys true mansions of peace and repose,
 Ever green be your shades, Nature's children defending,
 Where Liberty sweetens what Labour bestows.

(Music by W. Horsley.)

THE HARBOUR OF PEACE.

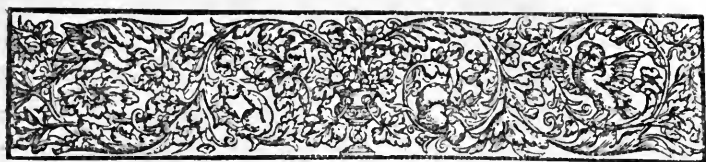
THOU white rolling sea from thy foam-crested billows,
 That restlessly flash in the silver moonbeam,
 In fancy I turn to the green waving willows,
 That rise by the side of my dear native stream.
 Though the night billows rave to the tempest's commotion,
 In the mild breath of morning their fury shall cease ;
 And the vessel, long toss'd on the storm-troubled ocean,
 Shall furl her torn sails in the Harbour of Peace.

(Music by W. A. Nield.)

THE MORNING OF LOVE.

OH, the spring-time of life is the season of blooming,
 And the morning of life is the season of joy ;
 Ere noontide and summer, with radiance consuming,
 Look down on their beauty to parch and destroy.
 Oh, faint are the blossoms life's pathway adorning,
 When the first magic glory of hope is withdrawn,
 For the flow'rs of the spring and the light of the morning
 Have no summer budding, and no second dawn.
 Through meadows all sunshine and verdure and flowers,
 The stream of the valley in purity flies ;
 But mix'd with the tides where some proud city lowers,
 Oh where is the sweetness that dwelt on its rise ?
 The rose withers fast on the cheek it first graces,
 Its beauty is fled ere the day is half done ;
 And life is that stream which its progress defaces,
 And love is that flower which can bloom but for one.

(Music by G. Kiallmark.)



The Chetham Library.

WHEN good old Humphrey Chetham, merchant, died in 1653, he left £1,000 to be expended in books, "For, or towards a library within the town of Manchester, for the use of scholars, and others well affected . . . the same there to remain as a public library for ever," and in addition he bequeathed £1,000 for a building. Having purchased the college, formerly the residence of the warden and clergy of the old church, the trustees named in the will hastened to carry out the testator's directions; and to Johnson, Hollingworth, and Tildesley, three clergymen, was given the task of selecting books for the library. Their earliest purchases were chiefly theological and historical works, and amongst them we notice Purchas' "Pilgrimes" and Dugdale's "Warwickshire," which they obtained for £3 15s. and £1 7s. 6d. respectively. Purchases were made year by year, and many valuable works were added to the library. The prices given for books now eagerly sought after are remarkable. Two books from the press of Wynkyn de Worde were purchased for five shillings and sixpence, Parson's "Three Conversions of England" for fifteen shillings, and Tyndall's "Practyse of Prelates" for eighteenpence. Additions have been made from time to time, but the library has by no means kept pace with its more modern rivals. The student may here consult ancient works on history and science, rare controversial tracts, and early editions of the dramatists, but he searches in vain for standard modern works. The library now numbers about fifty thousand volumes, many of them of extreme rarity. A visitor to the library cannot but be struck with the old-world-like appearance of the interior. Entering from the college yard beneath a narrow portal, and ascending the staircase, he reaches the library. The books are arranged in wall cases running the entire length of the building, and carefully guarded by wire netting. From the library he

passes to the reading-room, an antique apartment pictured and decorated in ancient style. Sitting in this room, it is hard to realize you are in the midst of a busy town, and that only a few yards from you are the public thoroughfares thronged with pedestrians and carts laden with modern wares. All is so quaint and old-world-like. The massive carved chairs, the antique furniture, and the portraits of Manchester worthies, Chetham's among them, are in unison with the apartment, and the only sound you hear is the ticking of an eight-day clock which two centuries ago regulated our forefathers' movements. The student may here, undisturbed, court friendships with the master minds of bygone ages. Among the rarities preserved in the Chetham Library are Ascham's "*Scholemaster*," printed by John Daye (1570), Gower's "*De Confessione Amantis*" (1554), Heywood's "*Maydenheade well lost*" (Lond.: N. Okes, 1632), Bacon's "*Myrroures of Alchemy*" (1597), and Whytford's "*Martyrloge after Salisbury use*," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1526. The collection of manuscripts is extensive and valuable. Among the theological MSS. are a Roman Psalter with the Gregorian chants—an ancient illuminated MS. formerly at the Monastery of Godston, and a New Testament of the later Wycliffe version written about 1430. The library possesses, too, a fourteenth-century transcript of the "*Flores Historiarum*," compiled by Matthew of Westminster, and many other historical MSS. of great value, especially those relating to Lancashire and Cheshire. In addition there is the valuable collection of Broad-sides presented to the library in 1851 by Mr. Halliwell. It consists of 1,309 poetical broadsides, many in MS., and 1,791 in prose.

E. PARTINGTON.



A Printer's Pun.

THE first book printed at Aberdeen is said to be a poetical tract entitled, "*A Godly Dream*, by Elizabeth Melvill, Lady Culros Younger, at the request of a speciall Friend. Matthew vii. 13, and Luke xiii. 24. Enter in at the strait gate, for wyde is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruxtion, and manie there bee which go in thereat. Aberdene: Imprinted by E. Raban, Land of Letters, and are to be sold at his shop, at the end of the Broad Gate, 1644." The printer can hardly have intended that to purchase the book would lead to destruction!



First Bibles Printed in America.

AS so deep an interest has arisen in recent years, among bibliophiles and collectors, in reference to the early editions of the Scriptures, throughout Europe, a brief account of the two first editions of the Bible printed in the New World may not be without interest to your readers.

It may just here be opportune to state, that printing was first executed on the American continent in the city of Mexico. The precise date is involved in some doubt, but there is authority for believing that the art commenced there as early as the year 1532; and we have positive evidence that two books were issued in the city of Mexico dated 1544.

As we are at present, however, to speak more especially of the first two Bibles, we will defer further consideration of this question, and come down to the period shortly after the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.

The first issue of any portion of the Sacred Scriptures upon the American continent was the translation of the New Testament into the Indian or Mohegan dialect, such as was the ordinary speech of the native tribes of savages scattered throughout the New England territory.

This was accomplished by the Rev. John Eliot, a native of England, and a graduate of the University of Cambridge. He emigrated to America in the year 1631, and devoted himself to the conversion of the Indians; commencing to preach the gospel in 1646; and determined to acquire a full acquaintance with their language, so as to give them the Word of God in their own tongue.

The work of translation was doubtless commenced about the year 1660, and the entire New Testament was printed and issued at Cambridge, Mass., in the year 1661, followed by the complete transla-

tion of the Old Testament, which was printed and issued, together with the New, at the same place, in the year 1663.

Dr. Cotton Mather, in his "*History of New England*," asserts that Eliot made this entire translation with the same quill pen.

The "*Eliot Indian Bible*" is to-day regarded by book collectors and bibliophiles as one of the "gems" in the setting of a library of rare and curious books; and a perfect copy of this first edition would certainly bring from \$1,000 to \$1,200 to-day. There are probably 25 or 30 known copies of this issue, scattered through the public and private libraries of the States, more or less perfect. An acquaintance of the writer's, an expert book-hunter, about twenty years ago unearthed a copy on the dingy and dusty shelves of a second-hand bookstall in New York city, which he secured for a very trifling amount, and at once disposed of it to a wealthy collector—in whose library we believe it still remains—for about the sum of \$400. It would certainly bring double that figure if now offered for sale.

A second edition of this Bible appeared in 1685: possibly not held in such high esteem, nor as much coveted by the lovers of rare books, as the earlier dated copy, but likely also to fetch a very considerable sum whenever appearing for sale. The worthy Eliot, the "*Apostle to the Indians*," as he was styled, died in the year 1690, aged 86 years.

Very nearly a century now elapses, when we come to the fact that the first Bible printed in a European tongue, in America, was issued in the German language, at Germantown, Pa., near Philadelphia, by Christopher Saur, in the year 1743.

The great scarcity of the Word of God among the German emigrants, who had largely settled in Pennsylvania, and the very high cost of imported copies, induced Saur, who was a zealous Lutheran and Christian man, to become a printer, for the purpose of diffusing religious truth. He formed the purpose of issuing the Bible in German, at such a price as would enable even the poorer classes of his countrymen to possess a good and distinct impression of the entire Scriptures.

Though he was in very moderate circumstances, and there was not a type foundry in the country, when all the materials for printing, binding, &c. must be imported, he persistently carried out his plans. From some friends in Germany he received contributions, and one H. E. Luther, a wealthy counsellor and type-founder of Frankfort-on-the-Main, presented him with some fonts of German type.

He began in 1740 to strike off an edition of 1,200 copies, but it was not completed and issued until August, 1743. A curious fact

now occurs. Saur had twelve copies handsomely bound, for presentation to Luther and other friends abroad, and on the 5th of December of the same year he sent them by vessel ; but the ship was captured by privateers, and these Bibles fell into their hands. In some strange way, however, they all reached their destination, and came into the possession of those for whom they were intended. Mr. Luther presented his copy to the Royal Library at Frankfort, where a gentleman on a tour of pleasure from the States recently saw it, in a most perfect state of preservation.

Saur fixed the price of his Bible, "strongly bound with brass clasps," at eighteen shillings currency, which must be considered very low, in view of the fact that it was a large quarto of about 1,300 pages, of stout paper, and well printed. To those who were very poor he made much lower figures, and doubtless gave many copies to those he was assured were not able to purchase.

By the year 1760 the sales became so brisk, he commenced the printing of a second edition of 2,000 copies, which was published in 1763, followed by a third issue of 3,000 copies dated 1776, the year of the secession of the American colonies from English rule. This last edition, in sheets, fell into the hands of the soldiers, being used for cartridges and waste paper, so that a friend of Saur's, hurrying to the spot, was enabled to save only ten complete copies, most of which were soiled or defective.¹

The writer is in possession of a very perfect and complete copy of this identical issue, in the original wooden boards, covered with leather, and with heavy brass clasps.

Before parting with good old Christopher Saur, it may be of interest to your many readers to learn that he was the first printer to issue a religious newspaper, and magazine, or periodical, devoted to religious subjects, in North America. The former was first printed in August, 1739, and the latter in October, 1745 : both, of course, in German. Copies of these early and curious relics are extant to-day in Pennsylvania.

Let it be noted here, as a very singular incident, that though more than a century and a half had now elapsed, from the landing of the Pilgrims in or near Plymouth, Mass., about 1620, up to the period of the American Revolution ; and though numerous printing presses

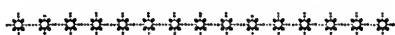
¹ The facts in reference to the Saur Bible came from statements made by a great grandchild of Saur, resident in Pennsylvania, and I presume from papers and evidence handed down in the family.

The first edition (1743) is now a very rare book, when perfect, and would realize from £25 to £40 sterling.

and offices had been a long time established all through New England and also in New York and Pennsylvania; and the Indian Bible and three large editions of the German bible had been printed on the soil of the New World; no Bible in our own language had yet made its appearance from an American press.

In the year 1782, Robert Aitken, a printer of Philadelphia, issued the first Bible in the English language printed in America, and which possibly is to-day one of the scarcest books in the world, if in perfect condition.

GEO. ED. SEARS.



John Knox the "Deformer."

AMONGST some theological books bought by Mr. Gillies when a boy of fourteen years of age, was a reverend folio entitled the "Lyfe and Actes of M. Jon. Knox, the Reformer"; but with wondrous wit and excessive drollery, some former possessor had applied his pen, and moulded the capital "R" into "D," making the word "Deformer." Though for a different purpose, it was an expedient somewhat like that of a certain Laird of Grant, who, as Mr. Joseph Miller informs us, finding in his large family Bible the passage "and there were giants in those days," did nicely change the letter "i" into an "r," in order that he and his friends might have the pleasure of reading "and there were grants in those days."

Initial Letters.

IN most of the early printed books initial letters were not printed, but spaces were left for them to be filled up by those to whose profession it immediately belonged, and who were called Miniatores. The motive was still the same, namely, that the books might have the appearance of manuscript. The initial letters in manuscripts were usually ornamented. Hence they were adopted in the first Psalter, but omitted in subsequent books by the same printers, probably on account of the difficulty and inconvenience which attended the cutting them on blocks and the subsequent insertion of them in the forme. They were afterwards renewed in some few books, but they did not come into general use till the beginning of the sixteenth century. Those used by the early Paris printers of that era are very beautiful, and particularly those of the first H. Stephens, Colinaeus.



The Book.

THE history of the book is the history of the mental growth of mankind, and those who are aware of the evil influences which opposed every development of the mind may apply the same to the birth and growth of books, but

“ Gue God the praiz
That teacheth all waiz.
When truth trieth
Error flieth.”

The development and dissemination of printed matter is one of the most astounding features of modern civilization. We may here with profit compare, or rather contrast, the enormous literary production of the present day and the easy mode of obtaining it, with the scanty and cumbrous records of antiquity and their extremely narrow area of usefulness. We read that the earliest writings were purely monumental, and accordingly those materials were chosen which were supposed to last the longest. The same idea of perpetuity, which in architecture found its most striking exposition in the pyramids, was repeated, in the case of literary records, in the two columns mentioned by Josephus, the one of stone and the other of brick, on which the children of Seth wrote their inventions and astronomical discoveries; in the pillars in Crete, on which, according to Porphyry, the ceremonies of the Corybantes were inscribed; in the leaden tablets containing the works of Hesiod, deposited in the temples of the Muses in Bœotia; in the ten commandments on stone delivered to Moses, and in the laws of Solon carved on planks of wood. We are also told that the children of Israel were commanded on the occasion of special events to raise a heap of stones, and when their children asked the meaning, they were to tell them the cause of its presence. Those heaps of stones were books, though not capable of

reproduction or circulation. The notion of a literary production survived the destruction of the materials on which it was written, and the discovery of substances for systematic transcription occurred. And it was but a natural evolution to relinquish stone for the more wieldy and flexible papyrus, and then to employ ivory, wooden, or metal tablets, as amongst the Greeks and Romans. From these the transit was easy to parchment and vellum, and then on to paper, which is the material now used on which to impress every event and every action of life.

The invention of paper in Europe meant the enormous increase of books. Like most things of importance, paper is subject to a considerable amount of discussion as to the time of its invention. According to Montfaucon, paper, made from cotton, came into use towards the end of the ninth or the beginning of the tenth century. It was, however, the invention of linen paper which gave the first real impulse to book production. The precise date of its invention however, is disputed: Mabillon refers it to the twelfth century; Montfaucon found no specimen earlier than 1270; and Massei none before 1300. The most numerous belong to the fourteenth century.

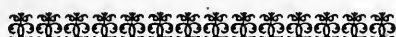
Scaliger ascribes the invention to the Germans, Massei to the Italians, and others to certain Greek refugees at Basel; while Duhalde refers it to the Chinese; and Prideaux to the Saracens in Spain. We have, however, to deal with the effects produced by the invention of paper and the subsequent invention of printing. Those effects were immediate and startling. A French historian and poet of that period sneered at the invention of printing and the discovery of the New World in this doggerel:—

“ I’ve seen a mighty throng
Of printed books and long,
To draw to studious ways
The poor men of our days;
By which new fangled practice
We soon shall see the fact is,
Our streets will swarm with scholars:
Without clean shirts or collars,
With bibles, books, and codices,
As cheap as tape for bodices.”

Before the invention of printing, and for some time after, the price of books prohibited the common people from obtaining much advantage, though Hallam asserts that the price was reduced four-fifths by the invention of printing. From a letter of Andreas, bishop of Alexia to the Pope, in his preface to the *Epistles of Jerome*, it would

seem that one hundred golden crowns was the maximum demanded for a valuable MS., and that the first printed books were sold for four golden crowns a volume. Rare books should, as a matter of course, possess literary merit, and the phenomenal prices which they fetch very often depends on the pleasure of the curious, and sometimes books have become, in a sense, rare from the fact of being condemned or prohibited. It would be interesting to know what the works of Pythagoras, which are reported to have been destroyed at Athens, would command in a moderate sale-room; or the old astrological books, or the satirical works of Labienus, or the writings of Numa found in his grave and condemned by the Senate to the fire, or the famous works of Nestorius and Eutyches, and myriads more, the enumeration of which would fill a volume. The Codex Expurgatorum is a notorious example of the activity of the Romish Church in trying to suppress literature, but though the Vatican sent out her bulls, and thundered anathemas against any who should dare to read aught but that which she allowed, claiming to hold the key of the press as well as of Paradise, she merely proved the truth of Ralph Waldo Emerson's authoritative dictum, that every suppressed book is a tongue of flame, every expunged word reverberates throughout the world.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN.



Ownership of Books.

THE Plymouth architect and author, George Wightwick, had a printed copy of the following book lines inserted in the works in his library. Perhaps the most singular point connected with them is the way in which he showed how his name should be pronounced.

“To whomsoe’er this book I *lend*,
 I *give* one word—no more :
 They, who to *borrow* condescend,
 Should graciously *restore*.

“And whosoe’er this book should find
 (Be’t trunk-maker or critick),
 I’ll thank him if he’ll bear in mind
 That it is mine :—

GEORGE WIGHTWICK.”



A Bookman's Complaint of his Lady.

MY lady oft-times chideth me
Because I love so much to be
Amid my honest folios.
"Thou lovest more to pore on those"—
In petty scorn she sometimes saith—
"Than on thy mistress' eyes, I faith !
Small good true lovers gain meseems
From dust and must of printed reams."
Ah ! would that I could make her see
What is so clear to thee and me,
How much our happy love-life owes
To those poor honest folios.
She little dreams that hidden there
I found a glass that mirrored her,
A magic glass which showed her me
As my own soul's ideal *she*,
Long ere we met and wedded eyes
Or made a soft exchange of sighs.
Nor knoweth she that thence I drew
The thought that, sweet as morning dew,
Changeth the leaden life to gold,
And keepeth Love from growing old.
Nor may I tell what things beside
Within those leathern covers hide.
How would she scorn my small deceit,
Dare I confess that fine conceit,
That pleased her so the other day,
Was from an old-world roundelay ;
And many another charm and grace
That keeps Love young in spite of days,
Was but a bloom that long had lain
'Mid yellow pages young again.

So, ladies all, if lovers choose
A little space thine arms to loose,
And to their books to draw apart,
Be ye not, therefore, faint of heart ;
They go for very love of you,
For you may hold this saying true—
" There's many a lover worse than those
Who love their honest folios."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

larged observation—these are characteristic of latter-day history and science alike. Witness the publications of the Pipe Roll Society, and how deeds and MSS. have been made to elucidate Shakespeare's biography by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps. There are one or two entries of printed books in this catalogue which we have specially noted. The history of the steam-engine would be illustrated by the Jonathan Hornblower Steam-engine Bill (1792). On a copy of Fleetwood's complete writings (1737) Mr. Coleman says, "His account of the value of English money is worth all I ask for it." A chapter of the history of Parliamentary reform is contained in "The State of Parliament," &c., 1793. Mr. Coleman remarks, "I've no doubt this statement of the Rotten Boroughs and Pocket Places had much to do with reforms."—But why does not Mr. Coleman adopt the alphabetical order in his catalogue? We encounter London and other subjects all through. In this way, however, the collector is led to read it all, instead of pouncing upon his special subject.

But now for a real book-collector's catalogue, and one of the best. This is Messrs. Robson and Kerslake's "Catalogue of Rare Books," No. 43. There are 249 entries, and every entry is of interest. We cannot attempt to do justice to it; our readers must obtain copies for themselves. The catalogue suggests the remark that satire and caricature are fruitful of books for the collector. Here, for instance, under Caricature, Cruikshank, Leech, London, Rowlandson, Musée pour rire, we have books of the greatest value and interest. A very fine collection of Burnsiana is offered—Cromek's "Reliques," 2 vols. 4to, and a third and supplementary volume, being a collection of 135 autograph letters relating to Burns. The sum asked—no doubt it is cheap—is £75: Burns—who thought himself lucky when he cleared £20 by the first edition of his poems! This is one of the pleasant contrasts offered by bibliography.

There are some illuminated Books of Hours which collectors of MSS. should see. Among the first editions we noted particularly Keats' "Endymion," several of Shirley's Plays, Sala's "Lady Chesterfield's Letters," Sheridan's "Rivals," Stothard's "Monumental Effigies of Great Britain," and Wordsworth's "Peter Bell." There are some beautiful books of engravings, and several works which have been enriched by grangerizing. There are some notable portrait collections, including a copy of Lodge, first edition, large paper, which is offered for £100. An autograph letter of Thackeray is an interesting entry. The letter, which is dated April 22nd, 1836, is addressed to John Mitchell, and refers to the publication of "Flore et Zephyr," one of the scarcest of Thackeray's productions.

A true collector's catalogue is that sent to us by Mr. B. H. Blackwell, of Oxford, entitled "A Century of Notable Books." A tasteful catalogue, well printed on good paper. The 100 books are the pick of 20,000 volumes, which Mr. Blackwell offers for sale. Apt quotations are interspersed throughout the catalogue, illustrative of the nature of the

books. We have space for only a few running notes. The best edition of Bolingbroke (1809) is offered—the second time we have encountered his lordship lately, after missing him from the catalogues for a very long time. John Hill Burton's "Book Hunter," with portrait, a copy of the 1882 edition which was limited to 1,000. "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini" (Mr. Symond's translation), a book which Horace Walpole loved better than a novel, and which possessed attractions for the late F. W. Robertson. A copy of "Cicero," of the Venice edition, 1534-37, should not want a purchaser in Oxford. Dibdin's "Bibliographical Tour" is offered, and a copy of the recent but exhausted edition of Doran's "Their Majesties Servants." A copy of that odd book, Herbert's "Nimrod" is another entry. Lodge's "Illustrations of British History," which Sir Walter Scott found so useful, and the "Portraits" (1840 ed., 10 vols. in 5, 4to.)—the latter to be had for £4 10s.—are useful books for students of history. A copy of Machiavelli is entered with this interesting note: "I warrant you some good fellows amongst us begin now to be prettely well acquaynted with a certayne parlous booke called, as I remember me, Il Principe di Niccolo Machiavelli." (*Letter of Gabriel Harvey, from Cambridge, 1579*). Large paper copies of Bullen's edition of Marston and of Middleton, are offered at moderate prices, and they are certain to go up. Under "Oxford" there are some interesting entries: Chalmers' "History of the University," Ingram's "Memorials," Kennett's "Parochial Antiquities," Skelton's "Oxonia Antiqua Restaurata," and Wood's "History and Antiquities of the University," in English (1773-92). A copy of Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift is offered for £4 5s. There are several books with engraved portraits. When shall we get the promised index of engraved portraits? Nothing more desirable has been projected for many years.





Through the Catalogues.

AMONG the men of science, there has been—and there is now in many quarters—a disposition to ignore that limited portion of the past of which literature has taken some account. An absorbing interest in the present, with a wistful eye to the future, is of the very essence of scientific pursuits. The more technical the science, the less is the interest shown in antiquity. But happily this is dying out. The necessity for protest against old habits of education and thought exists no longer. The wheel has been lifted out of the classical rut, and a wider stretch of scenery has come into view. Protest may now more properly come from the other side.

These few words are by way of preface, before we introduce to our readers a catalogue which, as collectors, they probably have not sought. This is Messrs. Wesley and Son's "Natural History and Scientific Book Circular." By way of adding to the distaste which this title may excite, let us enumerate the classes of the books:—Ichthyology, Reptilia and Amphibia, General Zoology, Anatomy, Conchology and Entomology, Astronomy and Physical Science, &c. Now for a hurried glance at one or two of the items. "The Secrets of Angling" (1613), by John Dennys: the reprint of 1883, with introduction by Thomas Westwood. Another reprint is "Scrope's Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in the River Tweed," illustrated by Sir David Wilkie, Sir Edwin Landseer, Charles Landseer, William Simson, and Edward Cooke. The original edition of this book is now very scarce. A copy of the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria" is offered, and the second and third editions of Yarrell's "History of British Fishes"—a very fine work containing 600 engravings. By and by, when some of the present members of the animal kingdom shall have become extinct, what will not such books be worth?

So much for Ichthyology. Now for Zoology. Here we have some interesting entries under "Darwinism." Would it be possible for the scientific mind to tolerate the term "Darwiniana"? By and by this will become one of the favourite headings in booksellers' catalogues; and those volumes which the mighty evolutionist tore asunder in his

passionate zeal to forge the links in his great theory, will be eagerly sought after by highly-evolved collectors. The parts will be brought together, and in glass cases the public will behold the books that Darwin tore. Here under Zoology, too, we find Howitt's "Book of the Seasons," and Knapp's "Journal of a Naturalist." Knapp has done for West Gloucestershire what Gilbert White did for Hants, and his Journal deserves a place beside the "Natural History of Selborne." A complete set of the Transactions of the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society is also offered. Under Anatomy, &c., we have—Knight, T. A., "Hereditary Instinctive Propensities of Animals," 1837, an interesting book to Darwinians and to those who wish to trace the evolution of the evolution theory. Another entry is Milne-Edwards's "Elémens de Zoologie," of which the copy offered contains MS. letters, autograph, and book-plate of Adam White. Under Conchology, Entomology, &c., there is a copy of Johnson's "Familiar British Insects," a valuable work; and Wood's "Index Entomologicus," containing 2,000 accurately coloured figures. Under Astronomy, we have Harte's translation of Laplace's great work; and under Botany an entry of Balfour's "Plants of the Bible,"—some of the pages a little *foxed*, a note informs us; from which you are to see that your scientific bookseller is not a stranger to bibliographic terms. There are several botanical works from the library of the late Dr. Hance; and — Grew, N., "The Anatomy of Plants," &c., with eighty-three copperplates, small folio, calf, 1682, containing several lectures read before the Royal Society—a book that brings to mind Hooke's "Micrographia," of 1665, containing that fearsome picture of a bookworm magnified. Here also we have a copy of Gerarde's "Herball," a book coveted of antiquaries and all Shakesperians.

From this catalogue we have only picked out a few of the items which are of most interest to collectors generally. We are not ignorant that there be some right good book-lovers among men of science—physicians especially. Who that has seen the cases of bibliographical rarities in the rooms of the Royal Medical and Surgical Society, can doubt this? We want to see the taste increase. Every man of science should be a collector in his special subject; every technical and scientific library should have its cherished rarities. We feel confident that the tendency is in this direction. At present, of course, we can only faintly imagine the delight of the future scientific bibliophile over his first edition of the "Descent of Man," or of Huxley's "Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals"! But the key-note of present-day thought is the indebtedness of the present to the past; archæology and science have found a meeting-ground, and the band of bookworms shall be recruited from the scientific specialists.

By way of contrast, let us take up the catalogue of Mr. James Coleman, "genealogical and topographical bookseller." We fancy we discern the progressiveness of antiquarianism in this catalogue. Nearly all Mr. Coleman's offers are of deeds, charters, court rolls, estate maps, MSS., &c.—all illustrating genealogy and topography. Fresh evidence, new light, en-



“Ballads of Books.”

SUCH is the title of a collection of ballads, “chosen by Brander Matthews” (New York, 1887). There is not a poor piece in the whole collection, and to our thinking the modern contributions of A. Lang, Austin Dobson, and E. Gosse, are by no means behind those of the older poets. “The Book-plate’s Petition” is pleasing both for its poetical merit as well as its moral. “The Baby in the Library” will speak to the heart of many a father, and puts one in mind of Patmore. The clever poem of Parnell, “The Bookworm,” was well worth re-printing, and will be welcome to many readers. But enough—few, if any, poems on the love and value of books have been omitted. We miss one, written by A. C. Brant, which might perhaps have been included. It is called “The Bibliophile,” and we reprint it below. Seventy poems appear in Mr. Matthews’ collection, of which fifteen have not appeared before. The reader will spend a happy hour in their perusal.

THE BIBLIOPHILE.

THE lover may rave of his ruddy-cheeked lass,
The sailor may sing of the sea ;
And topers may tell of the charms of the glass,
But Books have more beauty for me.

A book is a treasure more precious than gold ;
An heirloom bequeathed to mankind ;
A casket of wisdom in which we behold
The kingliest gems of the mind.

Though humble my lot, yet dull care I defy,
With books for my gentle allies ;
And folly and vice from my presence will fly,
When I think of the good and the wise.

My books shall supply me with balm for each blow
 When fortune my best effort spurns ;
 With Swift I will laugh at the high and the low,
 And mourn o'er a "mousie" with Burns.

While sitting at ease by my own fireside,
 A famous old Book on my knee ;
 A lover alone with his beautiful bride,
 Would win little envy from me.

My heart feels at peace as through Book-world I roam,
 The fair realms of fancy are mine,
 And Love's holy spirit now rests on my home,
 My book is the Volume Divine.

ALFRED C. BRANT.

Leicester, 1879.



Excusing a Book's Faults.

"Where faults appeare in Letters, Points, or Words,
 The Printer's ignorance excuse affords :
 And where the Matter or the Forme doth halt,
 The Author may hope pardon for his fault.
 Since as the One, knowes of the tongue no part,
 The other, knowes as little of the heart."

These lines form the heading to the list of errata in *Vox Dei*, by the Rev. Thomas Scott, of Utrecht, published circ. 1623.

T. N. BRUSHFIELD.

Anacreon.

OF the Anacreon printed at Parma in 1784, there were in all but sixty copies, of which only six were on large paper. The editor had intended to embellish the work with various suitable engravings, but the plates were stolen by some person whom he employed, and sold to an English traveller. It has, therefore, only the head of Anacreon engraved from an antique gem.

Foundation of Poesy.

"IF men will impartially and not asquint look towards the offices and functions of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being a great poet without being first a good man."—*Ben Jonson's Dedication to "Volpone."*



Lackington and his Memoirs.

No. 1.

UNDER the familiar and suggestive heading of either "Facetiæ" or "Curious," there is frequently to be found in a bookseller's catalogue the entry of Lackington's "Memoirs." In the library of the bookworm this volume generally has a place. It is, at any rate, well known to the book-hunter, and the intelligent second-hand bookseller finds something kindred in its pages to prompt further acquaintance. Frequently at Puttick's, or at Sotheby's, I have seen a copy "put up." "Has it the portrait?" says one—for alas! our grangerizers have mercilessly robbed not a few copies of the several editions of their frontispieces, and upon this feature the price of the volume is fixed. Not that Lackington's "Memoirs" ever fetches a fancy price, for I never remember seeing a copy go for more than four and sixpence or five shillings; and my own copy is one which I picked up several years ago in Great Portland Street for a shilling. It is indeed a very shabby little half-calf 12mo, minus the portrait, but including the curious triple dedication. As Lackingtoniana are among my *desiderata*, I thought I was fortunate a short time ago to come across a small oil portrait of the famous bookseller. It was the last lot in a day's sale at Sotheby's, and I bought it for two shillings, together with much that I did not want in the same lot. This perhaps makes up for the engraved portrait wanting in my copy.

All who have read the "Memoirs" will recall what an odd character the Finsbury bookseller was; how rapidly he rose from obscurity; how proud and egotistical he became; how fond of display; and yet he was a true lover of literature, although not a book-fancier, for he never, as far as we know, had a taste for Elzevirs, Plantins, or Aldines, but read rather with omnivorous zeal that

he might recommend his wares and be the better tradesman. Much of the "Memoirs" is taken up with religious controversy, in which the author's opinions are expressed very freely against Methodism and other forms of religion; but this part of the volume is of least interest to the bookworm, and for this reason, and from the fact that Lackington in his "Confessions" afterwards withdrew his strictures upon Wesley, it will be better to keep silence.

The early days of the bookseller were passed in a small hamlet, now a thriving town, in Somersetshire, called Wellington. Situated seven miles west of Taunton, Wellington is the centre for a number of neighbouring villages. It is an old-fashioned place on the main Exeter road, with wide streets, a handsome church—with a typical Somersetshire tower—and a lofty monument to commemorate the victories of the Iron Duke, who took his title from the place. There is no possibility now of identifying the house where James Lackington was born. It must suffice to follow the facts stated in his "Memoirs," and say that he was born in Wellington on August 31, 1746. His father, George Lackington, was a cobbler; his mother, the daughter of a poor weaver. The former killed himself by excessive tipping, leaving his wife so poor that she could not afford the twopence requisite weekly for the schooling of James. The early education of Lackington was therefore neglected, and the consequence was that it became his chief delight to excel in all kinds of boyish mischief; "so that if any old woman's lantern was kicked out of her hand, or if her door was nailed up, I was sure to be accused as the author whether I really were so or not." As a promising sign of Lackington's future success, he tells us that there was in the Wellington of 1756 a man who plied the harmless industry of crying apple-pies through the streets. Observing the success of this man, Lackington allied himself with a baker, and vended in a similar manner such desirable "halfpenny pies and halfpenny plum puddings" with such a suavity of manner that the feelings and tastes of eighteenth-century Wellingtonians were at once gained in his favour, and the original pieman was eclipsed. For several years after this Lackington applied himself with zeal to shoemaking and cobbling, a calling which has every reason to be proud of many of its followers. First at Taunton, and afterwards at Bristol, he followed the same pursuit, struggling against many difficulties. It was in the streets of the last-mentioned place that there first came to him that unquenchable thirst for knowledge which led to his fortune. Whilst strolling among the old book-shops of Bristol he picked up some of the writings of the Stoics, the Greek philosophers, and of

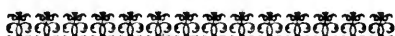
Confucius. In following the self-denying teachings of these pagans he almost discarded eating and drinking, and was filled with rapture on reading that Epicurus lived in his garden on a halfpenny a day. The spirit of enterprise was by no means wanting in Lackington's character, so in 1773 he resolved on trying his fortunes in London, leaving Nancy, his wife, behind for a time until he could afford to pay her fare. From this time his career is one of unchecked progress. His love of books had grown with increased knowledge, and in 1774, having deserted St. Crispin, he opened a bookstall in Featherstone Street, St. Luke's, with a sack of old divinity which he had purchased for a guinea. Here he remained for six months, and during that time his stock had increased from five to twenty-five pounds in value. Soon after this he removed to 46, Chiswell Street, and whilst there his wife—the Nancy Smith of former days—died. "She was," says her husband, "in reality one of the best of women; and though for about four years she was ill for the greatest part of the time, which involved me in the very depth of poverty and distress, yet I never once repented having married her." Sooner perhaps than was consistent with good taste, Lackington married his second wife, Miss Dorcas Turton, on January 30, 1776. This young lady was "fond of books," brought him many customers, and assisted him by her sympathy, as we can well understand. In chapter xxiv. of his "Memoirs" Lackington tells a curious anecdote of Miss Turton, how that when she was between sixteen and seventeen, and was being led to the Hymeneal altar for the first time, though much against her will, to be married to a man she did not care at all for, "The clergyman asked her if she would have this man to be her wedded husband? She, to the great astonishment of her lover and the old parson, answered 'No!' The good old divine, in a very gruff manner, asked her why she came there. 'Because I was forced to it,' she replied; and away she ran out of the church as fast as she could, leaving the father, mother, lover, and the old doctor, to settle matters as they would."

One of Lackington's favourite works at this time was Amory's "Life of John Bunce," the reading of which excluded all his Methodism, and furthermore made him very sceptical.

The Chiswell Street business soon increased, and Lackington only wanted further capital to double it. Soon after he commenced business as a bookseller he had found in one John Denis a man much after his own heart; Denis, possessed of some capital, joined his friend, and in 1779 Lackington and Co. published their first catalogue of 12,000 volumes. Denis himself was a considerable

collector, and had a library similar, I should imagine, to that of the late Mr. Hockley, consisting almost entirely of mystical and alchemical books, such as Joseph Glanvil's "Sadducismus Triumphatus" and Scot's "Discovery of Witchcraft." The partnership was, however, not continued beyond two years, for Lackington, anxious apparently to play first fiddle and keep the upper hand, thereby estranged his friend Denis.

A. L. HUMPHREYS.



Editions of Milton.

HE (Mr. James Lennox) undertook to bring into his net all the editions of Milton, and succeeded in acquiring, it is believed, nearly all the known editions, as well as many not previously recognized of the early separate pieces in both prose and verse of the author of "Areopagitica" and "Paradise Lost." Indeed his collection of Miltons exceeds that of the British Museum and that of the Bodleian put together, rich as those libraries are in Miltons.—*Stevens's "Recollections of Mr. James Lennox."*

Leland on a Library.

SOME years ago I was at Glastonbury, where there is the most ancient and famous monastery of our island, recreating my mind, which was exhausted by severe study, until a new ardour of reading and learning should seize me. That ardour came unexpectedly. Whereupon I betook myself to the library (not open to everybody), that I might diligently turn over the sacred relics of antiquity. Scarcely had I crossed the threshold when the sole contemplation of these ancient books filled me with I know not what—a sort of religious fear or stupor, and made me pause. Then, having saluted the genius of the place, I most curiously examined for some days all the shelves; during which search I found amongst marvellous old manuscripts of antiquity a fragment of the 'History of Melchin.'

Translations.

IT has been well said that to translate a book is like pouring honey from one vessel into another—something must always be lost.



Early Editions of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

IN a previous article on the "Pilgrim's Progress" (*ante*. p. 87) we considered its peculiar literary position, and the circumstances of its production and first publication. This first part of the Pilgrim, which was published early in 1678, met with wide and immediate popularity, to the surprise of Bunyan, who seems to have been captive of his own beautiful creations, and to have produced his allegory under an unconscious impulse, and without thought of his readers. It has been said that the "Pilgrim's Progress" is the last great English book which was written before the spectre of the Reviewer arose across the path of authorship. It is clear to those who have read the life of Bunyan—especially the comprehensive work which we owe to Dr. John Brown, minister of the church at Bunyan meeting, Bedford—that this allegory was the flower of Bunyan's genius, and, unconsciously to himself, the supreme work of his life. Many of his works have a recognizable synthesis; they were frequently elaborations of discourses; or they were suggested by special experiences. In the case of the allegory, the process was an unconscious one.

Three editions were called for within a year. The work grew on Bunyan's hands, and each edition contains variations and additions. The most important addition made to the second issue was the introduction of Mr. Worldly Wiseman; and to the third the additions to the story of Mr. By-Ends. It was in this third edition (1679) that the work received its first pictorial illustration, an engraving by Robert White, which is here produced. Here we have a portrait of Bunyan sleeping over a den in which there is a lion, while above him his pilgrim, Christian, with book, staff, and burden, is toiling up from the City of Destruction.

Dr. Brown thus notes the variations in these three editions which

so rapidly succeeded each other : "In the first edition there was no description of Christian breaking his mind to his wife and children, no appearance of Mr. Worldly Wiseman, no second meeting with Evangelist, no account given by Christian to Goodwill at the wicket-gate of his own turning aside. Christian's discourse with



Charity at the Palace Beautiful was added afterwards, as were the four verses on his leaving the palace. The other additions were the third appearance of Evangelist as the Pilgrims were nearing Vanity Fair; the further account of Mr. By-End's rich relations, with the conversation which took place between him and his friends, and between him and the Pilgrims; the sight of Lot's wife turned to a

pillar of salt, with the talk it occasioned; the whole account of Diffidence, the wife of Giant Despair; and finally, the description of the Pilgrims being met on the farther side of the river by the king's trumpeters in white and shining raiment. It may be mentioned further that in the first edition several of the songs were introduced without the sentences which afterwards connected them with the narrative in dialogue."

The accretions to Bunyan's original sketch are very interesting, and we shall recur to the subject of the editions of the work and give some account of the publication of the second part of the "Pilgrim's Progress." The late Mr. Ofor collected examples of many editions, but he was outdone by Mr. Lennox of New York, who, through Mr. Stevens, appears to have hunted the world for editions of his favourite author. In the "Recollections," Mr. Stevens tells us that Mr. Lennox "not only edited an edition of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' but undertook to collect all editions and translations of it. In this he was particularly successful, having eventually acquired nearly every one of the early English editions of Parts i., ii., and iii., as numbered from the first to the thirty-second. No collection known can be compared with his, that of the late Mr. Ofor being in no way equal to it. Indeed for nearly twenty years I carried in my pocket lists of the editions of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' he had, as well as those known ones he wanted, and in that way catered earnestly, allowing nothing to slip through my fingers that it was possible to secure for him. I reading catalogues and reports from all parts of the world, one eye at least was always kept peeled for his desiderata."



Lady Authors.

DR. JOHNSON was talking to Mrs. Thrale and Sir Philip Jennings in 1779 of the amazing progress made of late years in literature by the women. He said he was astonished at it, and told them that he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was all accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything.—*Diary of Madame d'Arblay.*



Some Sentiments of a Bookworm.

(CULLED FROM THE WORKS OF ISAAC DISRAELI.)

THE who passes much of his time amid such vast resources (as a library affords) and does not aspire to make some small addition, were it only by a critical catalogue, must indeed be not more animated than a leaden Mercury. He must be as indolent as that animal called the sloth, who perishes on the tree he climbs after he has eaten all its leaves.

Fortunate are those who only consider a book for the utility and pleasure they may derive from its possession. Students who know much, and still thirst to know more, may require this vast sea of books ; yet in that sea they may suffer many shipwrecks.

Great collections of books are subject to certain accidents besides the damp, the worms, and the rats ; one not less is that of the borrowers, not to say a word of the purloiners !

A turn or two in a garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripened thought, and raise up fresh associations, whenever the mind, like the body, becomes rigid by preserving the same posture.

I believe that a philosopher would consent to lose any poet to regain an historian ; nor is this unjust, for some future poet may arise to supply the vacant place of a lost poet, but it is not so with the historian. Fancy may be supplied ; but Truth once lost in the annals of mankind leaves a chasm never to be filled.

A preface being the entrance to a book should invite by its beauty. An elegant porch announces the splendour of the interior. I have observed that ordinary readers skip over these little elaborate compositions. For my part I always gather amusement from a preface, be it awkwardly or skilfully written ; for dulness, or impertinence, may raise a laugh for a page or two.

If genius has too often complained of its patrons, has it not also often overvalued their protection ?

Of the pleasures derivable from the cultivation of the arts, sciences and literature, time will not abate the growing passion ; for old men still cherish an affection and feel a youthful enthusiasm in those pursuits when all others have ceased to interest. In advanced life we may resume our former studies with a new pleasure, and in old age we may enjoy them with the same relish with which more youthful students commence.

The student or the artist who may shine a luminary of learning and of genius, in his work, is found, not rarely to lie obscured beneath a heavy cloud in colloquial discourse. If you love the man of letters, seek him in the privacies of his study. It is in the hour of confidence and tranquillity that his genius shall elicit a ray of intelligence more fervid than the labours of polished composition.

What a consolation for an aged parent to see his child, by the efforts of his own merits, attain from the humblest obscurity to distinguished eminence ! What a transport for the man of sensibility to return to the obscure dwelling of his parent, and to embrace him, adorned with public honours !

A man of letters, more intent on the acquisition of literature than on the intrigues of politics, or the speculations of commerce, may find a deeper solitude in a populous metropolis than in the seclusion of the country.

The student who is no flatterer of the little passions of men, will not be much incommoded by their presence.



A Bookseller of the Georgian Era.

MR. WALLIS, writing on the early history of the printing-press in Derby, says Jeremiah Roe, a bookseller in Derby, had a shop where he seems to have combined the sale of books and quack medicines. This was his advertisement :

ADVERTISEMENT.

By JEREMIAH ROE, near the Market-Head in
Derby, are sold as cheap as in London,

All sorts of Bibles, Common Prayers, and all other sorts of Books ; also the best Writing Paper from *Holland*, with Shop Books, Pocket Books, and all other sorts of Stationery Wares. He also sells the true Original Daffy's Elixir and Sloughton's Elixir. Gentlemen by sending their *orders* to him for *Books* shall have them expeditiously answered. He also buys *libraries*, or *Parcels* of old Books.



The First Folio Shakespeare, 1623.

No. II.

THE dedication which was re-printed in the previous article on this subject (*ante*, p. 164), and the address "To the great Variety of Readers," were both signed by John Heminge and Henry Condell, fellow-members with Shakespeare of the King's company of players. Posterity owes so much to these first editors of Shakespeare, that a few facts in their biography can scarcely be absent from a notice of their work. Heminge was an older man than Shakespeare, and an actor before Shakespeare joined a theatrical company. Before the accession of James, when the Globe and Blackfriars' players were known as the Lord Chamberlain's company, Heminge was a prominent member, and represented the company on various occasions when entering into engagements for the production of plays. When James ascended the throne in 1603, the company became his own special players—called the King's company, and forming in some measure a portion of the royal household. It is an interesting fact that the first play exhibited in England before James I. was by Shakespeare's company, and in the house of the Earl of Pembroke, to whom the first folio is dedicated. In 1615 Heminge, with Burbage, represented the company before the Privy Council for infringement of a prohibition to play during Lent. Heminge lived at Aldermanbury, at a distance from the theatres where he was engaged, which was unusual with players; and this fact is probably explained by his having coupled the calling of a grocer to that of his profession. In 1619, six years after Shakespeare had retired from the stage, Heminge was at the head of the King's players; and it is extremely probable that at this time he was busy collecting the Shakespeare plays for the folio edition. He lived seven years after the publication of that great work, and died October, 1630.

The first definite fact in the life of Condell of which we have record is in the year 1598, when he acted in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*. In the following year he was specially selected by Jonson to perform in *Every Man out of His Humour*. At this time he was living at Aldermanbury, possibly with Heminge. Later on he was able to enjoy the luxury of a country house at Fulham, but he never altogether quitted Aldermanbury, and he died there. In the patent of James I. which constituted Shakespeare's company as His Majesty's players, 1603, the name of Condell stands sixth, following those of Fletcher, Shakespeare, Burbage, Phillips, and Heminge. In another paper, preserved at Dulwich College, the name of Condell precedes that of Heminge, and there is no doubt that he was a prominent member of the company before Shakespeare's retirement. This is an important point, because it is clear that these two men were specially qualified, from personal knowledge of Shakespeare, to become his first editor. Condell was a principal performer, too, in several of Jonson's plays, notably *Sejanus*, in 1603; *Volpone*, in 1605; the *Alchemist*, in 1610; *Cataline*, in 1611. He also bore prominent parts in most of the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher which were brought out before the death of Burbage. But although so closely associated with Heminge, in private and professional life, and although their names invariably appear side by side in documents relating to the company, Condell's name does not appear in the various warrants for payment for performances at Court; and the probability is that he did not seek an active part in the business affairs of the company. Like Heminge, he was a sharer in the two Shakespeare playhouses, the Globe and the Blackfriars.

We now proceed with the next item in the Prolegomena. This is the famous address by Ben Jonson to the memory of Shakespeare,—a magnificent tribute which does honour to Jonson as much as to Shakespeare.

To the memory of my beloued,

The AVTHOR

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE :

AND

what he hath left us.



*O draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy Booke, and Fame :
While I confesse thy writings to be such,
As neither Man, nor Muse, can praise too much.*

'Tis true, and all mens suffrage. But these wayes
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
 For seeliest Ignorance on these may light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but eccho's, right;
 Or blinde Affection, which doth ne're advance
 The Truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
 Or crafty Malice, might pretend this praise,
 And thinke to ruine, where it seem'd to raise.
 These are, as some infamous Baud, or Whore,
 Should praise a Matron. What could hurt her more?
 But thou art prooffe against them, and indeed
 Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I, therefore will begin. Soule of the age!
 The applause! delight! the wonder of our Stage!
 My Shakespeare, rise; I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye
 A little further, to make thee a roome:
 Thou art a Monument, without a tombe,
 And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mixe thee so, my braine excuscs;
 I meane with great, but disproportion'd Muses:
 For, if I thought my judgment were of yeeres,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peeres,
 And tell, how farre thou didst our Lily out-shine,
 Or sporting Kid, or Marlowes mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latine, and lesse Greeke,
 From thence to honour thee, I would not seeke
 For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschilius,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
 Paccuius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To life againe, to heare thy Buskin tread,
 And shake a Stage: Or, when thy Sockes were on,
 Leave thee alone, for the comparison
 Of all, that insolent Greece, or hautie Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britaine, thou hast one to shewe,
 To whom all Scenes of Europe homage owe.
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When like Apollo he came forth to warme
 Our eares, or like a Mercury to charme!
 Nature her selfe was proud of his designes,
 And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other Wit.
 The merry Greeke, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated, and deserted lye
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all: Thy Art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.

For though the Poets matter, Nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion. And, that he,
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses anvil: turne the same,
 (And himselfe with it) that he thinkes to frame;
 Or for the lawrell, he may gaine a scorne,
 For a good Poet's made, as well as borne,
 And such wert thou. Looke how the fathers face
 Lives in his issue, even so, the race
 Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
 In his well torned, and true-fild lines:
 In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
 As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appeare,
 And make those flights upon the bankes of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the Hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a Constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou starre of Poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
 Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despaire's day, but for thy Voïumes light.

BEN: IONSON.



A Cathedral Library.

THE Rev. H. L. Jones, in a note to a paper on the Cathedral Church of Bangor, in *Archæologia Cambrensis*, says:—

“In the chapter-room of the cathedral church of Bangor is contained the collection of books belonging to the Dean and Chapter. The members of this learned body are such studious men, and make such constant use of this library, that they have not time to replace on the shelves the books taken down for consultation; but they throw them in confusion into a corner of the room, where between four and five hundred volumes of all kinds and sizes lie in dust, a chaos of literary confusion—at least we cannot otherwise account for this fact. Some of the works of reference deposited here are of considerable value; and there are many of the choicest editions—rare Aldines and Stephens’, as well as some early black letters and specimens of wood engraving. The collection of state pamphlets, and of the public records, is of unusual choice and of some value.”



The First Edition of Burns.

THE first edition of the poems of Robert Burns was published towards the end of July, 1786. It is, says Professor Blackie, "a volume which will ever remain a precious rarity in the select libraries of the best British literature." The edition was limited to six hundred and twelve copies, and of that number three hundred and fifty were subscribed for before publication. In two months the stock that remained after subscribers had been served became exhausted, and the author had netted £20 by his adventure. The great scarcity of copies of this edition shows with what avidity the book was perused. What few copies remain bear testimony, by their thumb-marked pages, to the same fact.

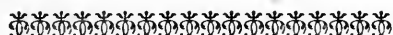
The library of the British Museum possesses two copies of this first edition, and one of them is enriched with MS. notes by Robert Burns himself. We refer to that marked "C. 28, f. 2." In the twelfth stanza of "The Holy Fair," the name indicated by stars in the text has been filled in in manuscript with the name "*Moodie*," and a foot-note, also in manuscript, reads, "*Minister at Riccartoun*." In the fourteenth stanza of the same poem the name "*Smith*" has been supplied at the commencement of the fifth line, and a note at the bottom of the page reads "*at Galston*." In the sixteenth stanza "*Peebles*" is written in, with the note "*Newtown of Air*." The second word of the seventeenth stanza has been supplied in manuscript, "*Miller*," and there is a foot-note, "*Assistant-preacher at Auchencruive (?)*" Again, in the twenty-first stanza, "*Russel*" is supplied, with the foot-note "*Kilmarnock*." The poetical epistle (page 69), addressed "To J. S * * * *," and commencing—"Dear S * * * *," the sleest, pawkie thief," has written above it, "*James Smith, Shop keeper, Mauchlin*." "The Cotter's Saturday Night, inscribed to R. A. * * * *, Esq.," has the name "*Robt. Aiken, Air*," added

in manuscript. The "Epistle to a young friend" (page 176) has "*Andw. Aitken, Ayr,*" written under the title.

There are numerous other additions and notes in manuscript throughout the volume. Among them are one or two quotations from Horace and Virgil. At the end of the final stanza of "The Lament occasioned by the unfortunate issue of a Friend's amour," the author has written, "*Ah, Omnia Vincet Amor.*" This is the quotation from Virgil which Burns used when a lady asked him whether he had not enjoyed the benefit of drill in the language of the Romans. He promptly replied that all he knew of Latin was contained in three words, "*Omnia Vincet Amor!*"

At the end of "The Farewell" Burns has written, "*At this time the author intended going to Jamaica.*" The "Epitaph on a Henpecked Country Squire" bears the explanatory note, "*Campbell of Netherplace.*"

The book contains two hundred and forty octavo pages, and was printed by John Wilson in tolerably bold type. A perfect and well-preserved copy of this edition is worth perhaps about £50, but the value of this particular copy is of course much greater on account of the manuscript notes which it contains. Many of these manuscript additions in the handwriting of Burns have been embodied in subsequent editions of his poems.



A Scribe's Agreement.


THE following agreement is preserved in the Partidas—

"Know all men to whom this writing shall come, that Pero Martinez the scribe, promiseth, consenteth, and bindeth himself to the Dean of Toledo, to write for him the text of such a book, and that he will write it and go on with it till it be completed, in such a hand as he hath written for a sample in the first leaf of this book, before me N. Notary Public, who have made this writing, and the witnesses whose names are hereunto subjoined.—Also the aforesaid scribe promiseth that he will not labour in writing any other work till this book be finished. And he engageth to do this for the sum of thirty maravedis, ten of which he acknowledgeth to have received from the aforesaid Dean, and the other maravedis are to be paid in this manner: ten when half the book shall have been written, and the other ten when it is finished."



De ortu Typographiæ.

GUTENBERG ? COSTER.

OSTER of Haarlem the inventor of Printing? 'Tis a mere figment born of national vanity. There is not an atom of real evidence to prove that a man named *Coster* ever existed as a printer. "Stat nominis Umbra," and very shady is the whole story, being nothing more than empty theory, supported by phrases such as "in all probability"—"irresistible deduction"—"must have been," and similar empty words, which sound big to the ear, but which added all together = 0. Applying the usual laws of evidence to the arguments of Costerians, there is simply "no case." The evidence of the "Cologne Chronicle" is twisted and strained to support the claims of Holland. The writer of that work had no idea that his words would in future ages become a battle-field for nations, or he would have taken good care to have made himself better acquainted with the early chronology of the art. Costerians admit that he is wrong in his account of the towns to which the art was first taken; why then do they insist so strongly on his verbal accuracy just where it tells in their favour?

It is now admitted that on each side various documents have been forged or falsified. More's the pity, for they have confused and mystified the question greatly. Mr. Hessels says that "in the case of Gutenberg far more forgeries have been perpetrated than in that of the Haarlem inventor." But supposing this absurd dictum to be true (which it is not), the character of such forgeries is very different in the two cases. On the one side they are unimportant as regards the invention—on the other vital. The false documents concocted by Bodmann, the Archeviste of Strasbourg, and others, in the Gutenberg interest, concern points of family history only, with

scarcely the remotest interest typographically. They would add materials, if true, to his biography, but would not add an iota to his claim to be the first printer with types. On the other hand the Coster typography rests entirely on a padded legend, cooked up for the national palate by Junius—on the Costerian pedigree concocted by Gerrit Thomaszoon and the bare faced falsifications of Meerman, De Vries and others. Compare such an imposter with *Gutenberg*! a real man of flesh and blood about whose existence there is no doubt; and whose abilities as a printer even Mr. Hessels does not deny, although he dates them later than his opponents. He uses some clever arguments to show that the early books hitherto attributed to Gutenberg were printed at Bamberg by Pfister; but here he is evidently conscious that his argument proves too much, for, carried out consistently, it would prove that Gutenberg never printed at all. This would be such a flying in the face of universally received evidence, that he wisely if illogically stops in his destructive career. It would indeed be a difficult task to explain the spread of Gutenberg's fame not only as a printer, but as the first printer, if we eliminate from his history the Donatuses in the Bible type, the Indulgences, and the first Bible. But as an historical fact, we find his name and his fame spread through Germany, Italy, France, England (*see* Caxton's "Chronicle"), and we may say all Europe, a century before any one ever heard of Coster. Mr. Hessels pretends that Gutenberg himself spread the rumours about himself; but the argument is very weak and untenable, for surely if Gutenberg had wished at all to uphold his fame, a simple claim at the end of his great Bible would have been much more efficacious than a roundabout plan of getting his friends Ivo Wittig, A. Gelthus, and others, to proclaim him the inventor of printing. Two words, "*Gutenberg fecit*," at the end of any of his works would have served the purpose. His omission to do this was probably owing to his pride, which persuaded him not to boast of what all the world knew, and for which all the world at that very time gave him credit. Mr. Hessels' whole argument is here weak—weak in the extreme—especially in supposing that debt would make him reticent.

Here, too, we must note the difference of tone in the earliest notices of the invention. The "Cologne Chronicle" mentions Holland but not a word of Coster—Gutenberg is the hero. For a century and a half no record mentions Coster, but after Junius wrote his "*Batavia*" the legendary figure fills Dutch literature. On the other hand, there is no doubt as to Gutenberg's first appearance. A good deal of his biography unconnected with printing is known,

and when as a printer he is first spoken of, we find his name and fame the common property of the nations.

The earliest positive notice connecting Gutenberg by name with typography appears in an interesting Latin preface to a special copy of "Gasparinus" printed by Gering, at Paris, in 1472. It was written by Prof. Fichet, of the Sorbonne, he who with Jean Heynlin started the first printing-press on French soil. He there speaks at great length of the immense importance to mankind of the newly invented art which had been discovered in Germany. The important part is thus translated: "People say¹ in these parts (*i.e.* Paris) that a man named Gutenberg,² not far from Mayence, was formerly the first inventor of the Printing-Art, by means of which with rapidity, precision, and elegance, books are made by means of metal letters and no longer by means of a reed-pen as of old, nor with a quill as in our days . . . Gutenberg has discovered the way of engraving letters by means of which all that can be said or thought is at once reproduced so that it descends to posterity." When these words were printed, the Sorbonne printers, Gering, Friburger, and Crantz, had been at work about two years. They were pupils from the German school of typography, and we can hardly resist the conviction that they gave Fichet his information and that they had personal knowledge of its accuracy.

The expression, "people here say," which has been taken to prove hearsay only, does not mean that the writer had any doubt of the truth of his information—it was simply a colloquial phrase for "the general belief." This discovery, therefore, of Fichet's evidence is of great interest and importance in the history of the invention. Mr. Bullen plainly showed this in the interesting paper read by him on the subject at a meeting of the Association of Librarians.

After Fichet in 1472, the next notice of Gutenberg is found in the "Chronicon" of Lignamine dated 1474. He mentions Gutenberg as a printer, and from that time onward there is an unbroken testimony in every age and in every country to the same effect.

Examining critically the earliest remains of the German press, we get into great confusion if we dethrone Gutenberg. Who could have printed the early indulgences, one of which bears the year 1454, if Gutenberg did not? His efforts there and upon the large type Donatuses, of which several fragments have been preserved,

¹ The Latin is "ferunt enim illic," which M. Philippe translates "on rapporte dans cette contrée."

² The Latin is "Bonemontanus."

would be a fitting and useful prelude to such grand works as the Bible and Psalter, and they afford a complete reply to those who say that these magnificent specimens could never have been the first efforts of any infant press. Depend upon it, if time, as Costerians say, is to prove so much in favour of their theory, it is still more likely to unfold new Donatuses and unknown editions of the Speculum in the types of Gutenberg, and possibly with his name or some note of their origin. It is a weak cause that takes unknown discoveries for evidence.

No! Gutenberg is king. Mr. Hessels may spin out his fine-drawn and prolix arguments—may arrange his regiments of “must-have-beens” and probabilities, but “an ounce of fact is worth a ton of probabilities,” and fact and history and general belief down to the present day are all against him. His shady Costeriana will never be supported by a real date, and in spite of him and them Gutenberg will reign through all ages as the great inventor of Typography.

And now, as the writer of the foregoing articles I feel that, having stated the arguments on each side with as much fairness as I can, a personal opinion may be expected from me, and without hesitation I will give it.

The evidence on each side may be enlarged in the course of years, but so far as it goes at present it is strongly in favour of a first rude invention of movable types in Holland by some one whose name may have been Coster. The claim of Gutenberg upon the respect of posterity rests on his great improvements—so great as to entitle him in a sense to be deemed the inventor—foremost in excellence if not first in time.

WILLIAM BLADES.



First Hebrew Type Used in England.

DR. ROBERT WAKEFIELD, chaplain to King Henry VIII., published his “*Oratio de Laudibus*,” &c., but he was obliged to omit his whole third part because the printer (Wynkyn de Worde) had no *Hebrew* types. There are, however, some few Hebrew and Arabic characters introduced; but they are extremely rude and evidently cut in wood, and the first of the sort used in England.



Caxton's Monument.

AT the anniversary meeting of the Roxburghe Club, in June, 1819, it was resolved to erect a monument to the memory of Caxton, in the church of St. Margaret, Westminster. The table is composed of the finest dove-coloured marble, enclosing an oblong panel of white, delicately veined with blue. Above the panel rises a pediment, having the device of Caxton engraved in the centre; and on either side of the inscription are two small pilasters. The words of the inscription are as follow :—

TO THE MEMORY
of
WILLIAM CAXTON
who first introduced into Great Britain
the Art of Printing ;
and who, A.D. 1477, or earlier,
exercised that Art
in the Abbey of Westminster.
This Tablet,
in remembrance of one
to whom
the Literature of this Country
is so largely indebted,
was raised
Anno Domini MDCCCXX.
by the Roxburghe Club.
Earl Spencer, K.G., President.



Ben Jonson's Portrait.

AS the question of Ben Jonson's portrait has been introduced to your readers (*ante*, p. 125), it may interest some of them to know that in an ancient inn in Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, called the "Ben Jonson," there is a curious old sign bearing on its two sides two portraits of "Rare Ben," one as a youth, the other as an elderly man, painted on plaster.

Not being a connoisseur, I cannot tell whether the portraits are authentic likenesses of the poet, but they seem very old, and the landlady says that the sign has lain in a garret almost from time immemorial, and that it has only lately been drawn from obscurity.

Perhaps some one who may be a judge of such things may like to call and examine this interesting relic, with a view to giving us the benefit of his opinion. I am sure he would be courteously received by the landlady.

THOMAS PAGE.

Sale of Maittaire's Books.

THE library of Michael Maittaire was of incalculable value from its great variety, from the number of early printed books which it contained, from the extraordinary collection of Greek and Latin tracts, by the famous French printers of the sixteenth century, from the most uncommon books in criticism which it exhibited, and, lastly, from the high reputation of its possessor. The collection was so large that it was not sold in less than forty-five evenings, yet the whole produced little more than seven hundred pounds. It is possible as the number was so great, that some of the books were in bad condition. That they were not, however, generally so, may be presumed from many of them which were in Mead's, Askew's, Hoblyn's, and other libraries, and which were known to have been purchased at this sale.

The catalogue is far from common, but a priced one is in itself of great curiosity and value. The following are instances of the low prices at this sale:—

Cebetis Tabula—Basiliæ Magni Oratio—Plutarchus de liberorum educatione—Xenophontis Hiero. 12mo. Sine Typographi Loci aut anni indicio. 12mo. The former book was printed by Zach. Caliergus at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It is of well-known rarity. This book sold for one shilling and sixpence.

Euclidis Elementorum Libri xv. Græce cum Epistola Angeli Caiæni prefatoria—apud Antonium Bladium Romæ. 1545. 12mo. This is also an uncommon book, and sold for the same sum as the preceding.

Kingsley on Books.

EXCEPT a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—a message to us from the dead—from human souls whom we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away; and yet these, in those little sheets of paper, speak to us, amuse us, terrify us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers. I say we ought to reverence books, to look at them as useful and mighty things. If they are good and true, whether they are about religion or politics, farming, trade, or medicine, they are the medicine of Christ, the maker of all things, the teacher of all truth.

MSS. Restored from the Deep.

THE works of Tostatus had a lucky resurrection from the deep. Cardinal Ximenes, or rather Cisneros (as he should properly be called), sent the manuscript to Venice to be printed; the ship in which they were embarked encountered a violent storm in the Gulph of Lyons; all the lading was thrown overboard to lighten her, and the bishop's works among the rest. The passengers with great difficulty got to shore, and the next day they saw the chest which contained these papers come floating safely to the beach. The fact was proved at Rome by sixteen eye-witnesses, and their legal attestations are probably at this time to be seen at Salamanca. It is not to be wondered at that the Catholics were disposed to believe this circumstance miraculous, considering the specific gravity of the contents of the chest.—*Southey*.

John Bunyan's "Holy War."

A VERY beautiful manuscript was once put into my hands by a provincial bookseller, to whom it had been offered for publication, containing two tragedies upon the subject of John Bunyan's "Holy War." It was the composition of a lady, who had fitted together scraps from Shakespeare, Milton, Young's "Night Thoughts," and Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets," into this form, with no other liberty than that of occasionally altering a name. The Lady Constance, I remember, was converted into the Lady Conscience, and whole speeches and scenes were thus introduced in a wholesale sort of cento. The Ghost in Hamlet also did for an Earl Conscience.—*Southey*.

A Book Motto.

EVERY great book is an action and every great action is a book.



Americana.

IT has ever been the pride of Americans that English literature is their inalienable heritage, and perhaps the less palpable tie of thought and idea which subsists between us is of more lasting a nature than any political tie could be. This being accepted, it is not uninteresting to glance at the vicissitudes of our book-commerce with them. In doing this we are at first disappointed to find the American, while glorifying the literature of Old England (as being his), manifesting a lack of any feeling of obligation in a practical form. But we should be unjust to the American if we did not remember that books were and are an article of commerce, and must be affected by influences and considerations quite distinct from (often at variance with) the tendency which is enshrined in the printed pages themselves.

Writing in 1853, in the Introduction to his "Catalogue of my English Library," Mr. Henry Stevens showed a generous desire to see this apparent inconsistency rectified, feeling doubtless that where books are concerned Americans should seek to be fair with us:—

"I have purposely avoided giving prices, as at present—particularly with regard to exportation of new books from England to America—the prices are by no means fixed: the discount varying, according to circumstances, from twenty-five to seventy-five per cent. from the published prices, as indicated in the London catalogue and Lowe's British Catalogue, to which the reader is referred for prices of most of the books published in England within the last forty years. First-class books, not new, owing chiefly to the greatly increased demand from the United States, have risen of late much in value; while second-rate books were never cheaper. If, however, the American book collector import his library directly from London by his own order, as he may now do in any part of the United States, owing to the admirable

facilities offered by the several international express agencies; and if he pay only a single commission of ten per cent. on the net cost of book and binding, he will find that English books are not much, if any, dearer than the same class of copy-righted American works.

"It is peculiarly gratifying to an American to see the activity displayed recently by his countrymen in the book marts of the Old World. A few years ago the veriest trash was deemed good enough for exportation to Jonathan, who was then proverbially not over particular as to the edition or condition of his books, provided he had enough of them. Now, however, he buys more largely, more tastefully, and much more intelligently. You find him often the boldest bidder for bibliographical rarities, and see him mousing about and ransacking the shops and stalls of Europe. He is always ready and anxious to secure for his library those literary gems which are so wont to delight the heart and empty the pockets of the bibliophile. But liberal and extravagant as you find him abroad, if you follow him home and refer to his laws you will see that they are anything but liberal and encouraging to private libraries; and hence chiefly the reputed high prices of English books in America.

"The import duty into the United States upon all classes, old or new, of 'printed books, magazines, pamphlets, periodicals, and illustrated newspapers, bound or unbound, not otherwise provided for,' is ten per cent. on the cost or 'market value' in the country whence exported, a duty much higher than that of any other civilized country. This 'not otherwise provided for' means that books imported for public libraries pay no duty, and that 'periodicals and other works in the course of printing and republication in the United States' (I quote from the existing law, passed July 30, 1846) pay a duty of twenty per cent., *ad valorem*, which acts, in fact, as a premium of ten per cent. upon literary piracy. A law so unjust and absurd as this, one would think, need only be pointed out as an oversight, or clause interpolated by dishonourable means and overlooked, to be repealed, or at least to be liberally construed as in other cases; but one blushes to acknowledge that it is at present enforced as strictly at New York, though not at Boston, as if the American book-making resources required protection to develop them.

"The present tariff of ten per cent. acts most strangely and unjustly upon early English literature, of which we are ever and everlastingly boasting as ours by inheritance. I have paid an import duty of seventy-five dollars upon a single volume of Shakespeare, the first folio edition of 1623, originally published at one pound, but now, by reason of its extreme rarity, worth £150. What is the market value

of such a book, which almost never appears in the market? Is it the published price of one pound or this fictitious or fancy value of £150? I have paid twenty dollars on a small volume of Spenser's tracts, which cost me £40, though originally published probably for not more than ten shillings. On the first edition of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' I have paid almost as much duty for a single volume as Milton received of Symons, his publisher, for the entire copyright. Yet we are always bragging of Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, and all other English authors published prior to 1776 as belonging as much to us as to England! Then, Jonathan, if they be really ours, why tax them so enormously as foreign merchandize?

"Old books printed prior to the year 1802 enter England duty free, and those printed since 1802 pay only fifteen shillings a hundred-weight, if they come from a country enjoying with Great Britain an international copyright; if not, they pay thirty shillings. Books should pay duty by weight or by volume, if at all; but in a country like ours, where intelligence and education are not only our proudest boast, but are the basis of our institutions, and where for the want of an international copyright law the best of our books (with a few exceptions) are pirated reprints without compensation of the authors of the mother-country, the least we could honourably do, one would think, with a clear conscience and a full treasury, would be to admit foreign books, especially those in our own language, free of duty.

"Christian Reader, to you as an American and a man who acts wisely, deals justly, and votes intelligently, I submit these considerations, relying on you and the 'assembled wisdom of our nation' in the coming session of Congress, to see these matters placed in a shape more honourable to the model Republic."



First Printing in Russia.

BACHMEISTER, in his essay on the St. Petersburg Library, asserts that printing was exercised at Wilna, a populous city of European Russia, so early as 1517, and cites an edition of the "Acts of the Apostles" of that date, a copy of which he declares to be in the patriarchal library at Moscow. Henderson also notices printing at Wilna in 1525. In 1583 the Socinians established a press here. Wilna is the capital of Lithuania, and has a bishop's see, a castle, a royal palace, and a university erected so early as 1570.



The Mazarin Bible.

ON the 15th of June, 1887, the Earl of Crawford's copy of the Mazarin Bible was sold by public auction at the sale rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, Wellington Street, Strand. An unusual number of gentlemen interested in bibliography and bookselling filled the room, and just before the time came for the book to be sold, a few ladies, as well as Lord Crawford and other gentlemen, joined the audience. When the book was put up, Mr. Quaritch said that he well remembered buying the identical copy thirty years before for £695. The Bible was "put up" at that figure, and the bidding, £100 each bid, immediately commenced. Finally the book was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch for £2,650. The following is a note in the sale catalogue by the Earl of Crawford relating to the book :

"This excessively rare edition, of which a copy sold for £3,900 in Sir John Thorold's sale, has been styled, unjustly to Germany, the Mazarin Bible ever since the discovery by Debure of a copy in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, but latterly is now called the Gutenberg Bible. It is printed in double columns, without title, pagination, or signatures, and contains 641 leaves (vol. i. 324 ff., vol. ii. 317 ff.). In the first *nine* pages there are 40 lines to the page (column), in the *tenth* page there are 41 lines, and in the remainder of the pages there are 42 lines. This is one of the original impressions of the work, in later copies the first ten pages were reprinted so as to make 42 lines to the column throughout. In the *first* issue the headings of St. Jerome's Epistles and of the First Book of Genesis were printed in red ink, the rest written in red ink ; in the second issue all are written. The letters used are large, and similar to those used by scribes for manuscript Church Missals and Choral Books, and for firmness of paper, brightness of ink, and exact uniformity of impression, this Bible has never been surpassed by any other work. In contemplating the

splendid workmanship, it seems marvellous that the invention of printing should by a single effort have exhibited the perfection of the art. To the collector of rare books printed in the fifteenth century, no work can be more interesting than the first production of the art of printing, and to the theologian the first edition of the Bible must always rank as the foundation-stone for the library of a divine, whilst in every library it must unquestionably be considered the most important specimen of typography, and as a priceless gem by any fortunate owner. Belonged to the Duke of Sussex and Bp. Daly."



Burning Books.

TRITHEMIUS, the celebrated Abbot of Spanheim, died in 1516. He had amassed about 2,000 manuscripts, a literary treasure which excited such general attention, that princes and eminent men travelled to visit him and his library. He was fond of improving steganography, or the art of secret writing; having published several curious books on this subject, they were condemned as works full of diabolical mysteries, and Frederic II., Elector Palatine, ordered the original work, which was in his library, to be publicly burnt.

Novum Testamentum Græcum (Camb.: Buck).

THIS edition of the Greek Testament, printed at Cambridge, by Buck, in 1632, has ever been admired for the perspicuity of its type, as well as for the accuracy of its typography. But it is by no means generally known that the types were borrowed from the sister University of Oxford.

Lord Pembroke was, at that period, the Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and there is said to be a letter in existence from his lordship to the Curators of the University of Oxford, entreating from them the loan of their Greek types, as they made no use of them themselves.—*Beloe*.

Dedications.

OLDMIXON says that one Mr. Henningham bought a dedication of Motteux, haggled with him about the price, and bargained for the number of lines and the superlatives of eulogy: not contented with this, he wrote the dedication himself, and made the miserable author put his name to it.



Johnson's Tavern Resorts and Conversation.

NO. I.—THE MORNING LEVEE, AND IVY LANE CLUB.

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23. C. Carlyle's "Miscellany," 5 vols., 1842.
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7. A. Anderson, Robert, "Life of Johnson," 1815.
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1. C. Cunningham's "London," 1850.
22. B. Browne, Sir Thomas, 3 vols., Bohn, 1852.
3. F. Ferrier, John, "Illustn. Sterne," 2 vols., 1812.
3. C. Croker's "Boswell," 10 vols., 1835.
20. C. Coleridge's "Table Talk," 1836.
3. J. Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson, Shak. Soc., 1842.



JOHNSON'S friends, greatly to the astonishment of the Doctor himself, ranked his wit and humour as characteristics distinguishing him, even more prominently than did the rest of his great faculties. This intelligence astonished and did not altogether please our autocrat. But as the Doctor was undoubtedly greater in conversation¹ than he could ever have become by his pen, the judgment of friends thus conveyed to him was only a contemporary mode of stating the fact that his colloquial gifts outwent his attainments as an author. The solidity of learning and the grace of a perfect style, that ripen slowly in the seclusion of a study, do very little to furnish a man in debating the brilliant nothings of the drawing-room, or with those sudden ideas that flash and disappear at the dinner-table amid the artillery of knives and forks and the clatter of plates. The jostle and whirl on such occasions can only be utilized by wit and humour under the prompting of a practised and not too delicate or scrupulous an individuality. Johnson had, it is true, "a blunt

¹ Carlyle goes so far as to say that his own writings will only serve some future generation as Prolegomena and expository scholia to the *Johnsoniad* of Boswell (23. C. iv. 42).

dignity about him," as Le Fleming said (18. C. i. 205), but he showed little consideration for the feelings and dignity of others, and would often fling his lingual blows about more like a whipper-in of hounds than a symposiarch amongst guests of equal rank and education with himself. He thought that those who sat silent were overwhelmed and drowned by the torrent of the conversation; and those on the other hand, who entered on a joust with him he dearly loved to tumble in the mud, and was delighted at the roar of laughter that usually followed such discomfiture.

The mind and the body of this athlete, both, were coarse and colossal; the quality of all he said was also somewhat coarse: but still the picture that remains in the verbal painting left us by Boswell gives Johnson some title to the first place amongst all the recorded talkers of the universe.¹ Not like Coleridge was he, talking in the transcendental clouds with a spiritual probing that at times grew prophetic, and was always inspired; but a vivid talker, talking strongly, informedly, and in a select grammatical way, upon a universality of topics that every audience felt an interest in, and was glad to enlarge its knowledge of. It was an apotheosis of learned commonplace and common sense, enlivened into some show of individuality and genius by the play of humour and quickly recurring corruscations of a prompt and vigorous wit.²

He really shone most at the tavern; in the tavern-chair he recognized "the throne of human felicity," and with it the fact, however unconsciously, that there ensconced he could most command attention, and on its seat most assume the kingship he so much coveted over men. Let us now relax for a while, to follow him in Boswell, listening at our ease to some of his dialogues in those haunts, joining in with comments of our own if it so please; or if not, letting the curiously wrought picture drift in all its old-world vividness before our eyes.

First of all we see him, in 1743, hurrying away with his school-fellow and friend, Mr. Taylor, to the East-end of town to hear David Garrick at the little theatre in Goodman's Fields—so named

¹ The Rev. Cornelius Ford, his cousin, a man of wit and sense, with singular infelicity remarked to the young Johnson, "You will make your way the more easily in the world, I see, as you are contented to dispute no man's claim to conversation excellence: they will, therefore, more willingly allow your pretensions as a writer." This is good of the man whose table-talk was to browbeat all London (7. A. 19).

² In this connection it is worthy of remark that Johnson says of himself, that he was born almost dead, and could not even cry for some time. The same is related of other notabilities, as Addison, Lord Lyttelton, Voltaire, &c. (18. C. i. 9).

from the farm there whence old Stow tells us that in his youth he brought (1. S. p. 48) many a halfpenny-worth of milk for which he got three ale pints, "and never had less," in the summer. It had only been opened as a theatre in 1729 by Odell, the dramatist (1. C. s.v. *Goodman's Fields*).—David Garrick, "a wine-merchant turned player" (Walpole to Mann, May 20, 1742), was drawing all London thither from the west to Whitechapel to see him; and Johnson now goes over too in a mixed mood, glad that little Davy his pupil, on the one hand, is able to take the town thus by the ear, and a little sore also that a pigmy sort of Cheap Jack, "a showman who exhibited himself for a shilling," should be set in a week or so on the high road to fame and fortune, whilst he who in libraries can "drink up Esil,"—or alone and unaided can in dictionary-work pile Ossa on Olympus till De la Crusca stare, and they out-top the French forty,—must sit in a garret and dine on a shilling and write for taskmasters for twenty years to come, finally to subside with thankfulness to a royal pension for life, and mere subsistence. This may be the best of all possible worlds, but we can excuse Dr. Johnson if on this occasion, forecasting, he somewhat begrudged assent to the aphorism of *Candide*. After the play was over, Johnson, Taylor, and old Giffard passed the evening together at a tavern, and when Garrick joined them, Johnson said that players got into a rant that disregarded accent and emphasis. Garrick and Giffard were ruffled, and Johnson said, "Well now, let me hear you repeat the ninth commandment, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.'" They both mistook the emphasis which should lie upon *not* and *false*. Johnson was delighted with his so-called victory. This makes manifest the force of Johnson's personality which gave him a victory. There is no reason why the accent should fall as he says. *Shalt* and *neighbour* may very well receive the stress in good level reading. This occasion is trivial, but it is so characteristic of Johnson at thirty-five, that it is no trifle, and must be given when we are depicting his salencies (18. C. i. 68).

In 1747, when he was very busy with his dictionary, living part of the time in Holborn—at the *Golden Anchor*, Holborn Bars (18. C. i. 42)—and part in Gough Square (18. C. i. 75), wanting diversity of entertainment he got together a club at the King's Head, a famous beefsteak-house, in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row. It met on Tuesday evenings; the members were nine in number—even in this there was one Scotchman, and the names appear of Dr. Hawkesworth, who wrote for *The Gentleman's Magazine* and edited Swift's works and Cook's "Voyages"; John Payne, the bookseller, and afterwards chief accountant of the Bank, related, as I suppose, to the famous

Payne, bookseller, of the Mews Gate, Charing Cross; and Hawkins, afterwards Sir John. Hawkins has given an account of the club, but as Boswell was not a member, all the topics that wisdom enlarged on there, together with the sallies of wit that enlivened the flitting hours, and to the happy nine made the wheeling moon seem brighter than the sun, have dropped in silence like the chestnut leaves of autumn last, *carent quia vate sacro*.

He was a night-bird this Johnson, it is very clear, and loved when he had work on hand to sit up a whole night and do it. His "Preface" to Dodsley's *Preceptor* was done this way, and his cumbrous allegory, "The Vision of Theodore the Hermit," was knocked off in one night after finishing an evening in Holborn. Percy heard Johnson declare that it was the best thing he ever wrote. I hate allegories in general as much as Johnson hated pastorals. But it has less of the antithetical tautology, or, as he himself might say, the plethoric abundance of adscititious excellences, than many of his writings. There is one forgotten sentence in it that will repay revival, where he describes the sudden approach of an angel to the Hermit in sleep as "when methought, I heard the sound as of a flight of eagles, and a being of more than human dignity stood before me." It is fine this spiritual arrival to an accompaniment of the rustle of eagle quills (7. M. ii. 400). I should like to have seen the literary giant as he put that sentence upon paper. Was he writing it as St. Bride's tolled two, I wonder, in the upper room overlooking little Gough Square, that with its gables up aloft somewhat, to this day, resembles an old beau of the period—General Oglethorpe, for instance,—wearing his cocked hat slightly awry.

This uniform habit of late hours led to another of his indolent and irregular, but nevertheless convivial, ways; namely, his *levee*, for so Boswell calls it (18. C. i. 105). He liked to see numbers about him then. It was on such an occasion that he strolled down at noon from his bedroom, newly risen, and found Mr. Levett had brought Bennet Langton to see him; for Langton, lodging where Levett visited, had heard of him, and begged to be introduced to the author of *The Rambler*, just concluded. He was astonished at the huge form with little dusky wig, and clothes thrown on with a pitchfork. But when the mouth opened the figures of speech soon glorified the figure of eccentricity, and Langton loved him at first onset, whilst Johnson was ready to love Langton for his ancient lineage. "Langton, sir, has a grant of free-warren from King Henry the Second." Love does not go by reason—or at any rate, if it does, this was reason enough for a philosopher.

Day and night, early and late, go in when you would, the tea-table was sure to be spread. *Te veniente die te decedente*, as Boswell writes. Johnson's standing orders were, that at the knock of a visitor at the door, he should be summoned even from his bed. Talk he would, to acquaintance old and new. The press might stand still, the printer's devil wait, or dictation to an amanuensis stop in its course; but the beloved intercourse of friends, the rattle of happy dialogue, or the march of grandiloquent exposition, nothing might stop these: direct though learned speech gradually grew to be the all-engrossing object in life of this our Delphic oracle of an off-court in Fleet Street. Beauclerc and Langton came round once to his chambers in the Temple after a carouse at three in the morning and knocked him up, and were met with, "What, is it you, you dogs? I'll have a frisk with you!" (18. C. i. 106), and forth they all sallied to Covent Garden; they then repaired to a tavern for a bowl of *bishop*, when in contempt of sleep he quoted and altered some lines from Lord Lansdowne's "Drinking Song"—

"Short, O short, then, be thy reign,
And give us to the world again."

They strolled to the Thames by Ivy Bridge, and were rowed to Billingsgate, and then resolved to run the day out in dissipation. Garrick twitted him with "You'll be in *The Chronicle*," and Johnson said of him, "He durst not do such a thing. His wife would not let him."

Boswell would call on him at twelve (18. C. i. 168). Often he found him in bed, or declaiming over the everlasting omnipresent tea. His *levee* was mostly of men of letters, Hawkesworth, Goldsmith, Murphy, Langton, Steevens, Beauclerc. He declaimed all the morning, dined at a tavern, and generally stayed late; he would, if he could, then take tea at a friend's house, and there loiter long, but seldom ate supper. Boswell thinks he wrote in the night, and scarcely ever knew him refuse a tavern or a visit to Ranelagh. All the silver in his pocket he gave to the poor as he went, who waylaid him between his house and the tavern. He walked the town at all hours, and declared he was never robbed, for he did not look like money, he said, and the rogues knew he had but little of it. Poor Bozzy complained once to Mr. Dempster that drinking port and sitting up late with Johnson affected his nerves for some time after. "Better be palsied at eighteen," said Dempster, "than not keep company with such a man." Boswell's peculiar comment on this is, "to his honour be it recorded."

C. A. WARD.



An Old Anthology.

AN old anthology, "Poetical Miscellanies," edited by Steele and published in 1714, reveals some harrowing and pathetic titles in its Table of Contents. Among such subjects as "To Belinda," "To Flavia," "A Sigh," and "A Thought on Eternity," we find that this very poetical theme is selected for treatment: "Upon a beautiful Lady with Cataracts in both Eyes. By a Gentleman who has an Impediment in his Speech!" And preceding by a few pages, there appeared, "On a Handsome Woman, with a fine Voice, but very Covetous and Proud."

The treatment of these promising topics is no more inspiring than their titles. A certain Mr. Philips, in "An Epistle," seems determined to be plain and honest in his verse-making. He says :

"Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains
In polished Sentiments and labour'd Strains :
To blooming *Phyllis* I a Song compose,
And, for a Rhyme, compare her to a Rose ;
Then, while my Fancy works, I write down Morn,
To paint the Blush that does her cheek adorn ;
And when the Whiteness of her Skin I show,
With Exstasie bethink myself of Snow.
Thus, without pains I tinkle in the Close,
And sweeten into Verse insipid Prose."

A remarkable example of honest self-judgment ! Mr. Philips is equally ingenuous, when he says further on :

"Let me transgress by Nature, not by Rule,
An artless Idiot, not a study'd Fool."

We think the claim will be admitted—honest Mr. Philips !

One bilious poet cries,

“Oh ! lead me to some melancholy Cave,
To lull my Sorrows in a living Grave ;
From the dark Rock where dashing Waters fall,
And creeping Ivy hangs the craggy Wall,
Where I may waste in Tears my Hours away,
And never know the Seasons or the Day.
Dye, dye, *Panthea*—flie this hateful Grove.
For what is Life without the Swain I love ?”

A pretty conceit (barring the bad rhyme) is embodied in an epigram on “Some Snow that melted on a Lady’s Breast.”

“Those envious Flakes came down in haste,
To prove her Breast less Fair :
Grieving to find themselves surpassed,
Dissolv’d into a Tear.”

There is some very curious reading in another poem entitled, “Thoughts occasioned by the sight of an Original Painting of King Charles I., Taken at the Time of the Tryal,” written by a very evident (and vociferous) Tory, the celebrated Mr. Tickell. It starts off in this fashion :

“Can this be He ! could *Charles*, the Good, the Great,
Be sunk by Heaven to such a dismal State !”

Presently he says :

“Tears, which his Heart distained, from me o’erflow,
Thus to survey *God’s Substitute* below,
In solemn Anguish, and Majestic Woe.”

Mr. Tickell speaks also of “the great *Geniæ* of anointed Kings !” and of the time—

“When suffering Saints aloft in Beams shall glow,
And prosp’rous traitors gnash their teeth below.”

Thus did politics and the “divine right” inspire Mr. Tickell’s muse !

A poet (by courtesy), who is inspired by “Reading the Critique on Milton, in the *Spectator*,” is of the opinion that—

“The Lynnets sing, yet Owls feel no delight,
For they the best can judge, who best can write.”

library of old Fishing books"—*q.v.* The last books we can notice are three of those model productions (we allude to the mechanics of book-making) the "Book-lover's Library." The "Modern Methods of Illustrating Books" is entered under "Grangerising"—*pace* Mr. Wood! Mr. Hazlitt's "Cookery Books" is offered for '6s., while Mr. Gomme's "Literature of Local Institutions"—a book in great request just now—is marked 4s.!

The last catalogue sent out by Mr. Walter T. Spencer includes several rare editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Charles Lever, W. H. Ainsworth, and Leigh Hunt. The "Sketches by Boz," both series, first editions, with Cruikshank's illustrations, bound by Riviere, is offered at £12. In the second series the two extra plates which appeared in the second edition have been inserted. The *Pickwick Papers* in the original monthly parts with all the wrappers is priced £9 18s. 6d. A copy of the first bound issue contains two suppressed plates by R. W. Buss. The "Extraordinary Gazette," with the first portrait of Dickens, is an interesting item, illustrating the literary history of the period. First editions of almost all Dickens's works are entered in Mr. Spencer's list, and there are several items of Dickensiana, including Mr. C. P. Johnson's hints to collectors. About three pages of the catalogue are devoted to Dickens, and about one and a half to Thackeray. Now we are fully alive to what is taking place with respect to Dickens and Dickensiana, but notwithstanding the reports that reach us, we adhere to the belief that Thackeray books and Thackerayana are destined to occupy an abiding and increasing position as literary curiosities. We are looking to the future, it is true, but that is what the collector cannot afford to ignore. Thackeray is the favourite novelist—the favourite litterateur of a type which has become absorbed in journalism—among men of letters of all kinds; and many of those who are not able to collect general literary curiosities, will shew you a modest cabinet of eighteenth-century curios and of Thackeray reliques. "Vanity Fair" in the monthly parts as issued, with the original yellow wrappers and the suppressed or destroyed woodcut of Lord Steyne, is marked £20. There are other examples of the first edition, bound, at much lower prices. One of these occurs in a set of first editions, uniformly bound, in 7 vols., including "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," and "The Virginians." Among the Thackerayana is Mr. C. P. Johnson's "Hints" to Thackeray collectors, priced 20s., but the collector will find the book cheap at that. Admirers of Charles Lever have here the opportunity of acquiring a nice collection of first editions at a small cost. Here, again, the high prices are for the original monthly issues in the old wrappers. In a long list of Ainsworth's books, first editions, the chief item is a copy of "Guy Fawkes" with Cruikshank's illustrations, marked £7 15s. A copy recently fetched nearly three times this amount at Sotheby's. Mr. Spencer has a nice collection of Leigh Hunt editions, some autograph letters of Charles Dickens, George Cruikshank, C. Kean, and others, and some original drawings by Cruikshank, Phiz, and George Cattermole.

We have received an excellent catalogue from Mr. J. E. Cornish. Ames's "Typographical Antiquities" (1810-19 edition, Dibdin), and Dibdin's "Bibliographical Tour," not Biographical as the catalogue has it; Mr. Ebsworth's edition of the "Westminster Drolleries"; Dr. Bliss's edition of the "Reliquæ Hearnianæ"; these are all of them collectors' books. An interesting folio is that of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity"; 10. Windet, 1604, 2nd edition, + The fift Booke, 10. Windet, 1597, 1st edition. "The first edition of the fifth book was intended to serve for both the first and second editions of the first four books. The second edition of the first four books is one of the scarcest of English books, much scarcer than the first edition of the same. Mr. Keble says that he 'has never met with a copy, nor seen it mentioned in any catalogue.' It is the earliest edition that was edited by Dr. John Spencer, Hooker's collaborator, with 'To the Reader,' signed 'T. S.,' and not 'J. S.,' as reported by Ant. Wood, and adopted by Keble, from not being able to get sight of a copy. 12. Walton also says the signature is 'J. S.,' and meant for Dr. John Spencer. It certainly is 'T. S.' in this copy." —*Note.* The book is marked £25 in the catalogue. The original issue of Hunter's translation of Lavater's "Physiognomy" is to be had, and a copy of Warburton's edition of Pope, 1770, bound in old tree calf gilt, yellow edges, in good condition, a nice specimen of the binding of the period. A set of the "Retrospective Review" is offered for £5. Rushworth's "Historical Collections," so useful to Carlyle in his "Cromwell's Letters," and so unreasonably abused by the sage, is marked £3 13s. There is an entry of a curious and ancient Devon MS., a thick volume written by John Shillyngford, Rector of Shillyngford to 1393, and Rector of Ugborough, and Canon of Exeter. 4to, in the original wood covers, with most of the deerskin covering remaining. Browne Willis's "Surveys of the Welsh Cathedrals" ought to be secured for one of the Welsh Cathedral libraries. It was the author's own copy, and the margins and fly-leaves are full of unpublished additions in his close handwriting.





Through the Catalogues.

THE services rendered to bibliography by book catalogues of every description is just one of those obvious truths whose very nearness precludes due recognition. It is true that in the second-hand bookseller's catalogue we meet over and over again with copies of the old favourites, and that the rise and fall in the prices is the most general point of interest for book-hunters; the variation in prices and in the condition of the books, or perhaps the history of their ownership. But in catalogues of all kinds, from the eagerly-sought catalogues of great book-auctions, to the ordinary list of second-hand wares, we have the record of books struggling as it were for existence, between the waste-paper buyers on the one side, and the hospitable bookshelves of collectors on the other. Catalogues are the *materia bibliographica*; from them are gleaned the facts which are co-ordinated and arranged in such works as Lowndes's Manual and other library helps; and every maker of a catalogue renders a service to literary history. The most perfect form in which this kind of service has appeared, is in the publication known as *Book Prices Current*, wherein the dispersed libraries of collectors find a record. This is perhaps the most solid, the most effective, contribution which has been made to bibliography since Lowndes's work.

There can be no doubt that bibliography is the proper workshop for all literary production, except the purely imaginative; and the best literary workers now freely recognize this fact. The relation of the past and the present of books in subjects which are progressive, subjects of research, in which accretion of ascertained fact precedes extension of idea, is a necessary and vital one; and we cannot but hail with satisfaction every fresh evidence of the perception of this dependence of what is upon what has been. In a catalogue which is designed for the purposes of book-commerce between the United Kingdom and the Colonies, compiled by Mr. E. A. Petherick, we have a recent instance in which the practical importance of bibliography is realized. This publication, which began with the present year, is entitled *The Torch, and Colonial Book Circular*;

and in the third number, that for March last, Mr. Petherick made a beginning with a bibliography of Australasia. In this section he deals with the history of Australian Colonization, and especially of New South Wales, the present year being the centenary of its foundation. We have, first, proposals made to the British Government to colonize the "southern continent," in the 16th and 17th and 18th centuries. Then follow the books illustrating the history of Australian colonization. These are most interesting, and are mostly described from copies in Mr. Petherick's possession. There are nine pages of this important bibliography in the number of *The Torch* which we are noticing. The remainder of the Circular is mostly concerned with publications in the various departments of literature and science. But the foundation of future colonial bibliography is laid in a section devoted to "Recent colonial publications and books relating to the colonies."

Mr. Elkin Mathews surely aims at our readers in his last catalogue. He entitles it "A Feast for Bookworms," and the *menu* includes some rare items from the publication stock of the late Mr. Thomas Satchell (joint author of the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria"), and some books from the Aylesford collection. Most of us have the Percy Reliques on our shelves, and will be glad to get its complement and companion: "Old Ballads, Historical and Narrative, Notes by Thomas Evans," 4 vols. 8vo, 1784. Some specimens of Baskerville's work are to be had. The catalogue of the Payne collection of books and miniatures (thick paper) is offered for 14s. Don't despise catalogues. The descriptive catalogue of the Marlborough gems!—only a catalogue; but the illustrations were engraved by Bartolozzi, and there are 108 of them, full-page engravings. This collection of gems, it is scarcely necessary to say, was one of the finest ever formed. The Cabinet of Lady Betty Germaine was the largest constituent in the collection; it was the third Duke who amassed the gems, and among them was the famous Cupid and Psyche. Mr. Ebsworth's "Choyce Drollery: Songs and Sonnets," a collection, reprinted from the edition of 1656, in 1876, is an interesting book. Those who have not Hindley's "Old Book-Collectors' Miscellany" had better pay Mr. Mathews a visit,—but there is only one copy. Mr. Welsh's interesting work on John Newbery the bookseller, immortalized in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, is a book-lover's book. There are some first editions too. We have first editions of Thackeray, a goodly list; of Mr. Andrew Lang's various books on books, and of them we shall all desire to possess first editions,—but Mr. Rider Haggard's novels? One has a feeling that the catholicity of one's taste is unequal to the demand, if it cause impatience to see these in a collector's catalogue. *Apropos* the Spanish Armada Tercentenary, there is a scarce pamphlet: "The names of the Nobility, Gentry, and others who contributed to the Defence of this country at the time of the Spanish Invasion in 1588." Mr. Offor's reprint of the Tyndale New Testament is offered; and Izaak Walton's "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ" with portraits of Wotton, King Charles, Devereaux, and Villiers, 1685, the "best" edition. Then we have, as Addenda to this catalogue, "a

And then he exclaims to Addison,

“Oh ! had great *Milton* but surviv'd to hear
His Numbers try'd by such a tuneful Ear,
How would he all thy just Remarks commend?
He would not blush for Faults he rarely knew,
But blush for Glories, *thus excell'd by you.*”

Which is exceedingly generous on the part of our rhymster, but must have been rather embarrassing to Mr. Addison, if he was a man of such good sense as he is commonly reported to have been.

These lines, “On the Death of a Lady's Cat,” are by Wm. Harrison, Esq., forgotten bard :

“And is Miss *Tabby* from the World retired?
And are her Lives, all her Nine Lives expir'd?
What Sounds so moving, as her own, can tell
How *Tabby* dy'd, how full of Play she fell!
Begin, ye tuneful Nine, a mournful Strife;
For every Muse shou'd celebrate a Life.”

Perhaps the reader of this bold attempt at a resurrection will by this time be ready to appreciate the force of the following epigram conceived by one of this ghostly company.

“Damnation follows Death in Other Men,
But your damn'd Poet lives and writes again.”

But, gentle reader, withhold that yawn of ennui; be pitiful and grant to these woebegone shades of neglected bards a few blissful moments of “subjective” immortality,—give to them to live and be read again in their verses.

The British Lion appears growling through a few lines on “Nicolini's leaving the Stage”:

“Hence with thy Curs'd deluding Song! away!
Shall *British* Freedom thus become thy Prey?
Freedom, which we so dearly us'd to Prize,
We scorn to yield it—But to *British* Eyes.”

An anonymous contribution—“To Aristus, in Imitation of a Sonnet of Milton”—to my mind seems to be almost the only piece

of really poetic composition in the book ; and yet its power is mostly in its promise. The first stanza is fine :

“ O Thou, who in thine early Bloom of Youth
 (Tho’ dark the Path, tho’ rugged is the Way),
 Didst labour up the Hill of Heav’nly Truth,
 By Glory led, impatient of Delay ;
 And now among those few most eminent art seen
 That tread the turf of that Immortal Green.”

The same poem contains these lines :

* * * “ and when wilt thou restore
 To me the Sunshine of a friendly smile ?
 * * * * *
 Let gray-ey’d Morn on Night unheeded steal.”

Perhaps we have given enough examples to point our moral ; and yet we have in these specimens selected only the best—have unstrung the few pearls from this very shoddy string of glass beads and laid them out to view. The entire collection suggests some interesting reflections on the sort of mental pabulum that satisfied the tastes of our English forefathers during the early years of Addison and Steele.

F. I. CARPENTER.



Physiognomy of Books.

THERE is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.

Lending Books.

CHARLES LAMB, tired of lending his books, threatened to chain Wordsworth’s poems to his shelves, adding, “For of those who borrow, some read slow ; some mean to read but don’t read ; and some neither read nor mean to read, but borrow to give you an opinion of their sagacity. I must do my money-borrowing friends the justice to say that there is nothing of this caprice or wantonness of alienation in them. When they borrow my money they never fail to make use of it.”



Famous Libraries.

NO. 3.—ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

WHEN the proud foreigner brags of the glories of continental cathedrals, their wondrous height, their *coup d'œil* of columns, and their crown of chapels, the awestruck Briton humbly suggests that our own diocesan fanes have at least the dignity of length and the dim majesty of long-drawn aisle and fretted vault, yet perhaps a prouder boast would be the libraries which each of these sanctuaries possess. And very valuable collections most of them are, rich in black-letter folios and rare editions of liturgies and bibles; old service books oftentimes noted with angular symbols on the four-lined stave, quaint and Gothic to look at, and not too easy to read; grand illuminated missals; and, strange to say, no small number of rare heretical books. The bibliophile looks with no less reverence on the hoary piles when he remembers they contain such precious store; and even the ritualistic vicar, contemner of dignitaries though he be, must sometimes allow that good is contained in capitular corporations, especially when he wishes to consult some rare edition of the fathers, or scarce ancient Use of which the despised corporation has for centuries been the careful guardian.

Certainly our Cathedral libraries are not unfit matter for the boaster, always provided he boast in the reverential manner which becometh the subject, and the library of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's is one over which he need not fear blowing a vigorous blast. Scarce any other of the cathedrals guards finer store of books; none treasures them more lovingly. Non-capitular students may with justice complain that the care is too loving, like unto that of the

guardians of a prison, who, let the weather be what it may, never find it suitable for their charges to walk without the walls. In a word, the books are for the Chapter and the Chapter alone, and the general student has far too little chance of using them. Might it not be well if, under suitable restrictions, even if these be severe, these treasures were freely thrown open to the public? St. Paul's has indeed become the chief centre of religious life in the diocese; it would take away none of its dignity if it took a foremost place in affording facilities for historical research also.

Most of the ancient muniments of the Chapter of Old St. Paul's fortunately escaped destruction in the Great Fire, and possibly no diocese has so fine and complete a set of records. Until comparatively recently these valuable manuscripts were stored away in the octagonal room above the Dean's vestry, an apartment to the east of the great transept; but they are now stored in the corridor above the south aisle adjoining the library. Professor Stubbs, now the honoured Bishop of Chester, and his sons when rummaging in a loft over the Chapter-house, found a chest, where reposing, well covered with the dust of time, were a number of ancient documents, which have formed a precious increase to the stock of ancient manuscripts, and the Governors of Queen Anne's Bounty have also increased them by returning some rolls and deeds which had been removed to their office, thus proving for once that one corporation has a conscience, if not a soul. The muniments are clean and admirably kept, thanks to the late Archdeacon Hale and the present librarian, Canon Sparrow Simpson. A number of these documents were collected and published in 1858 by Archdeacon Hale, entitled "*The Domesday of St. Paul's*," under the auspices of the Camden Society; and as recently as 1873 the Dean and Chapter have had a further selection privately and sumptuously—for when did the Dean and Chapter do anything that was not sumptuous?—printed, and entitled "*Registrum Statulorum et Consuetudinum Ecclesie Sancti Pauli Londinensis*." One very interesting volume is well worth publicly printing; it contains a number of legal forms in use in the time of Edward III., arranged according to their subjects. A very valuable MS. is a roll of two membranes, entitled "*Carte libertatum Ecclesie Sancti Pauli*," finely written in either the reign of Henry II. or that of the succeeding king, and consists of translations of a number of charters, a few of which have been printed by Dugdale, who gives a list of books, in the year 1295.

Another document worth printing is a list of the "*Bookes and other writings appertayning to the Cathedrall Church of Sainte*

Paule in London, and to the Deane alone, and to the Deane and Chapitor," delivered by 'Deane' Cole to 'Deane' May in 1559.

A MS. volume, containing the Rules and Ceremonies of the Monastery of Syon at Isleworth (founded by Henry V. in 1414), is one of the finest old records which escaped the Great Fire. Besides the Rules and Ceremonies, it contains a table of the signs used by the sisters during the hours of silence, the Rules of our Saviour, and the Rule of St. Austyne. The book is a folio, and has recently been rebound in olive-coloured morocco. A "*Liber vocatus Remediarium*" is well written in Gothic letters, and slightly illuminated. There is also a good but imperfect missal in the original binding. A great many of the vast collection of manuscripts throw much light on the history and topography of London and adjacent districts, especially that of the twelfth century; and the Topographical Society of London might find it worth while to have a general rummage, always provided the Chapter will agree thereto. Others give valuable information as to domestic life and the cost of building, and the like.

The Library proper is a magnificent room, situated in the gallery above the chapel containing the Wellington monument. It has a large fireplace, and a gallery all round it, the books being ranged in oaken cases above and below. The brackets supporting this gallery are decorated with some beautiful festoons of loosely hung flowers, carved by that prince of mural sculptors, Grinling Gibbons, and the library contains a portrait of the virtual founder of the library, Bishop Compton. The floor is curious, because composed of between two and three thousand pieces of oak inlaid without either nails or pegs. The Library is approached by a geometrical staircase, designed by Wren for this purpose, and consisting of over a hundred steps. It is hard work to get at the books, but they are more than worth the effort.

When the Library was originally founded it is impossible to say. One certainly existed for centuries before the Great Fire; and during the time Puritanism was triumphant, it was plundered for the benefit of Sion College. Stow in his "*Survey*" mentions that the Library of the Cathedral was carried first to Camden House and afterwards to Sion College; but in all probability most of the books perished in the Great Fire; only one book is *known* to have been preserved. As above mentioned, the real foundation of the present Library dates from the gift of Bishop Compton's books, numbering some 5,000, in 1713, and it has recently been enriched by the gift of large collections of pamphlets formed by Bishop Sumner and Archdeacon Hale.

It now consists of about 8,000 volumes, not a few of which have been much damaged by time and neglect.

Of course, as might be expected, theology is the strong point in the Library, and perhaps nowhere else is there a better collection of copies of the Scriptures. The place of honour may be given to a large paper copy of Walton's Polyglot Bible, and Castell's Lexicon Heptaglotton. Of the fourteen volumes, each some twenty inches by fourteen, twelve contain the Bible and two the Lexicon. Only four other large paper copies of the Lexicon are known to exist, one being in the Cathedral Library at Salisbury. St. Paul's contains also a small paper copy of both the Bible and the Lexicon. Ten magnificent calf-bound volumes contain the Biblia Hebraica, Samaritane, Chaldaica, Græca, Syriaca, Latina, Arabica, &c., printed in Paris in 1645. The Polyglott Bible which Plantin printed at Antwerp in 1569-72, at the expense of Philip of Spain, is also possessed by St. Paul's.

Another book printed at Antwerp is in the library, imperfect both as regards beginning and end, but of the highest value and importance. It is a copy of the first edition of the New Testament translated by Tyndale and printed in 1526, in 12mo. One other copy is known, which belongs to the Baptist Museum at Bristol, this is also imperfect. Cotton, in his "List of Editions of the Bible, &c.," gives an account of it. When it was discovered it was in half binding, and lettered—possibly from fear of unscrupulous book-lovers—*Lant's Testament*, and its contents were mingled up in the wildest disorder, a page of the Gospels, for example, being followed by one of the Epistles. This, however, has been remedied, and it has been rebound. St. Paul's possesses a copy of the second edition of the same book, printed in 1534, also imperfect; and bearing the autograph of Humphrey Wanley, librarian to the Earl of Oxford, whose collection of Bibles was purchased by the Dean and Chapter in 1726, shortly before his death. There is likewise a copy of the third edition, which, too, is imperfect, and one of the edition of Tyndale's New Testament, printed by Matthew Cross in 1538. Tyndale's Pentateuch, second edition, printed in 1534, and the second edition of Coverdale's New Testament in Latin and English, printed in 1538, in 4to, are also in St. Paul's. Other early bibles are the New Testament in Latin and English, printed by Regnault in Paris in 1538; a copy of Cranmer's or the Great Bible of 1539, folio; a 1640 copy of the same, printed for Thomas Berthelet, the Bible "oversene by Cuthbert, Bishop of Duresm and Nicholas, Bp. of Rochester," in 1541; the 1549 reprint of Matthew's 1537 Bible: Coverdale's Bible (imperfect) of 1550, which was probably printed in Zurich, the preface being in

ordinary black letter and of home workmanship; and more than a dozen others, all bearing date prior to 1600; and a large collection of parts of the Scriptures, one of the most interesting being the "Fruytful sayinges of Davide, in the Seven penitential Psalms, by Bishop Fysher, London: by Wynkyn de Worde, 1508, 4to." There is likewise a copy of the *Novum Testamentum Græcum*, interleaved with such copious notes that it fills 3 vols. folio, by Dr. Mangey, a prebend.

The Collections of the Fathers is fine and extensive, as also is that of English divines, commentaries, and foreign works on Divinity. Among the Concordances is a "Schmidii Concordantia Novi Testamenti Græci, Wittebergæ," 1638, folio.

Among the early printed books of interest is a "*Horæ ad usum Ecclesiæ Sarum*," 1524, and copies of the English Prayer-book of 1566 and 1577. A curious book is "*Sermones discipuli de tempore et de Sanctis Argentorati*," a folio, dated 1495, in which in 1508 a pious hand wrote the following: "*Orate charitativè pro aïma Ths. Tyndalle qui dedit hunc librum cōventui de Grenewych frā minorū de Obsũancie die professionis fui filii fr̃is Willmi.*" A book not only rare, but notorious for its size, is the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists in 53 folio volumes.

The collection of ecclesiastical history, more particularly as regards the Anglican Church, is good, but, of the two, perhaps topography is better represented. Among the latter books are copies of Lambarde's "*Perambulation of Kent*," 1596, and Kilburne's *Survey of the same county*, 1659; so are Camden's "*Britannia*," Plot's "*Staffordshire*," the same author's "*Oxfordshire*," and many other scarce and valuable books. There are also numbers of historical, topographical, and other tracts and pamphlets, the majority relating to the diocese.

The historical books are both numerous and rare; among them is the Lyons edition of Froissart's "*Chronicles*," 1559; "*The Nuremberg Chronicle*" of 1497, the *Saxo Grammaticus*,—" *Historia Danica*," 1534, and the "*Historia Francorum*," printed in 1596. On Heraldry, that "gilded lacquey to history," the books are few, but among them is a fine copy of Selden's "*Titles of Honour*," 1631.

To mention all the copies of the classics worth noticing would take too much of the space allotted to this article, therefore let it suffice to say, that even a "Greek-play bishop" could find no reason to turn up his nose at the collection. In hardly any case, however, does the library contain a very early edition of any classical author. There are a good many bibliographical works, some of great rarity and price,

but many more of little worth ; among them, however, is a copy of Spenser's Catalogue of Sion College Library in 1601.

The writer has been informed by a gentleman who has examined St. Paul's Library that its collection of Muggletonian books is unique, and as this gentleman has devoted no inconsiderable amount of time to tracking the books of this queer sect, his opinion is worthy of respect. It appears that the Chapter of the time were entrusted with the burning of the books of that fanatical schismatic, Lodowick Muggleton, and cannily reserved a copy thereof for their own delectation. Their taste in literature is open to question, but they deserve praise for thus literally plucking brands from the burning.

That department of literature called *Belles lettres*—a name of abomination—is very poorly represented, and so is science, although among the first are the 1554 folio of Gower's "*Confessio Amantis*," and the 1561 folio of Chaucer, while "*Gerarde's Herbal*," 1636 edition, figures in the latter division. Shakespeare is unrepresented either in the early quarto or the first folio, nor is there a solitary copy of any early edition of Milton. On the whole, the Chapter do not seem to have cared much for poetry. Strangely enough, the Koran finds a place within the walls of an English church, and neither Hobbes nor Voltaire are cast out of this catholic library. For the rest of the curiosities contained in this magnificent collection the reader must search the manuscript catalogue for himself, although he will find no meagre list recorded in Botfield. It should be mentioned that the library has a book plate, which, in the accustomed form of an ecclesiastical seal, represents St. Paul holding in the one hand a book and in the other a sword.

It would be improper not to mention the invariable courtesy of the accomplished librarian, Canon Sparrow Simpson, and to forget that he is not to be blamed for the uselessness of the library. If cause be shown a book can be seen by permission, but no machinery is in existence for the books being made properly available to scholars. It is the Chapter library, and the Chapter keeps it for its own—non-user. If an inquirer go to Sion College the work he wishes to see is at once shown him without fuss or parade ; no one was ever refused the information he sought at Dr. Williams' Library, even if not introduced ; the Quaker Collection may be neither very large nor very valuable, but, such as it is, you will be gladly made welcome to its volumes—the writer speaks from experience. This generosity is a standing reproach to the manner in which St. Paul's Library has hitherto been administered. Chapters are proverbially conservative, and it may possibly be new to that of St. Paul's that they do not

exist for their own pleasure and emolument, but for the good of the diocese; and it ill becomes public servants to be more ungenerous than their unprivileged and unendowed religious coadjutors. Certainly their action would not meet with the approval of the founder of the library, the liberal, enlightened, and pious bishop, Henry Compton.

A. C. BICKLEY.



Depreciation of Books.

“NO book,” says Hearne, “sold better formerly than Burton’s ‘Anatomy of Melancholy,’ in which there is great variety of learning, so that it hath been a common-place for filchers. It hath a great many impressions, and the bookseller got an estate by it; but now ’tis disregarded, and a good, fair, perfect copy (although of the seventh impression) may be purchased for one shilling, well bound, which occasioned a gentleman yesterday (who observed how many books, that were topping books formerly, and were greedily bought at great prices, were turned to wast paper), to say, that Sir Isaac Newton (he believed) would also in time be turned to wast paper, an observation which is very likely to prove true.”

Castell’s Polyglot Bible.

THE special interest that Castell’s Polyglot Bible gives to book-collectors is the following curious incident with respect to its dedication. Oliver Cromwell was so much interested in its publication that he ordered the paper to be imported free of all duties, and the work was dedicated to him. A large number of copies, however, remained unsold on the accession of Charles II., and the thrifty and prudent publisher continued to make them available by cancelling the last two pages of the dedication, adding three new ones, and ascribing the whole to Charles. The ingenuity of the alterations to suit the times has rendered the book one of the curiosities of literature, — the Commonwealth copies being very scarce, and the Restoration ones numerous.





A Forgotten Book.

IN the old coaching days when the weary traveller halted for refreshment and change at some roadside inn he was wont to see in mine host's parlour, placed here and there, certain old and odd volumes. Cramped by sitting in one posture of enforced uprightness, the wayfarer delighted to move about the room, and inspected gladly whatever came to hand.

Upon two such occasions I found a book, then tolerably well-known, called "The Whole Duty of Man." I dipped into its pages and tried to become interested in them. I hardly remember what I read, for possibly the guard's horn outside called the passengers to mount once more the stopping coach. I do not think I have seen any copy of that book since those far-off days. I dare to say that all the rules and regulations therein laid down were wise ones. "*Il s ne sauroient manquer d'être tous beaux et sages.*" However, I hope it is not quite obsolete or extinct, and if read by one of our nineteenth-century mashers may be able to win his heart to some perfection of utility.

Lately, on being shut up sick and sorry in the library of a friend, I came upon a volume, old in years, which I had never met with before. I had no opportunity of reading this curious volume, but from the description on the title-page, it seemed well adapted for the guidance and instruction of the fair sex, including our wives, sisters, mothers, aunts, and cousins.

There were some very quaint illustrations. Some among them exhibiting a busy person cooking and preparing some choice dainty to be relished when eaten. These engravings were quite in the manner of the Dutch school.

The title ran thus :—

"The Whole Duty of a Woman, divided into four sections.

"1. Directions how to obtain the Divine and Moral Virtues.

"2. Duty of Virgins.

"3. Duty of a Wife.

"4. Duty of a Widow.

"Also choice receipts in physick and chirurgery, with the whole art of cooking, preserving, candying, &c.

"Written by a Lady. The eighth edition. London : printed for A. Bettison and C. Hitch, at the Red Lyon, Paternoster Row, and James Hedges, at the Sign of the Looking Glass, on London Bridge, 1735."

The mention of physick and chirurgery, as among arts fit for ladies to know and practise, seems to forestall the modern system of lady physicians. So far it is singular. Possibly the little volume may be known to lovers of old books. Quite in accordance with the fitness of feminine dissertations, one of the publishers dwelt at the prettily-named shop, The Looking Glass. Situated on London Bridge, it may safely be surmised that the traffic in the days of George the Second, permitted loiterers to inquire the price of a book exhibited for sale, and probably to purchase such a treasury of information for his lady-love. She would consider herself somewhat in the light of a *femme savante* if once she mastered so much judicious and useful learning. Of such a book an Italian lady would declare, "Se posso averlo, saro felice." It would seem at some time or other to have had a good circulation, seeing that it had passed through eight editions.

WILLIAM BRAILSFORD.



An Early Librarian.

IN the tenth century the library of Exeter church was sufficiently extensive to require the preserving care of an amanuensis ; for according to Dr. Thomas, Bishop Oswald granted in the year 985 three hides of land at Bredicot, one yardland at Ginehofra, and seven acres of meadow at Tiberton, to Godinge, a monk, on condition of his fulfilling the duties of a librarian to the see, and transcribing the registers and writings of the Church. It is said that the scribe Godinge wrote many choice books for the library.—*Merryweather's "Bibliomania in the Middle Ages."*



Lackington and his Memoirs.

No. 2.

I SHOULD like now to say a word or two about Lackington's plans of business. In 1780, finding that he had so many bad debts, he determined to sell strictly for cash, give no credit, and to reduce his prices to the very lowest. "When first I began to sell very cheap, many came to my shop prepossessed against my goods, and of course often saw faults where none existed; so that the best editions were merely from prejudice deemed very bad editions, and the best bindings said to be inferior workmanship, for no other reason but because I sold them so cheap; and I often received letters from the country to know if such and such articles were REALLY as I stated them in my catalogues, and if they REALLY were the best editions; if REALLY in calf; and REALLY elegantly bound; with many other reallys.

Another difficulty the Chiswell Street bookseller had to contend against was that people who had books to sell would not offer them to him, reasoning with themselves that "if Lackington sold so cheaply he surely could not afford to give a good price." Against this somewhat specious argument Lackington very sensibly points out that a covetous man will shew his greed of gain both in buying and in selling, and that the man who sells dearly will probably pay a bad price. "When," says he, "I am called upon to purchase any library or parcel of books, either myself or my assistants carefully examine them, and if desired to fix a price, I mention at a word the utmost that I will give for them, which I always take care shall be as much as any bookseller can afford to give; but if the seller entertains any doubts respecting the price offered, and chooses to try other booksellers, he pays me five per cent. for valuing the books; and as he

knows what I have valued them at, he tries among the trade, and when he finds that he cannot get any greater sum offered, on returning to me he not only receives the price I at first offered, but also a return of the five per cent. which was paid me for the valuation." This is more liberal than many second-hand booksellers of the present day, some of whom to my knowledge having once had their offer refused will not entertain any other from the same quarter. Some idea of the success of Lackington's system of business may be gained from the following statement from his "Memoirs." "I have purchased," he says, "six thousand of one book, and at one time I had no less than 10,000 copies of Watts' *Psalms* in my possession. . . . I must inform you that at some sales I have purchased books to the amount of £5,000 in one afternoon, not to mention those purchased of authors and town and country booksellers by private contract to a very considerable amount."

As to his catalogues, the first one, as I mentioned above, contained 12,000 entries. I have one now in my possession of 800 pp., which has entries of nearly 30,000 volumes and sets of books, all classified under subjects as well as sizes. For thirteen years from the time when Lackington became a bookseller he had no assistant who was competent to do his cataloguing. He did all this kind of work himself, besides getting through an immense amount of reading in the form of moral philosophy, and many of the sceptical writers: he had indeed read all the works of Toulmin, Lord Herbert, Tindal, Chubb, Morgan, Woolston, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and Voltaire, with many others. He says it did him a great deal of good to read the best novels, instancing as his favourite novelists Cervantes, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Le Sage, and many more. Proud as Lackington was of his business, he is ready to admit that his knowledge was but superficial, and not much to be boasted of. At the same time he consoles himself that there was one subject—"the proper study of mankind"—that he was master of, knowing well his fellow men. There is, no doubt, very considerable truth in his statement that a bookseller's shop is the best school for knowledge of mankind, and that if a bookseller have any taste for literature, the opportunities he will have for conversation with his customers afford no slight knowledge of books and men. The great success which had attended Lackington caused much envy among his fraternity, and he suffered a sort of ostracism for no fault of his own: his low prices and his open way of keeping accounts causing much ill-feeling. His books were made up every Saturday night, and his shopmen and assistants informed of the amount of net profit during the past week.

Further, his day books were kept publicly exposed, and the name and price of any books purchased could at any time be found. Each year he announced his gains, assuring the public and all who inquired how he had established such a business, that he had succeeded by means of "small profits, bound by industry and clasped by economy." It has been mentioned above that his rapid success had made Lackington proud and too fond of display, and like many another he was over anxious to kick away from beneath him the ladder by which he had risen. At first he had rented country lodgings as well as a town house. Then came a snug retreat at Upper Holloway. After that he resided at Merton in Surrey, and kept a state carriage. Many will remember Pindar's "Ode to the Hero of Finsbury Square, London, 1795," commencing—

"Oh ! thou whose mind, unfetter'd, undisguised,
Soars like the lark into the empty air ;
Whose arch exploits by subtlety devised,
Have stamped renown on Finsbury's New Square,
Great "hero" list ! Whilst the sly muse repeats
Thy nuptial ode, thy prowess great *in sheets*."

In a rude woodcut attached to the poem, Lackington, who, of course, is here the subject of Pindar's rather scathing lines, is caricatured mounting his gorgeous carriage upon steps, formed by Tillotson's *Sermons*, a *Common Prayer*, and a *Bible*. From one of his pockets there protrudes a packet of papers, labelled "puffs and lies for my book," and from the other "My own Memoirs." On the carriage, beneath the coachman's seat, were printed the words, "Small profits do great things." Pindar, who, as all well know, had little of good to say for any one, vents his spleen and sarcasm against poor Lackington most mercilessly. "When the chariot was new," says Pindar, referring to Lackington, "and the borders displayed the elegant taste of the master, our hero was on a visit to Cambridge, and the carriage as it stood in the inn yard attracted a vast number of spectators, from each of whom the ostler exacted sixpence. Lackington hearing of this imposition, so highly derogatory to his honour and consequence, ordered the chariot to be brought round and exhibited gratis in front." We are told further that Lackington went so far as to ape Royalty, for upon his arrival in town a flag was hoisted over the Temple of the Muses, and continued flying until his departure for the country. Though uncertain of the date when it was published, I have seen a print illustrating the interior of the

Temple of the Muses, and if correct no present day bookseller can in any way vie with it.

“Look at yon fabric, dazzling to the eyes—
Had ever bookseller a shop so spacious?
Had e’er the world, since science first began,
So great a trader, or so great a man?”

(*Peter Pindar.*)

It is stated that so wide and spacious were his premises that he invited the Lord Mayor to drive his state carriage round his counters. This is probably a gross exaggeration. On one occasion, however, there was a talk of erecting a statue in Finsbury Square, and Lackington offered to erect his own and pay all expenses. When this too generous offer was refused, he had a hundred pounds’ worth of self-commemorative medals struck, and these were distributed in the neighbourhood of Moorfields and elsewhere. In a note to the “Ode,” Pindar assures us that on the death of his first wife Lackington advertised for a second, announcing that no one who had not twenty thousand pounds need apply.

I have said enough to shew that Lackington had failings as well as good qualities. His volume of “Memoirs” is full of most curious matter. Though written in a vain, egotistical style, and frequently introducing much that is coarse, yet there is little of the hypocrite in the character portrayed, and it is as free and open a portrait of a man as indeed is “Tom Jones.” Those who feel inclined to demur at his disclosures should read his later work, the “Confessions,” published in 1804, where he retracts and apologizes for all that may have been offensive in the previous volume. In 1798 the business of the Temple of the Muses was made over to George Lackington, Allen, and Co. The former was a third cousin of the more famous James, and John Allen, and had from boyhood been brought up at the Muses Temple. In the “Bookseller” of December 16, 1886, there appeared an interesting memoir of Mr. Kanes James Ford, “the last of the Lackingtonians,” who died at Crouch Hill, on December 11, in the same year, aged 94. James Lackington died on November 22, 1815. He is buried at Budleigh Salterton, in Devonshire.

A. L. HUMPHREYS.





Errors of the Press.

THE first paper published on this subject is supposed to have been written by Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, a gentleman who frequently contributed to his friend Woodfall's *Public Advertiser*. The errors enumerated are most amusing to read, and show how the addition, omission, transposition, or change of a single letter may sometimes turn sense into ludicrous nonsense. There have been many papers written on this subject since Mr. Whitefoord's day, but they have not been so exhaustive or so generally witty—in fact, it is quite possible that the facetious gentleman manufactured the errors he charged Mr. Woodfall with being guilty of. A few of those errata which may justly be regarded as concocted ones may not be out of place. In the charge against Mr. Woodfall he says, "At the first meeting (of the Irish Parliament) you told us (instead of a *bill*) that a motion would be made for leave to bring in a *bull*. You have sometimes treated the *Russians* very injuriously by calling them *Ruffians*; and one day you told us the combined army of the Turks and Tartars (instead of a *Kam*) was commanded by a *Ram*, as if they had been a parcel of sheep; and when it was expected the two armies were coming to *action*, you said they were coming to *Acton*; and as there was a considerable fall of stocks about that time, I have reason to think it was owing to your report or to some other equally alarming. I have known you turn a matter of *hearsay* into *heresy*; a delicious draught into a *delirious* one; the comic *Muse* into a comic *Mouse*; a Jewish *Rabbi* into a *Rabbit*; and when a correspondent, lamenting the corruption of the times exclaimed '*O Mores!*' you made him cry '*O Moses!*'" Evidently Mr. Whitefoord was a punster. The same gentleman was the original writer on "Cross Readings." The real Errors of the

Press are fruitful themes of indignation to authors, of vexation to printers, and sometimes of amusement to the public. All three distinguished a curious typographical mistake, which marred by the substitution of a solitary letter, a bulletin of Napoleon Buonaparte's. The wrath of the great man was fearfully excited, and the more so as it had been done in the Imperial printing-office, where everything connected with the Government was supposed to be executed faultlessly. By a misprint of "*voleur*" (thief) for "*valeur*" (bravery), the Grand Army was described as performing tremendous deeds of theft instead of valour, and the fury of the Little Corporal was the more ungovernable as there was a great deal of truth in the misprint. The terrified officials could only pacify the outraged Emperor by conducting him to the printing office, and showing him that in the compositor's case the o's were placed above the a's, and that the offending letter (which was also so witty) could have readily dropped from its legitimate station into the box beneath.



Thomas Hearne on Publishing.

WHEN I talked t'other day with Mr. Holmes, our vice-chancellor, I mentioned how much 'twould be for the honour of our university, and the advancement of learning, to have a number of our learned men in the university set about publishing our MSS. It would be far more for the honour of a university to do so, than to publish books already well published, especially since we have such a great variety in all faculties, and such too as ought to be printed, and every college and hall should join in the work. He approved of what I said, and said he would do what he could that it should be executed. The like may be observed of Cambridge.

A Bookworm's Content.

DR. SHERIDAN wrote to Dean Swift, then in London on a visit :

"While you converse with lords and dukes,
I have their betters here—my books :
Fixed in an elbow chair at ease
I choose companions as I please.
I'd rather have one single shelf
Than all my friends, except yourself ;
For after all that can be said
Our best acquaintance are the dead."



Johnson's Tavern Resorts and Conversation.

NO. II.—CLIFTON'S AND THE MITRE.

Books quoted.

23. C. Carlyle's "Miscellany," 5 vols., 1842.
18. C. Croker's "Boswell," 2 vols., 1844.
7. A. Anderson, Robert, "Life of Johnson," 1815.
1. S. Stow, John, "History of London," 1633.
1. C. Cunningham's "London," 1850.
22. B. Browne, Sir Thomas, 3 vols., Bohn, 1852.
3. F. Ferrier, John, "Illustrn. Sterne," 2 vols., 1812.
3. C. Croker's "Boswell," 10 vols., 1835.
20. C. Coleridge's "Table Talk," 1836.
3. J. Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson, Shak. Soc., 1842.

BOSWELL relates that he was dining one Saturday in June, 1763, at Clifton's eating-house in Butcher's Row, when Johnson strode in and seated himself at another table. An Irish gentleman got into a dispute with him as to the cause of part of mankind being black, and Johnson gave his three reasons with a "Why, sir, it has been accounted for in three ways." That Ham was cursed, that they were originally created black and white, or that the heat of the sun had done it. The Irishman opposed angrily; Johnson arose and walked away quietly. "He has a most ungainly figure," said the other in revenge, "and an affection of pomposity unworthy of a man of genius" (18. C. i. 181). Sir Thomas Browne said there were two reasons—that of the curse, and the heat of the sun (22. B. ii. 181), and, after elaborate learning carried through two dissertations, shows that neither the one nor the other is very tenable. Bouchet also discusses this most ably, and decides for heat as the cause (3. F. i. 61). Boswell follows Johnson out, and engages him for nine that evening at the "Mitre," where they had a good supper and port. He felt from being in the great man's company what he designates as "a pleasing elevation of mind beyond what I had ever before experi-

enced." Johnson laughed at Colley Cibber then and afterwards (18. C. i. 181, and ii. 75) for saying that he had made his birthday odes bad purposely, for he had actually asked Johnson to make some corrections for him. In a distich quoted he makes a linnet sit on the eagle's wing instead of the fabulous wren—not that one can well see that a wren makes it any better; but Johnson offended him by saying that when the ancients made a simile they always made it like something real. He next ran down Gray. "Sir, I do not think Gray a first-rate poet," &c. Wordsworth has followed suit in the same line. But there they may both stand, stuck in a clayey marsh where no rational being will care to follow them, with entangled feet. The *aurea mediocritas* is not known to poets: first rate in his way, or nothing, must the poet be—and Gray, for his bulk, has more immortal lines than either of them; perhaps this sort of statistical estimate is the best way to settle such nonsense when asserted.

They then got upon religion and ghosts, and soon passed to Goldsmith, who was pronounced to be "one of the first men we now have as an author." Dempster had said once we should not criticise Mallet's "Elvira," because we should feel vain could we write anything near so good. Then came the "Why no, sir; that is not just. You may blame a carpenter for a bad table, though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables." This evening concluded with finishing a couple of bottles of port between one and two in the morning, and a cordial "Sir, I am glad we have met. I hope we shall pass many evenings, and mornings too, together." These "Mitre" evenings with Johnson were like the "Mermaid"¹ meetings of Ben Jonson, and we will revive a few of them now: would that we could those of the Cheapside tavern, but again we cannot, *caret quia vate Boswell*. On a Friday in July, 1763, Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith supped at the "Mitre." Goldsmith said that knowledge was not so very desirable, for it was often a source of uneasiness. Johnson's reply was "Why, sir, that knowledge may in some cases produce unhappiness, I allow. But upon the whole, knowledge, *per se*, . . . every man would wish to attain, although, perhaps, he may not take the trouble necessary for

¹ It is observable that this Cheapside *Mermaid* is probably the same as Jonson's tavern in Bread Street. In fact, that it had a front in each street—this suggestion has, I think, been made, but if assumed it gets over some difficulties. The sign originated in Cheapside with the printer, John Rastell, brother-in-law of Sir Thomas More. He was very learned, and his "Chronicles of the Realm of England" was printed at "the *Meeremaid*, next to Pollys Gate," 1529, *i.e.*, Paul's Gate, entering the Churchyard. Only three perfect copies are known. *Vide* "Allibone," *s.v.* *John Rastell*.

attaining it" (18. C. i. 189). He talked on this occasion about Dr. John Campbell, and said that his *Hermippus Redivivus* was highly entertaining upon the hermetic philosophy, as yielding a picture of human extravagancy. He adds a comment of interest, saying that if it were merely an invention it would be worth nothing at all. The principle laid down is incontestable, but what havoc it makes with the writing of fiction! It would appear, too, that Johnson regarded this work as being Dr. Campbell's, to whom, in consequence, he attributes "a good share of imagination"; but the book was by J. H. Cohausen, and translated by Dr. Campbell. Here we come upon that whimsical account given by Johnson as to the piety of Campbell:

"Campbell is a good man, a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat. *This shows that he has good principles.*"

On this Croker gives us a note which effectually destroys the whole fun of the thing. He tells us that members of the Kirk of Scotland do not uncover on *entering places* of worship, but that the lower classes sometimes show a superstitious veneration for burial-grounds, *i.e.*, uncover *in passing*, as with funerals here, I imagine; and Campbell did so in *passing* the churches, not *entering* them: so that Johnson is right after all, and Croker's note superfluous. Inveterate commentators frequently encumber us with help of this description, but we do not intend to let Croker deprive us of so entertaining a proof of sound principles as that of a man's taking his hat off to a church that he never enters.

Boswell having suddenly quitted his lodgings at Downing Street, where he had invited Johnson and others to supper, ordered it at the "Mitre." Accordingly, Johnson, Goldsmith, Davies the bookseller, a Mr. Eccles, and the Rev. John Ogilvie, a Scotchman to whom Boswell was proud to show that he was on terms of intimacy with Johnson, all met there. Boswell shows up Goldsmith on this occasion as trying to shine by disputing against Johnson that "the king can do no wrong." The big man, with his "Sir, you are to consider," shows that this is correct, because he cannot be tried. If the king can do no wrong, then no wrong can be protected by ascribing it to majesty. So that the immediate agent will be liable to punishment. He does not admit that all this is a fiction, an embasement by alloy that makes things work the better, as Bacon has it. But you can see it was working in him until he blurts out the very opposite conclusion, that "if the abuse be enormous, Nature will rise up, and, claiming her original rights, overturn a corrupt political system" (18. C. i. 192).

"This generous sentiment" quite intoxicates little Boswell, and as with drawn rapier thrusting carte and tierce, he feels himself to be a minikin Roundhead, and will keep the great principle in mind, though he trusts fervently he may never be called upon to put it in force. A comical episode is this between our Ajax and Tom Thumb.

Johnson this night was in good talking cue. It pleased him to say that to write history required no great abilities; the greatest powers of the mind are "quiescent" in such composition. The facts are there, which is just what everybody else would doubt, and want no invention. A little penetration and colouring will do. How each man magnifies his office! Hume points out that savages can excel in poetry, but that success in history is not attainable till society has grown refined and highly cultivated. The modern doctrine goes about again, and with no little plausibility shows that the giant poets, such as Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, convey epochs with more reality and truth than the prolix prose narrators have ever done. The greatest idealists become *ipso facto* the greatest realists. Man is an immortal spirit, and in the last and highest resort all is summed in this clear paradox—that it is the unseen things that interpret the seen. It was the human soul that wrought the facts in history. The idealizing soul alone can re-interpret and record them rationally.

On this occasion the sage in broadcloth pronounced Bayle's Dictionary a useful work on what he most loved, "the biographical part of literature," and went on to say that Arbuthnot was the first man amongst the Queen Anne group. He had physic, learning, humour. This is a thing we are coming to see, and some day his life will be written. Everybody's life around him seems to have been written. The whiffers in procession go before the king. This, sir, is the order of coronations; let us by no means interfere with it. Why should we? You and I may be in some haste, but the world is never in haste. Time has ages yet to spare, and can afford *festinare lente*.

Poor Ogilvie, who had been snapped at by Goldsmith, now said that Scotland had "many noble wild prospects."

"I believe, sir, you have a great many," said Johnson. "Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England!"

This glorious point of course brought a roar of applause. Prospects and gardens our hero laughed at; the best garden was that

which produced most roots and fruits, and the water that which contained most fish. A pig or a cook would both admit these definitions. In their dictionary there would be nothing to cavil at. He loved forest trees, however, and hated the Brighton Downs; it was so destitute, he said, that if you would hang yourself for desperation you could not find a tree to tie the rope to.

A day or two later Johnson dined with Boswell, his uncle (Dr. Boswell), and Mr. Dempster at Farrar's Buildings, where they talked about copyright, which Johnson was for extending to a hundred years (18. C. i. 197). The conversation then drifted to Hume's style. Johnson remarked, "Why, sir, his style is not English; the structure of his sentences is French." The one, he admitted, might be as good as the other, but if you allowed the English language to be formed, then Hume must be wrong. The same charge is made by Coleridge against Gibbon, and with more propriety still, for Gibbon sometimes reads almost like a translation. Porson said it would be a good exercise for a schoolboy to turn a page of the "Decline and Fall" into English. But at other times he would say it was the greatest literary production of the eighteenth century.

They supped at the "Mitre" again in 1766. Johnson had now, after an illness, abandoned the use of wine, and drank only water or lemonade (18. C. i. 227). Amongst other curious points alluded to, Johnson remarked of Hume that he had owned to a clergyman of Durham diocese that he had never read the New Testament with attention. He encouraged Boswell to write about Corsica. "You cannot," said he, "go to the bottom of the subject; but all you tell us will be new to us. Give us as many anecdotes as you can." Boswell defended Rousseau, in whose company he had been abroad, and Johnson called him a rascal who ought to be hunted out of society. "Sir, do you think him as bad a man as Voltaire?" Johnson: "Why, sir, it is difficult to settle the proportion of iniquity between them."

The absurdity of some of Croker's notes is very startling. One very amusing dialogue (18. C. i. 229) concludes by Boswell's saying, "But I wonder, sir, you have not more pleasure in writing than in not writing." Johnson: "Sir, you *may* wonder." Croker takes this to be an affectation of superiority on the part of Johnson, as if Boswell might not dare to even wonder without the great man's sanction. The whole context shows that Johnson was only pleading an excuse for his habitual indolence, maintaining that "no man is obliged to do as much as he can do;" and knowing how feeble in reason this was, he grew annoyed at Boswell's persistency. It is very

much in the spirit of Johnson's replies when in a certain mood. A gentleman of the name (18. C. x. 135) of Crawford had heard, that Johnson preferred Donne to Pope in the satires reversed by the latter, and said, "Do you know, Dr. Johnson, that I like Dr. Donne's original satires better than Pope's." "Well, sir," said Johnson, "I can't help that." This is much in the same strain. They met again at the "Mitre" on the 30th September, 1769. Boswell defended savage life, and Johnson wound up with a "No, sir, you are not to talk such paradox: let me have no more on't. It cannot entertain, far less can it instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered *him*, but I will not suffer *you*" (18. C. i. 255). His love of London came out to-night. He said "the happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. I will venture to say there is more learning and science within the circumference of ten miles from where we now sit, than in all the rest of the kingdom." A few more sentences, and Boswell said he sometimes wished to retire to a desert. Johnson rejoined, "Sir, you have desert enough in Scotland."

C. A. WARD.



Leigh Hunt on Catalogues.

A CATALOGUE is not a mere catalogue or list of saleable things, as the uninitiated may fancy. Even a common auctioneer's catalogue of goods and chattels suggests a thousand reflections to a peruser of any knowledge. Judge, then, what the case must be with a catalogue of books; the very titles of which run the rounds of the whole world, visible and invisible; geographies, biographies, histories, loves, hates, joys, sorrows, cookeries, sciences, fashions, and eternity! We speak on this subject from the most literal experience; for often and often have we cut open a new catalogue of old books with all the fervour and ivory folder of a first love; often read one at tea; nay, at dinner; and have put crosses against dozens of volumes in the list, out of the pure imagination of buying them, the possibility being out of the question!



Books in Old Monastic Libraries.

IN the time of Richard, elected Abbot of Whitby in 1148, we have a catalogue of the books preserved there. Some of the authors are :

Ambrose	Plato	Rabanus Maurus
Hugo	Homer	Origen
Theodolus	Cicero	Priscian
Aratores	Juvenal	Gregory Nazienzen
Bernard	Persius	Josephus
Avianus	Statius	Bede
Gratian	Sedulus	Gildas
Odo	Prosper	Isidore
Gilda	Prudentius	Ruffinus
Maximianus	Boethius	Guido on Music
Eusebius	Donatus	Diadema Monachorum

At a later period the Monastery of Rievall, in Yorkshire, possessed an excellent library of 200 volumes. This we know by a catalogue of them, compiled by one of the monks about the middle of the fourteenth century, and now preserved in the library of Jesus College, Cambridge. A transcript of this manuscript was made by Mr. Halliwell, and published in his *Reliquia Antiqua*, from which it may be seen that the Rievall Monastery contained at that time many choice and valuable works. The numerous writings of Saints Augustine, Bernard, Anselm, Cyprian, Origen, Haimo, Gregory, Ambrose, Isidore, Chrysostom, Bede, Aldhelm, Gregory Nazienzen, Ailred, Josephus, Rabanus Maurus, Peter Lombard, Orozius, Boethius, Justin, Seneca, with histories of the Church of Britain, of Jerusalem, of King Henry, and many others equally interesting and costly, prove how industriously they used their pens, and how much they appreciated literature and learning. But in the fourteenth century the inhabitants of the monasteries were very industrious in transcribing books. At a period coeval with the compilation of the Rievall catalogue a monk of Coventry Church was plying his pen with unceasing energy: John de Bruges wrote with his own hand thirty-two volumes for the library of the Benedictine Priory of St. Mary (printed in Hearne's "History of Glastonbury," from a MS. in the Bodleian Library). The MS. begins : "These are the books which John de Bruges, Monk of Coventry, wrote for the Coventry Church. Any one who shall take them away from the church without the consent of the convent, let him be anathema."—*Merryweather's "Bibliomania in the Middle Ages."*



The First Folio Shakespeare, 1623.

No. III.

THE beautiful and generous lines in which Jonson honoured his friend might alone have prevented much of the misrepresentation by which, before the advent of Mr. Gifford, the relations of these famous men had been made to appear unworthy of both, but especially of Jonson. All the biographers and commentators before Mr. Gifford, had followed and amplified the tradition that Jonson was shamefully jealous of Shakespeare, and sought every occasion to ridicule him ; while it was owing to Shakespeare's direct intervention and assistance that Jonson was started on the road to success. Mr. Gifford disproved all this ; and in doing so possibly went somewhat beyond the warrant of all the facts. At least, it is understood that in the impending edition of "Ben Jonson" it will be shown that Gifford swayed the balance too much the other way. It is a singular fact that, for ten years after Shakespeare's death, Jonson wrote no plays. His tribute to Shakespeare in the first folio occurred towards the end of this period of dramatic silence. The following tributes follow that of Ben Jonson in the prolegomena of the folio :—

Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



HOSE hands, which you so clapt, go now, and wring
You *Britaines* brave ; for done are *Shakespeares* dayes :
His dayes are done, that made the dainty Playes,
Which made the Globe of heau'n and earth to ring.
Dry'de is that veine, dry'd is the *Theſpian* Spring,

Turn'd all to teares, and *Phabus* clouds his rayes :
 That corp's, that coffin now besticke those bayes,
 Which crown'd him *Poet* first, then *Poets* King.
 If *Tragedies* might any *Prologue* haue,
 All those he made, would scarce make one to this :
 Where *Fame*, now that he gone is to the graue
 (Deaths publique tyring-house) the *Nuncius* is.
 For though his line of life went soone about,
 The life yet of his lines shall neuer out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

TO THE MEMORIE of the Deceased Authour Maister

W. SHAKESPEARE.



Hake-speare, at length thy pious fellows giue
 The world thy Workes : thy Workes, by which, out-line
 Thy Tombe, thy name must : when that stone is rent,
 And Time dissolues thy Stratford Monument,
 Here we aliuie shall view thee still. This Booke,
 When Brasse and Marble fade, shall make thee looke
 Fresh to all Ages : when Posteritie
 Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigie
 That is not Shake-speares ; eu'ry Line, each Verse
 Here shall reuiue, redeeme thee from thy Herse,
 Nor Fire, nor cankring Age, as Naso said,
 Of his, thy wit-fraught Booke shall once inuade.
 Nor shall I e'er beleene, or thinke thee dead
 (Though mist) vntill our bankrout Stage be sped
 (Impossible) with some new straine t'out-do
Iussions of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo* ;
 Or till I heare a scene more nobly take,
 Then when the half=Sword parlying Romans spake.
 Till these, till any of thy Volumes rest
 Shall with more fire, more feeling be exprest,
 Be sure, our Shake-speare, thou canst neuer dye,
 But crown'd with Laurell, liue eternally.

L. DIGGES.

To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare.



EE wondred (Shake-speare) that thou went'st so soone
 From the worlde's-Stage, to the Graue's-Tyning-roome.
 Wee thought thee dead, but this thy printed worth,
 Tels thy Spectators, that thou went'st but forth
 To enter with applause. An Actor's Art,
 Can dye, and liue, to acte a Second part.
 That's but an Exit of Mortalitie,
 This, a Re-entrance to a P'laudite.

I. M.

In the succeeding list of players and of plays the typographica setting of the folio is not imitated as in the previous portions of the prolegomena.

The Workes of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, containing all his
Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies : Truly set forth,
according to their first Originall.

The names of the Principall Actors in all these Playes.

William Shakespeare	Samuel Gilburne
Richard Burbadge	Robert Armin
John Hemmings	William Ostler
Augustine Phillips	Nathan Field
William Kempt	John Underwood
Thomas Poope	Nicholas Tooley
George Bryan	William Ecclestone
Henry Condell	Joseph Taylor
William Slye	Robert Benfield
Richard Cowly	Robert Goughe
John Lowine	Richard Robinson
Samuell Crosse	Iohn Shancke
Alexander Cooke	Iohn Rice

*A Catalogue of the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this
Volume.*

COMEDIES.

The Tempest	Folio 1	The Life of King Henry the Fift	69
The Two Gentlemen of Verona	20	The First part of King Hen. the Sixt	96
The Merry Wiues of Windsor	38	The Second part of King Henry the Sixt	120
Measure for Measure	61	The Third part of King Henry the Sixt	147
The Comedy of Errours	85	The Life and Death of Richard the Third	173
Much adoo about Nothing	101	The Life of King Henry the Eight	205
Loues Labour lost	122		
Midsommer Nights Dreame	145		
The Merchant of Venice	163		
As you Like it	185		
The Taming of the Shrew	208		
All is well, that Ends well	230		
Twelve-Night, or what you will	255		
The Winters Tale	304		

TRAGEDIES.

		The Tragedy of Coriolanus	Fol 1
		Titus Andronicus	31
		Romeo and Juliet	53
		Timon of Athens	80
The Life and Death of King John	Fol. 1	The Life and Death of Julius Caesar	109
The Life and Death of Richard the Second	23	The Tragedy of Macbeth	131
The First part of King Henry the Fourth	46	The Tragedy of Hamlet	152
The Second part of K. Henry the Fourth	74	King Lear	283
		Othello, the Moore of Venice	310
		Anthony and Cleopater	346
		Cymbeline, King of Britaine	369

The folio is divided into three sections devoted respectively to Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. The pagination is very eccentric. In the following collation of a good copy of the folio,—a few alterations of detail were introduced as the work was going through the press, and copies vary slightly,—these typographical peculiarities are noted :—

THE COMEDIES.

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Originall Copies. London Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Edward Blount. 1623. Folio.

Title as above, on which there is a Portrait of Shakespeare engraved by Martin Droeshont ; opposite to this there is a leaf containing on its reverse *ten* lines, headed, "To the Reader"—signed, "B. I." *i.e.* Ben Jonson.

Dedication to "William Earle of Pembroke, &c." and "Philip Earle of Montgomery"—signed "Iohn Heminge" and "Henry Condell"—*one* leaf.

"To the great Variety of Readers"—signed "Iohn Heminge" and "Henrie Condell"—*one* leaf.

"To the memory of my beloued, the Authour Mr. William Shakespeare : " &c.—*two* pages of verses, signed "Be Iohnson"—*one* leaf.

"Vpon the Lines and Life of the Famous Scenicke Poet, Master William Shakespeare"—*fourteen* lines, signed "Hvgh Holland"—*one* leaf.

"To the Memorie of the deceased Authour Maister W. Shakespeare"—*twenty-two* lines, signed "L. Digges"—"To the memorie of M. W. Shake-speare"—*eight* lines, signed "I.M."—*one* leaf.

"The Workes of William Shakespeare," &c. "The Names of the Principall Actors," &c.—*one* leaf.

"A Catalogve of the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," &c.—*one* leaf. The Tempest—pp. 1 to 19.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona—pp. 20 to 38—(the head-lines of pp. 37, 38, are, in error, "The Merry Wiues of Windsor").

The Merry Wiues of Windsor—pp. 39 to 60 (pp. 50 and 59 are misprinted 58 and 51).

Measvre, for Measure—pp. 61 to 84.

The Comedie of Errors—pp. 85 to 100—(p. 86 is misprinted 88).

Much Adoe about Nothing—pp. 101 to 121.

Loues Labour's lost—pp. 122 to 144.

A Midsommer Nights Dreame—pp. 145 to 162 (pp. 153 and 161 are misprinted 151 and 163).

The Merchant of Venice—pp. 163 to 184 (pp. 164 and 165 are misprinted 162 and 163).

As you Like it—pp. 185 to 207 (p. 189 is misprinted 187).

The Taming of the Shrew—pp. 208 to 229 : in some copies page 214 is printed 212 ; this affords one of the evidences that copies of the first edition vary, and that corrections were effected during the progress of the work through the press ; and it may also be noted that signature V in many copies is indicated by Vv.

All's Well, that Ends Well—pp. 230 to 25 (. 237 in some copies is misprinted 233 ; pp. 249, 250 are misprinted 251, 252).

Twelfth Night, Or what you will—pp. 255 to 275 (p. 265 is misprinted 273, page 276 is *blank*).

The Winters Tale—pp. 277 to 303, p. 304 being *blank*.

THE HISTORIES.

- King John—pp. 1 to 22.
 Richard the Second—pp. 23 to 45 (in some copies p. 37 is misprinted 39).
 Henry the Fourth, Part I.—pp. 46 to 73 (pp. 47, 48, are omitted).
 Henry the Fourth, Part II.—pp. 74 to 100, with a leaf containing the "Epilogue,"
 and, on its reverse, "The Actors Names" (pages 89, 90, are misprinted
 91, 92).
 Henry the Fifth—pp. 69 to 95 (the pagination of this portion of the work, 69 to
 100, has been repeated).
 Henry the Sixth, Part I.—pp. 96 to 119.
 Henry the Sixth, Part II.—pp. 120 to 146.
 Henry the Sixth, Part III.—pp. 147 to 172 (pp. 165, 166 are misprinted 167, 168).
 Richard the Third—pp. 173 to 204.
 Henry the Eighth—pp. 205 to 232 (p. 216 being misprinted 218).

There are slight variations in the head-lines of Henry the Fourth, Part I. p. 57,
 and of Henry the Sixth, Part III. pp. 153 to 172; these variations do not exist in
 the second edition.

THE TRAGEDIES.

- The Prologue, and first page of Troilus and Cressida (unpaged)—then pp. 79 and
 80, then 25 pp. without pagination, and the last page blank.
 Coriolanus—pp. 1 to 30.
 Titus Andronicus—pp. 31 to 52 (p. 51, copies vary).
 Romeo and Juliet—pp. 53 to 79 (pp. 77 and 78 wanting).
 Tymon of Athens—pp. 80, 81, 82, then again commencing pp. 81 to 98.
 The Actors' Names—one page, the next page blank.
 Julius Cæsar—pp. 109 to 130.
 Macbeth—pp. 131 to 151.
 Hamlet—pp. 152 to 156, then one hundred pages omitted, and continuing pages
 257 to 282 (pp. 279 and 282 are misprinted 259 and 280); page 278, copies
 vary.
 King Lear—pp. 283 to 309 (p. 308 misprinted 38).
 Othello—pp. 310 to 339.
 Anthonie and Cleopatra—pp. 340 to 368.
 Cymbeline—pp. 369 to 399 (pp. 379 and 399 misprinted 389 and 993).

The signatures are as follows :

- A, containing title, verses, and introductory matter, 9 leaves.
 The Tempest to the Winters Tale—A to Cc2, in sixes (V is misprinted Vv).
 King John to Troilus and Cressida—a to g, in sixes (a3 is misprinted Aa3); gg,
 8 leaves; h to x, and ¶, and ¶¶, in sixes; ¶¶¶ one leaf (m3 is misprinted
 13; x3 is not marked).
 Coriolanus to Cymbeline—aa to ff, in sixes (bb2 is misprinted Bb2); gg has 8
 leaves (five of which are marked gg, gg2, Gg, gg2, gg3); hh, kk to vv, x, yy
 to bbb, in sixes (nn and nn2 are misprinted Nn and Nn2; oo is misprinted
 Oo; oo2 has no signature; tt2 is misprinted tt3; xx, xx2, xx3, are mis-
 printed x, x2, and x3; yy2 and yy3 are misprinted y2 and y3).

The volume ends thus :—

Printed at the Charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W
 Aspley. 1623.



First Catalogue of Books Sold by Auction.

DR. SEAMAN'S books were the first that were sold by auction in England. In the preface to the catalogue the auctioneer states: "It hath not been usual here in England to make sale of books by way of Auction, or who will give the most for them; but it having been practised in other countreys to the advantage both of Buyers and Sellers, it was therefore conceived (for the encouragement of learning) to publish the sale of these books this manner of way; and it is hoped that this will not be Unacceptable to Schollars; and therefore we thought it convenient to give an advertisement concerning the manner of Proceeding therein." The catalogue is entitled "Catalogus Variorum et Insignium Librorum instructissimæ Bibliothecæ Clarissimi Doctissimique Viri Lazari Seaman, S.T.D. Quorum auctio habebitur Londini in ædibus Defuncti in Area et Viculo Warwickensi, Octobris ultimo. Cura Gulielmi Cooper, Bibliopolæ, 1676. 4to. pp. 137." It is a small quarto in size, and contains title, "To the Reader," and "Index Capitum" (making three preliminary leaves) and 137 pages. From the title we learn that the library was sold in Dr. Seaman's own house in Warwick Court, Paternoster Row. In the only consecutive list of English book auctions—that of Richard Gough—a mistake is made in saying that the house in Warwick Lane, where the books were sold, was Cooper's house, a mistake repeated in later notices of the subject. The fact is that Cooper's shop or warehouse was, as stated on this very title, at the sign of the Pelican in *Little Britain*, though it appears that he held none of his early auctions there, but either at the house of the owner of the books, or at other houses, the signs of which are given. That this library of Dr. Seaman was actually the first sold by auction in England, though not definitely stated in the catalogue itself, is proved from the following facts. First, from the preface "To the Reader." Secondly, from the preface to the second auction catalogue (the Library of Dr. Thos. Kidner), which was not published until three months after the first. In this preface, Cooper distinctly says that Seaman's was the first library sold by auction in London,

and that the sale of Kidner's library in 1678⁹ was the second. Thirdly, the preface to the auction catalogue of Greenhill's library refers to the "two former attempts in this kind by the sale of Seaman's and Kidner's Libraries." And finally, the preface to the catalogue of Dr. Thomas Manton's library, sold in March, 1678, distinctly states it to be the "fourth" book auction held in this country. One of the advantages Cooper claims for the method of selling books by auction is, "that, having this Catalogue of the Books, and their Editions under their several heads and numbers, it will be more easy for any Person of Quality, Gentlemen, or Others, to Depute anyone to Buy such Books for them as they shall desire, if their Occasions will not permit them to be present at the Auction themselves." The arrangement evidently follows that of the Dutch catalogue already referred to. A kind of classification is adopted, such as "*Patres Græci*," "*Patres Latini*," "*Biblia Varia*," etc., each with subdivisions and separate numeration. The arrangement of names in the various divisions is not alphabetical, so that one might have to read through the whole of the division before finding a particular book. As to the conditions of sale, they were very simple, and the most important of them are still retained in literary auction catalogues. Thus we have, "That those which bid most are the Buyers; and if any manifest Differences should Arise, that then the same Book or Books shall be forthwith exposed again to Sale." The books were sold as perfect, and allowed to be rejected if found imperfect before being taken away. The descriptions are of the shortest kind; in very few instances occupying more than a single line for each book. There is no attempt to distinguish editions, nothing about condition or binding. The printers' names are not given, only the place of printing. Hearne thus notices this sale: "Feb. 13, 1722-3. The first catalogue of books sold by auction was the library of Dr. Seaman; the second was that of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Kidner, Rector of Hitchin, in Hartfordshire, Feb. 6, 1676-7." In the British Museum is a quarto volume containing the first eleven catalogues of books sold by auction, with the prices in manuscript. To this volume Mr. Heber has added the following MS. note: "This volume, which formerly belonged to Narcissus Luttrell, and since to Mr. Gough, is remarkable for containing the eleven first catalogues of books ever sold by auction in England. When it came into my possession it had suffered so much from damp, and the leaves were so tender and rotten, that every time the volume was opened it was liable to injury. This has been remedied by giving the whole a strong coat of size."



Sentiments and Observations of a Bookworm.

(CULLED FROM THE PAGES OF ISAAC DISRAELI.)

WHERE it inquired of an ingenious writer what page of his work had occasioned him most perplexity he would often point to the *title-page*. The curiosity which we there would excite is, however, most fastidious to gratify.

The false idea which a title conveys is alike prejudicial to the author and the reader. Titles are generally too prodigal of their promises, and the authors are contemned; but the works of modest authors, though they present more than they promise, may fail of attracting notice by their extreme simplicity. In either case a collector of books is prejudiced; he is induced to collect what merits no attention, or he passes over those valuable works whose titles may not happen to be interesting. It is too often with the titles of books as with those painted representations exhibited by the keepers of wild beasts; where in general the picture itself is made more striking and inviting to the eye, than the enclosed animal is always found to be.

County histories have been frequently compiled, and provincial writers have received a temporary existence from the accident of some obscure individual being an inhabitant of some obscure town.

How delightful is it when the mind of the female is so happily disposed, and so richly cultivated as to participate in the literary avocations of her husband! It is then truly that the intercourse of the sexes becomes the most refined pleasure.

Descriptive poetry should be relieved by a skilful intermixture of passages addressed to the heart as well as to the imagination: uniform description satiates; and has been considered as one of the inferior branches of poetry.

Singular inequalities are observable in the labours of genius ; and particularly in those which admit great enthusiasm, as in poetry, in painting, and in music. Faultless mediocrity, industry can preserve in one continued degree ; but excellence, the daring and the happy, can only be attained by human faculties, by starts.

Authors of moderate capacity have unceasingly harassed the public, and have at length been remembered only by the number of wretched volumes their unhappy industry has produced.

A translator may perfectly understand the language of his original, and yet produce an unreadable translation.

It would be no uninteresting literary speculation to describe the difficulties which some of our most favourite works encountered in their manuscript state, and even after they had passed through the press. It is perhaps useful to record, that while the fine compositions of genius and the elaborate labours of erudition are doomed to encounter obstacles to fame, and never are but slightly remunerated, works of another description are rewarded in the most princely manner ; at the sale of a bookseller, the copyright of Vyse's Spelling Book was sold at the enormous price of £2,200 with an annuity of fifty guineas to the author !

The criticisms of those who lived in or near the times when authors flourished merit our observation. They sometimes elicit a ray of intelligence, which later opinions do not always give.

There are heavy hours in which the mind of a man of letters is unhinged ; when the intellectual faculties lose all their elasticity, and when nothing but the simplest actions are adapted to their enfeebled state.

Abridgers are a kind of literary men to whom the indolence of modern readers, and indeed the multiplicity of authors, give ample employment. Abridgers, compilers, and translators, are now slightly regarded ; yet to form their works with skill requires an exertion of judgment, and frequently of taste of which their contemners appear to have no due conception. Such literary labours it is thought the learned will not be found to want, and the unlearned cannot discern the value.

Writers who have been unsuccessful in original composition have their other productions immediately decried, whatever merit they might once have been allowed to possess. Yet this is very unjust ; an author who has given a wrong direction to his literary powers may perceive, at length, where he can more securely point them. Experience is as excellent a mistress in the school of literature as in the school of human life. An indifferent poet may exert the art of

criticism in a very high degree ; and if he cannot himself produce an original work, he may yet be of great service in regulating the happier genius of another.

The talent of judging may exist separately from the power of execution. An amateur may not be an artist, though an artist should be an amateur—genius is very superior to a justness of mind, which is sufficient to judge and to advise others.

The blemishes of great men are not the less blemishes, but they are, unfortunately, the easiest parts for imitation.

The feathered arrow of an epigram has sometimes been wet with the heart's blood of its victim. Fortune has been lost, reputation destroyed, and every charity of life extinguished by the inhumanity of inconsiderate wit. Literary history, even of our own days, records the fate of several who may be said to have died of criticism.

The writings of the Fathers once formed the studies of the learned. These labours abound with that subtlety of argument which will repay the industry of the inquisitive, and the antiquary may turn them over for pictures of the manners of the age.

Some men may be said to have died poetically, and even grammatically. There must be some attraction existing in poetry which is not merely fictitious, for often have its genuine votaries felt all its powers on the most trying occasions.

In all ages there has existed an anti-poetical party. This faction consists of those frigid intellects incapable of that glowing expansion so necessary to feel the charms of an art, which only addresses itself to the imagination, or of writers who, having proved unsuccessful in their court to the Muses, revenge themselves by reviling them ; and also of those religious minds who consider the ardent effusions of poetry as dangerous to the morals and peace of society.

The enthusiastic votary who devotes his days and nights to meditations on his favourite art, will rarely be found that despicable thing, a mere man of the world ; that absence of mind which arises from their continued attention to their ideas, renders them awkward in their manners. Such defects are even a proof of the activity of genius.





Famous Libraries.

No 4.—SION COLLEGE LIBRARY.

SOME years ago, when walking up London Wall, a street neither of the widest, cleanest, nor quietest, the writer noticed a wide, low portal leading into a small, secluded court. On the one side was a long one-storied building with Jacobean windows, on the other a hall in the same debased style. This on inquiry, proved to be Sion College. The building had neither beauty, convenience, nor age to recommend it, and antiquary and bibliophile may view its departure into the limbo of things passed away with unconcern. Yet lovers of quiet corners and picturesque heaps of bricks and mortar regret the old college, and prefer it to the stately and convenient building Mr. Blomfield has designed on the Thames Embankment hard by Blackfriars Bridge. The new library has infinite advantages in every way—in fact is as nearly perfect as a book-room can be—and when the smoke of the great city has dimmed the glare of its white stone and red brick, will be a welcome object to the eyes of the artistic. From an architectural point of view the design is far from perfect, but the building groups pleasantly, and perhaps if picked to pieces the Parthenon itself is not above criticism. In any case, so far as this article is concerned, its faults may pass without notice; it is with the inside, not the exterior, that our readers are interested. Suffice it then to say that, on the whole, it is a noble library, nobly housed.

As the library originally formed no part of the scheme of the founder of the college, it may not be uninteresting to trace briefly the rise and progress of the corporation. The founder was Thomas White, S.T.P. This pious, large-hearted cleric was a native of Bristol, who in 1588 was appointed a prebend of St. Paul's, being then vicar of St. Dunstan's in the West. To these preferments others quickly followed: in 1590 he was appointed Treasurer of Salisbury, in 1591 a canon of Oxford, and in 1593 a canon of St. George's, Windsor. He

died, full of years and honours, in 1624. Holding so many rich stalls Dr. White died a rich man, and by his will managed to distribute it wisely. Bristol is indebted to him for the Temple Hospital; St. Paul's Cathedral for the endowment of its divinity lecturer; Oxford for the revenues of a lecturer on moral philosophy; the London clergy for the corporation of which we are writing, and forty poor persons for pensions of the comfortable amount of £35 per head per annum.

Sion College is neither more nor less than a guild of the working clergy of London, an association for mutual help and encouragement. That it might hold property it was duly incorporated by Royal Charter in 1630, a former charter granted in 1626 having been cancelled because it contained provisions contrary to the jurisdiction of the Bishop. In 1626, Dr. White's executors bought of Robert Parkhurst, citizen, "one capital messuage, some time belonging to the Priory of Elsing Spital," and some other contiguous property. Thus one charity occupied the site of another. Those who desire to know more about Elsing Spital should read the "Account of Sion College" which the present kind and cultivated librarian, the Rev. W. H. Milman, read in 1880 before the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, from which account, by the kindness of the author, nearly all the facts in this article are taken.

Dr. White was fortunate in his executors, for one of them was Dr. John Simpson, rector of St. Olave, Hart Street, a kinsman and a man of as large heart as the testator himself. It being suggested to Dr. Simpson that a fine room for a library might be built over the lodgings then being erected for the almsfolk, he built and furnished it at his own proper cost, and, moreover, endowed it with a piece of land the rent of which he calculated would keep the room in repair. The room was 120 feet long and 25 wide. Then Dr. Simpson, not to do his good deed by halves, built a few sets of chambers on the south side of the ground to accommodate at a cheap rate the students using the library. In one of these sets lived for a while Thomas Fuller, the wise and witty; in another Nathaniel Tarporley, a mathematician, who bequeathed to the college, besides money; twenty-one rings and two bracelets. But, alas! these chambers were tenanted but a few times, when the Great Fire destroyed both them and the rest of the college, including a third of the books, and leaving as a legacy the necessity of heavy expenditure and prolonged poverty. Gallant efforts were made to raise the funds necessary for the re-erection of the buildings, but when all was done there remained a heavy deficit, which the college met by granting long leases on parts of its site for

heavy fines and nominal rents, thus at once anticipating its income and crippling its resources. There is little more to note about the building except that, owing to want of funds, it was allowed to get into such a condition that between 1800–1815, nearly four thousand pounds had to be spent in repairs. Want of means to build a new almshouse was the primary cause of the sale of the old and erection of the new building which now houses the corporation.

The present collection of books appears to have been commenced in 1628, and until the first Copyright Act it depended for accretions on private benevolence, and many and valuable were the contributions both in books and money; Walter Travers, the opponent of Hooker, gave 200 works, and Tarporley 170 and a clock. In 1647 the library was enriched by that of Paul's Cathedral—Sion College at this time being of the Puritans puritanical; and in 1655 Simeon Ash, rector of St. Augustine, gave many valuable books, amongst them being the prized Sarum Missal, and the yet more valuable York Breviary. Then came the Great Fire, but after the rebuilding the volumes flowed in apace, and in 1679 the king enriched the college with some of the books seized at a Jesuit study at Holbeck. In 1682 the Earl of Berkeley presented his study of books—upwards of 1700—and five years later John Lawson left his library, consisting of nearly eleven hundred works, to the corporation.

In 1710 Sion College became entitled to a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall, under the Copyright Act of that year; and had the governors of the charity looked well after their interests, which, being so near the Stationers' Hall, they might easily have done, all would have gone well, but when under the Act of 6 and 7 William IV., c. 110, this privilege was taken from the college and a money payment substituted, Sion College only got some £363 per annum, whereas the University of St. Andrew's, which lost the same right, obtained £630, the compensation being calculated upon the annual value of the additions from this source. During this period the chief accretions from outside sources had been the library of Thomas James, printer, consisting of 3,000 volumes, and, in 1712, the library of Archdeacon Waple, which contained upwards of nineteen hundred volumes, besides sufficient duplicates to realize over a hundred and fifty pounds.

Of course, being a library for the use of the clergy—and every cleric in the diocese has a right thereto—its chief strength is theology, but it has good biographical and historical collections, and, indeed, no department of literature is unrepresented. Considering its vast size—it now contains upwards of 66,000 volumes—the library is not of

great value, but it nevertheless possesses some very rare and important books. The manuscripts are few in number. A terribly mutilated "*Psalterium pulcherrimum*," once belonging to Simon de Mephim, is perhaps as fine a specimen of writing in gold and colours as any in the kingdom. The beautiful "*York Breviary*" has been previously mentioned, and there are one or two rather late Greek *Evangelisteria*. There is, besides its own official records, a MS. containing the records of London ecclesiastical proceedings during 1647-1660, and "*The Acts of the Committee for Plundered Ministers, 1650-51.*"

Of pamphlets, the library possesses three important collections—(1) the Gibson tracts, presented by the executors of Gibson, Bishop of London, 358 volumes ; (2) the tracts collected by the Rev. Dr. Russell, 413 volumes ; and (3) the tracts presented by the Rev. Wm. Scott, 275 volumes.

The librarians have always been clergy, and the following is the succession :—

John Simpson, M.A., son of the founder of the library, elected 1631.

John Spencer, 1634-1680. During his period, one Thomas Leach held office for three years, Spencer having fallen under suspicion for the disappearance of the rings left by Tarporley. His conduct seems to have been condoned because he was so good a librarian. He made the first printed catalogue, published in quarto in 1650, and died in 1680.

— Lewis, under whom "this library suffered great loss." He was discharged in 1684.

William Nelson—1684-1708.

Samuel Berdmore.

William Reading, elected librarian on the recommendation of Henry Compton, Bishop of London, and the first prelate who exercised his right as visitor of the library. Reading did much for the improvement of his charge, and in 1724 published a catalogue containing some 24,000 entries.

William Brackenbridge, rector of St. Michael, Bassishaw, died 1762.

William Clements, who left all his books to the library.

Robert Watts, vicar of St. Helens, elected 1799.

Henry Christmas, elected 1842, who rearranged the library and had to be removed by suit at law.

W. G. Hall, rector of St. Benet, Paul's Wharf, elected 1850.

T. Pelham Dale, rector of St. Vedast (of ritualistic fame), elected 1851, resigned 1856.

W. H. Milman, rector of St. Augustine and St. Faith. Whom God preserve.

To mention the chief books would render this article unwieldy, and bring down upon the unfortunate writer the heavy wrath of the editor, but the following brief list supplied by the ever courteous and obliging librarian will be of interest :—

York Breviary. MS. folio.

Wycliffe's version of the Old Testament, MS., early 15th century; slightly imperfect.

Wycliffe's New Testament, MS.

Psalter with the Canticles and Litanies, MS., 14th century.

Horæ B.V.M. M.S.

Processionale ad usum Monasterii Salvatoris de Sion apud Isleworth.

Biblia Latina. MS.

Biblia Latina. MS., 1571.

Sacra Biblia. Latymer, 1525, Lond.

The Orcharde of Sion. Wynkyn de Worde, 1494.

History of Troy. Caxton, 1471.

Tullys of Old Age. Caxton, 1481. Folio.

The Chastysing of Goddes Chyldern. Caxton.

Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus rerum. Folio.

The Remors of Mannes Conscience. 4to.

Coverdale's Bible, 1535.

Novum Testamentum (Erasmus). Folio, 151

Biblia Græca. Aldine.

Chronicon Nurembergense, 1493.

Missale ad usum Sarum, 1527, folio.

Manuale ad usum Sarum, 1555.

Biblia, Polyglot, 1517.

Book of Common Prayer, 1662, folio.

It may be added that there is also a first edition of Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, and a copy of that rare edition of *Boccacio* in which the lascivious monks are all turned into knights or laymen.

A. C. BICKLEY.



Pinelli the Collector.

IT is related of Pinelli, the celebrated collector of books, that the booksellers permitted him to remain hours and sometimes days in their shop to examine books before he purchased. He was desirous of not injuring his precious collection by useless acquisitions; but he confessed that he sometimes could not help being dazzled by magnificent titles, nor being mistaken in the simplicity of others.



The First Quarto Edition of "Hamlet."

THE facsimilist has done much to enlighten the mind of the general public upon the subject of this rare quarto edition of the immortal bard's best-known play, but the originals will always keep their value to bibliographers. In the British Museum Library there is a series of five editions of "Hamlet" in the early quarto form, and among them is a copy of the first edition, a treasure for which Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps paid the sum of £120. Whatever may be the relative value of the various quarto editions of "Hamlet" from a literary point of view, it is quite certain that the first has by far the greater bibliographical importance. In fact, there are only two copies known to exist at the present time. In 1825, one copy (and then considered to be the only copy) became the property of the Duke of Devonshire, along with twelve other scarce old plays. It had formerly belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer, was bought by Messrs. Payne and Foss for £180, sold to the Duke for £250, and in 1860 it was estimated to be worth £400. A reprint of the "Hamlet," very carefully and accurately made, was published in 1825, but without the last leaf, which was wanting in the original, and that leaf was not supplied till 1856, when a second copy of the play was discovered by Mr. M. W. Rooney, of Dublin. This copy, which had the last leaf perfect, but wanted the title-page, was bought by Mr. Rooney from a student of Trinity College, Dublin, who had brought it from Nottinghamshire with his other books. After reprinting the last leaf, Mr. Rooney sold the pamphlet to Mr. Boone for £70, from whom Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps bought it for £120, and it is now deposited in the British Museum. "Without doubt," says Dr. Furnivall, "the date of the first cast of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' is 1601 or 1602, as its pirated representative . . . was entered in the

Stationers' Register on July 26, 1602." The date of its publication was 1603. The following is a copy of its title:—

“ THE
Tragical Historie of
HAMLET

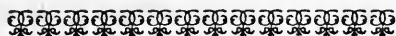
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shake-speare.

As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse Seruants in the Cittie of London : as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-vvhere.

At London printed for N. L. and John Trundell
1603.”

It is not our intention to speak here of the literary character of this treasure, otherwise we should have much to say in reference to the great variation of the first and second editions of the play. There can be no doubt the first edition was a pirated one.



A Curious Colophon.

ALBRECHT PFISTER, of Bamberg, placed the following inscription at the end of the book he printed in 1460, known as “The Book of the Four Histories” :—“Every man desires in his heart to be well instructed. But without a master and without books this cannot be. Moreover, we do not all understand Latin. These reflections having occupied me for some time, I revised and united the four histories of Joseph, Daniel, Judith, and Esther. God granted His protection to these four, as He always does to the good. This little book, of which the object is to lead us to amend our lives, was completed in Bamberg ; and in the same town Albrecht Pfister printed it, in the year which we count one thousand four hundred and sixty (such is the truth), a short time after the Festival of St. Walpurgis, who is able to obtain for us abundant grace, peace, and eternal life. May God bestow it upon all of us ! ‘Amen.’”



The Philosophy of Book-Titles.

THE Art of Naming Books has never received the serious attention that it merits. The rules of rhetoric do not deal with the subject. Consequently the fashions in book-titles have oscillated from age to age between the two extremes of the fantastical and the commonplace. The Rabbinical writers, Disraeli tells us, have been the worst offenders in the former vein; perhaps any catalogue of contemporary publications would furnish as many in the latter as one would care for.

The title is properly as much a part of the book as the portico is of the building. The best-named books are those in which the two are not easily separable, though in one case as in the other there must be an architectural symmetry and adaptation to ends. The worst of all titles are those whose promise leads to no fulfilment in the pages which follow, like the advertising bills of certain theatrical companies. Of this sort was Bishop Berkeley's "Siris," "announced as an essay on 'Tar-Water, which beginning with Tar ends with the Trinity.'" This is the *Title No-Title*, corresponding to the "Biblia Abiblia" of which Mr. Lang discourses. Hence Disraeli's maxim: "We must not write to the utter neglect of our title; and a fair author should have the literary piety of ever having 'the fear of his title-page before his eyes.'" It is much the same with books as with men, where, as Dante says in the "Convito," a title often goes with a name whence all true "gentillesse" has vanished.

The Elizabethan dramatists and English authors throughout the seventeenth century frequently display great ingenuity in the choice of titles—ingenuity too frequently vitiated by fantasticalness and affectation. Quaint in their own day doubtless, they have grown quainter still to our ears. And the Nemesis of deliberate quaintness now or then is the degradation of mere meretriciousness.

No age has surpassed our own in the manufacture of those titles the very look of which sends a shudder of horror through the beholder's soul. "Sweet Silvery Sayings of Shakespeare on the Softer

Sex," for example! Or "Lozenges of Sanctified Sincerity"! Let alliteration do its worst, it cannot surpass these.

Alliteration, the learned know, is a very important ingredient in the composition of "taking titles." Consider, for instance, "Notes on Noses,"¹ a title which is neatly complemented by Miss Florence Nightingale's "Notes on Nursing." In a similar vein ran on the terrible tractorations of the seventeenth century—"The Dippers Dipt, or the Anabaptists Duck'd and Plung'd over Head and Eares," *e tutti quanti*. One calls to mind also Mr. W. Wadd's "Comments on Corpulency and Lineaments of Leanness." Cleverly paronomastical is "A Cursory History of Swearing," by Julian Sharman.

I like the outspoken frankness of the title of a volume which appeared in 1803—"Atrocities of the Corsican Demon; a Glance at Bonaparte." There is no question about the purport of that book! Sincere also in a different way was Bunyan's "Sighs from Hell; or the Groans of a Damned Soul." I am not so sure about Samuel Rowland's "Hell's Broke Loose" (1605). About Mr. Plunkett's "Women, Plumbers, Doctors," there is an air not only of artistic plainness, but also of subtle suggestiveness. It is a logical syllogism and treatise on ethics in itself!

There is often a peculiar felicity, or infelicity, as the case may be, following upon the conjunction of certain names with certain titles. Mr. John Death has written on "The Beer of the Bible." There is a certain suggestiveness also—speaking with reverence—about "Boosey's English Glee's."

The Misses Corbet hit upon a pleasant title for a volume of miscellanies in "The Odd Volume." Mr. Locker-Lampson's "Patchwork" is also very well. But felicitous ingenuity of this sort is happily not uncommon.

In more serious fields, however, three modern authors pre-eminently have known and have practised the Art of Book-Naming—Mr. John Ruskin, Mr. Robert Browning, and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. All three have attained the difficult accomplishment of imparting to the various titles of their books, poems, and essays, something of the distinction of style and of individuality which marks as well the contents of their works. And perhaps this is the main secret of this art, that the title shall be of a piece with the thing entitled, not inferior to it, and yet indicative, and bearing in two words the hint of literature.

F. I. CARPENTER.

¹ Cf. "Tristram Shandy," vol. iii. c. xxxiv. *et. seq.*



Franklin's Epitaph.

THE celebrated Benjamin Franklin died in 1794, and his body was buried in the cemetery of Christ Church, Philadelphia. In early life he wrote an epitaph for himself as follows:—

THE BODY
OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PRINTER

(like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out,
and stript of its lettering and gilding)
lies here food for worms ;
yet the work itself shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed) appear once more
in a new and more beautiful edition,
corrected and amended by

THE AUTHOR.

This epitaph, we need hardly add, was not placed upon his tomb, which is a large marble slab, placed flat upon the ground, and bearing the short, simple legend—

BENJAMIN	}	FRANKLIN
AND		
DEBORAH		
		1790.





A Book's Career.

HAVE a copy of Dale's "Catalogue of Nobility," 8vo, 1697, the history of which, as an instance of a book's adventures, may be interesting to some bookworms. I am the tenth known possessor of the book.

Mr. J. G. Nichols supposed it might have been the author's own copy from the very neat marginal corrections, almost approaching printing, in MS., which must have been made very shortly after its publication, as it refers to new creations of peers, &c., the dates of which are well known. This is not improbable, as I find that Dale, Blanch-Lion Pursuivant, compiled a pedigree for the Rodes family.

On the title-page is the signature of Sir John Rodes, Bt., who died in 1743. From him it seems to have passed into the hands of the representative of his family, Heathcote Rodes, who presented it to Sir Isaac Heard, Garter, as appears by the following on the fly-leaf in Garter's handwriting: "Ex Dono Heathcote Rodes de Balbrough Arm: 26 Nov., 1784. I. H. Garter."

He left it by his will to G. F. Beltz, Lancaster, and James Pulman, Portcullis, according to a printed slip pasted on the inside of the cover, which states that the book was purchased by them with a legacy appropriated for that purpose in a codicil to Garter's will.

Then follows a note above the initials of Sir C. G. Young, Garter, stating that it was purchased by him in 1860. The book also contains his book-plate.

John Gough Nichols, the antiquary, seems to have been the next possessor of this historic little tome, as appears by a piece of paper inserted, saying that he purchased it in 1870 "from among Sir Chas. Young's library at Newman's, in Holborn."

It would appear to have thence passed into the library of the late Stephen Tucker, Somerset Herald, at whose sale it came into my possession.

Its heraldic associations are exceptional, it having graced the shelves of six heralds, if we include Dale; and can thus boast of having had by no means an uneventful career.

It is clothed in a suit of old black polished morocco with elaborate blind tooling, which, with its wide margins, betokens care.

A. V.



Dr. Johnson's Tavern Resorts and Conversation.

NO. III.—THE TURK'S HEAD, STRAND.

Books quoted.

23. C. Carlyle's "Miscellany," 5 vols., 1842.
18. C. Croker's "Boswell," 2 vols., 1844.
7. A. Anderson, Robert, "Life of Johnson," 1815.
1. S. Stow, John, "History of London," 1633.
1. C. Cunningham's "London," 1850.
22. B. Browne, Sir Thomas, 3 vols., Bohn, 1852.
3. F. Ferrier, John, "Illustrn. Sterne," 2 vols., 1812.
3. C. Croker's "Boswell," 10 vols., 1835.
20. C. Coleridge's "Table Talk," 1836.
3. J. Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson, Shak. Soc., 1842.



ANOTHER of his public resorts was the Turk's Head Coffee House in the Strand. Johnson and Boswell often supped there in a private room. "I encourage the house," said Johnson, "for the mistress of it is a good civil woman, and has not much business" (18. C. i. 199).

On this occasion he said that he loved the acquaintance of young people, assigning the odd reason that he disliked to think that he was himself growing old, that such acquaintances were likely to last longer in the common course of nature. "Then, sir, young men have more virtue than old men," and so on. He then said :

"It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good ; but I had then all the facts."

I believe that this confutes itself, to a great extent. A man's judgment upon the facts that he is master of, is very nearly as good at one period of his life as it is at another. The improved judgment of age is due chiefly to this, that time has given him a larger range of

facts and a better experience of how the world usually regards them ; this in itself is an additional fact, and a very important additional factor in the direction of judgment. Malone said that Johnson had told Langton the same thing, so that whether the idea be just or otherwise, it was a fixed one in the Doctor's mind.

Amongst the confidences now mentioned to Boswell, he told him that melancholy had driven him from study and meditation to seek dissipation in society and the variety that life affords. It is a pity that we cannot more of us feel driven by melancholy to become such excellent company. He went on to add that labouring men are not troubled with low spirits. Since then, we have done our best to convey that discomfort to them by working-men's colleges, and by stirring up in them an emulation to master studies, that can only be successfully cultivated by men of some means and leisure. One in a thousand succeeds, the rest are injured in health and happiness. The world points approvingly to the exception, and for all it cares,—with a shrug of the shoulders and a catch-phrase of "such is life,"—the 999 may die like dogs.

When told how great respect young Sir James Macdonald felt for him, but also with some degree of terror, Johnson returned, with his ready wit, "Sir, if he were acquainted with me it might lessen both." He this night promised Boswell to go with him to the Hebrides, adding, "There are few people whom I take to so much as you." He next maintained that a boy was the happiest of human beings. This is what many say, and no doubt the animal spirits frolic more in youth than at any other period of life ; and it is the flow of animal spirits that conveys the liveliest representation of happiness ; but after all, a boy can only be said to be happy if happiness can consist in not knowing that you are happy.

They sup again at the Turk's Head a few days after, and more talk flows. This time Johnson indulges his fixed dissatisfaction with Swift.

"Swift has a higher reputation than he deserves. His excellence is strong sense ; for his humour, though very well, is not remarkably good. I doubt whether the 'Tale of a Tub' be his, for he never owned it, and it is much above his usual manner."

This is a singular topic for Johnson to have started, but he hinted it again when he came to write Swift's life, saying—

"That Swift was its author, though it be universally believed, was never owned by himself, nor very well proved by any evidence ; but no other claimant can be produced, and he did not deny it when Archbishop Sharp and the Duchess of Somerset, by showing it to the Queen, debarred him from a bishopric."

Swift believed this of Sharp, but Lord Bolingbroke told Dr. King (of the *Anecdotes*, p. 60) that the Queen had assured him that nobody had ever prejudiced her against Dr. Swift. He added it was invented by the Earl of Oxford to cheat Swift into contentment with his Irish deanery, Swift regarding every place not London, like Johnson himself, as a place of banishment. Dr. King adds that he should have believed this readily, but that Bolingbroke hated the Earl so much. The argument that Swift did not own the "Tale of a Tub" is absurd; much of the work is unclerical, so that he would perhaps not invite odium by publicly claiming it. But who does take pains to own to books that he has written? It is quite enough that he does not disown them. Swift hints in his "Apology to the Tale of a Tub" that he lost a bishopric by it. This is owning it with a vengeance, I think. Look at the mass of pamphlets at the same period not owned to by Defoe. In Swift's case I imagine that nearly everybody knew it to be his, and that he incurred all the odium and all the praise it could bring him; to own it would be useless, and to disown it absurd. No man could have done it but Arbuthnot, and it is too theologically imbued for him. Again, Swift acknowledged it in a letter to his printer, Ben Tooke, dated June 29, 1710 (18. C. i. 201). Johnson seems to have hated Swift almost as much as Thackeray did, and Boswell ventured once to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, to which he replied *No*. He said Swift was clear but shallow, that Arbuthnot beat him in coarse humour, and Addison in delicate.

"I doubt if the 'Tale of a Tub' was his; it has so much more thinking, more knowledge, more power, more colour, than any of the works which are indisputably his. If it was his, I shall only say he was *impar sibi*."

With all respect for Johnson, this is no criticism at all. It is simply bouncing assertion which, uttered in a room by a big man with an authoritative voice, gathers a sort of momentary substance from the occasion, which melts away to nothing when the illusive phenomena have vanished also under the influence of fresh impressions. It is not true that Swift's other books are not equal to it, though perhaps they interest less. The "Tale of a Tub" is a success of once in a lifetime; there is in literature nothing that you can exactly pit against it. But what shall we say of that startling judgment of Swift's upon it in after years when he came across it accidentally? "What a genius I must have had when I wrote that." What a keen appreciation is here, what a tribute to the consummate power felt, this stupor of genius expressed more than vanity ever could. The exclamation is so genuine and appreciative that it adds a further honour to the original glory of the writer. In all this we feel to be in the company of giants.

Even Johnson's error is pleasant and large-limbed, and would have received Johnson's loud guffaw if anybody else had broached it in his hearing.

They have another *tête à tête* at the Turk's Head (18. C. i. 205). Boswell was quite in his element, for Johnson listened delightedly to the description of his hereditary seat at Auchinlech, and again said, "I must be there, sir, and we will live in the old castle; and if there is not a room in it remaining, we will build one." Boswell was highly flattered, and could scarcely hope to be honoured with such a presence.

The Wednesday following, when they met for their last social evening before Boswell's journey to Holland, he had the misfortune to irritate the great man unintentionally, for he incautiously alluded to the strange sayings attributed to Johnson in the world. "Why, what do they make me say, sir?" Laughing heartily, Boswell replied, "Why, sir, as an instance very strange indeed, David Hume told me, you said you would stand before a battery of cannon to restore the Convocation to its full powers." Unhappily Johnson had said it, and he now thundered out, "And would I not, sir?" &c. He was pacing the room, and approached Boswell's chair, his eyes flashing with indignation; but the little man got him to expatiate on the due maintenance of the externals of the Church, and the storm blew over. The day before this he had so ingratiated himself with the Doctor, that he was carried to drink tea with Miss Williams. It is desirable to touch this, as it throws such a bright chance light upon the Fleet Street precincts of that day. After tea he carried Boswell on this August evening to what he called his walk (18. C. i. 206), "a long narrow paved court in the neighbourhood, *overshadowed by some trees*. There we sauntered a considerable time; and I complained to him that my love of London and of his company was such, that I shrank almost from the thought of going away even to travel." Trees near the hideous edifices of the "Daily Telegraph," "Daily Chronicle," "Anderton's." Trees! imagine such a thing in that centre of suffocation now. This pretty touch partly excuses Johnson's ludicrous preference for London. The river then was not disgusting, the houses were far more picturesque, the air still came hay-scented from the fields,¹ and the earth was not rotted to an unctuous black bitumen by oozings from the gas-pipes. They were at Greenwich an evening or

¹ There is an elderly gentleman now in Oxford Street who can well remember that, when first married, he and his wife walked towards Tyburn, and when they had passed Berners Street the scent of the meadow hay, newly-mown, would reach them in spring-time.

two before ; the sail down the river had been glorious, and Johnson asked Boswell in the park, Is not this very fine? "Yes, sir ; but not equal to Fleet Street." "You are right, sir." On another occasion (18. C. i. 168) he said a man stored his mind better in London than anywhere else. It cured a man's vanity and arrogance, for in the metropolis he would come upon many equals and some superiors. It kept a man from indiscreet love because of its variety. In the Hebrides he said (18. C. i. 429), "Sir, by seeing London I have seen as much of life as the world can show." When a friend, tired of London (18. C. x. 111), was retiring to the country, Johnson exclaimed, "Say rather, sir, that he is tired of life." This is related by Mr. Seward, but we shall see that he says it again. He thought 10,000 Londoners would *drive* all the people of Pekin like a herd of deer. The arguments are delicious : why, if they did, it would only show the Christian proficiency in murder as a fine art. But the civility of London has hardly removed arrogance from us now, when we can harp, as a dark saying still, a fatuity so constricted and sea-pent as, "Better fifty years of Europe than a thousand of Cathay." He one day said (18. C. i. 256), as we have remarked before, there was more learning and science within ten miles of where they sat than in all the kingdom else ; and "The happiness of London is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it."

"Why, sir, you find no man, who is at all intellectual, who is willing to leave London. No, sir ; when a man is tired of London he is tired of life" (18. C. ii. 123).

"The town is my element ; there are my friends, there are my books, to which I have not yet bid farewell, and there are my amusements" (18. C. ii. 417).

This was a standing topic with him that he was ever ready to enlarge upon. I believe he only once admitted a solitary case in which the country *might* be preferable : that if a man had to work up a subject and read hard it *might* be better perhaps to look out upon fields than on a back wall.

C. A. WARD.



Pointing.

THE following amusing extract, containing the ancient method of punctuation, is from a work entitled "Ascensius declynsons with the Plain Expositor;" without name, date, or printer's name. Quarto.

"Ther be fwe maner pontys, and diuisions most vside with cunnyng men: the which, if they be wel vsid, make the sentens very light, and esy to vnderstand both to the reder and the herer, and they be these: *virgil*, come, parenthesis, playnt poynt, and interrogatif. A *virgil* is a sclender stryke: lenyng fyrwarde this wyse, be tokynyng a lytel, short rest without any perfetnes yet of sentens: as betwene the fwe poyntis afore rehersed. A come is with tway titils this wyse: betokynyng a longer rest: and the sentens yet ether is vnperfet: or els, if it be perfet: ther cunnith more after, longyng to it: the which more comynly can not be perfect by itself without at the lest summat of it: that gothe afore. A parenthesis is with tway crokyd virgils: as an old mone, and a neu bely to bely: the whiche be set on theton afore the begynyng, and thetother after the lattyr ende of a clause: comyng within an other clause: that may be perfect: thof the clause so comyng betwene: wer away and therefore it is sowndyde comynly a note lower, than the vtter clause. Yf the sentens cannot be perfet without the ynner clause, then stede of the first crokyde virgil a streght virgil wol do very wel: and stede of the latter must nedis be a come. A playne point is with won tittel thiswyse, and it cumeth after the ende of al the whole sentens betokynyng a longe rest. An interrogatif is with tway titils; the vpper rysyng this wyse ?, and it cumeth after the ende of a whole reason: wheryn ther is sum question axside the whiche ende of the reson, tryng as it were for an answeare: risyth vpwarde. we have made these rulis in Englysshe: by cause they be as profitable and necessary to be kepte in euery mother tunge, as in latin. Sethyn we (as we wolde be God: euery precher wolde do) haue kept owre rulis bothe in owre englysshe, and latyn: what nede we sethyn owre own be sufficient enough; to put any other exemplis."



Parchment Book-covers.

LABAT was told in Italy that books in *carta pecora*, as they call it, were better preserved than in leather binding. Books in parchment are not so liable to be worm-eaten. "I am not sure that they suffer at all from these insects which make such ravages upon leather-bound books in a hot country, and sometimes in our own. Perhaps the reason is that those in parchment are usually without pasteboard. On the other hand, they are far more susceptible of damp. I have found some of them with their covers black and rotten after a voyage, though packed in the midst of a chest, where the books around them were perfectly uninjured by the sea."



Andrew Jackson.

ANDREW JACKSON, well known to many dealers in old books, and black letter, kept a shop for more than forty years in Clare Court, Drury Lane. Here, midst dust and cobwebs, he indulged his appetite for reading. Legends and romances, history and poetry, were indiscriminately his favourite pursuits. He did not make the curiosity of his customers a foundation of a collection for his own use, and refuse to part with an article, where he found an eagerness in a purchaser to obtain it. Where he met with a rarity, he would retain the same till he had satisfied his own desires in the perusal of it, and then part with it agreeable to his promise. Though placed in an humble rank in life, he was easy, cheerful, and facetious. If he did not abound, his wants were few, and he secured enough to carry him to his journey's end. He was retainer to the Muses, but rather traversed the plains than ascended any steps up the hill of Parnassus. In 1740 he published the first Book of "Paradise Lost" in rhyme; and ten years afterwards, with somewhat better success, "Matrimonial Scenes; consisting of the Seaman's Tale, the Manciple's Tale, the Character of the Wife at Bath, the Tale of the Wife at Bath, and her Five Husbands—all modernized from Chaucer: by A. Jackson.

The first *refiner* of our native *lays*
Chaunted these *tales* in Second Richard's days;
Time grudg'd his *wit*, and on his language fed!
We *rescue* but the living from the *dead*;
And *what* was *sterling verse* so long ago
Is here *new coined* to make it *current* now.

London, 1750, 8vo."

The contents of his Catalogues for the years 1756, 1757, 1759, and one without date, as specified in their titles, were in rhyme. In 1751, in conjunction with Charles Marsh, he republished, as Shakespeare's, a "Briefe conceipte touching the Commonweale of this Realme of England; originally printed in 1581." He quitted his business about a year before his death, which happened on July 25, 1778, having completed his eighty-third year the 14th of May preceding.



Old Books on the Black Art.

IT happened in 1801, says Mr. Gillies in his "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran," that Dr. Glennie, returning from a Christmas visit to his relations in Aberdeen, brought with him an extensive catalogue of old and rare books then on sale in that northern metropolis. My father studied this list, and selected many good authors. I petitioned humbly that I might be allowed to give an order also, after my own separate choice and fancy, and the request being granted, set to work eagerly, yet cautiously. My friends were heartily amused with the result, which certainly was curious. The bookseller sent the contents of my order in a separate box. I cannot forget nor express the delight with which on a wild wintry day I hailed its arrival. It comprised more than a hundred little antique volumes, most of them in Latin, but a very few in Old English and French, all (with one solitary exception) treating on magic either natural or supernatural, on witches, ghosts, diablerie—in short, all the diversities of what used to be called "the occult science." At this moment I remember vividly the exterior aspects of these volumes, though I can scarcely recall even their names. There was Baptista Porta's little square pocket-book of four hundred pages, "*De Magia Naturali*"; the same author's ingenious octavo, "*De Physiognomia*" (a queer forerunner of Lavater's magnificent quartos); we had a complete set of Cornelius Agrippa's works all in Latin, and minor publications, now rare, of Athanasius Kircher. But what I most valued were some elaborately bound volumes by authors of note in their own day, but whose names could not now be found in any biographical dictionary. There was especially a duodecimo in Old French, bound in morocco, richly gilded, treating of the deepest magical mysteries, which I earnestly desired to read but could not. Of all such acquisitions the only one that remained to me in after years was the "*Opusculum Raimundinum*," or "*Ars Brevis*" of

Tully, also bound in morocco, and now extremely scarce. From this moment onwards I believe there was not a young student in all the world more anxious than I was to gain a thorough command over foreign languages, not from any wish to understand the so-called classics, but to be able to interpret these cabalistic volumes. I have said that my collection of books from Aberdeen all treated of magic and devildom except one, and this was a handsome but very small thick volume in Latin, silver clasped, dated 1632, and having for its running title "*Meditationes*," by whom written I have no recollection. The title-page happened to exhibit a good copperplate engraving of a solitary, with books around him, kneeling before a crucifix. On this book one of my friends remarked to Dr. Glennie that no doubt it ought to be burnt, as it looked so decidedly papistical. The remark was made in jest, but my good preceptor replied in solemn earnest that he "felt sure the book would not do us any harm, and that it would be a pity to injure the pretty little volume with its silver clasps and engraved title."



Destruction of Books in China by Insects.

FROM a recent Consular Report on China we note that wholesale destruction is being wrought upon books in China by insects. These pests first attack the glue used in the backs of books and gradually perforate the whole volume. Cockroaches, too, entirely disfigure the covers by eating away patches of the glazing. The late Dr. Hance, who had a large library, used the following receipt:—

Corrosive sublimate	5 drachms.
Creosote	60 drops.
Rectified spirit	2 lbs.

This mixture, a violent poison, he applied with a brush in the joints of the book between every six or seven pages, and, as a preventive of the ravages of cockroaches, he varnished the cover of the book with a thin, clear spirit-varnish. In binding books it would only be necessary to add a small quantity of the above mixture to the glue used, and to give a coating of spirit-varnish to the cover, to secure complete protection from the attacks of insects of all kinds.



Americana.

THE MAN WHO PUT THE MORMON BIBLE IN TYPE.

MAJOR GILBERT, of Palmyra, New York State, who is well known as the compositor of the first Mormon Bible, which is now quite a rare book, and worth, when perfect, from \$40 to \$60, celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday recently by doing a good day's work at the case in the office of *The Palmyra Courier*. He is hale and hearty, and delights in the fact that he can still set as good a proof as almost any younger man. He saved the first sheet of the "Book of Mormon," printed from each form, and preserved these sheets until a short time ago, when he sold the same to Mr. Pliny F. Sexton, for the large sum of \$500.

BOSWELL IN AMERICA.

In the Second Edition of the "Life of Johnson" (1793) Boswell refers to some interesting correspondence he had with Mr. James Abercrombie, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who had kindly forwarded him copies of two letters that had been written by Dr. Johnson, to Bishop White, and another gentleman in the States.

Boswell inserts these letters in his Second Edition, both of which are quite interesting, and possibly the only ones ever written to friends in America by the learned lexicographer.

Abercrombie was for many years an associate of Bishop White, our first American Bishop after the Revolution, at Christ Church, in Philadelphia, where General Washington was a frequent attendant. He was also a prominent instructor of youth in the early part of this century.

Recently the writer came into possession of a copy of this Second Edition, which has upon the fly-leaf of the first volume the following inscription in Boswell's own handwriting: "To James Abercrombie, Esq., Philadelphia, with the respects of the Authour." The volumes also contain Abercrombie's book-plates, and several interesting notes in Abercrombie's handwriting, in some of which allusion is made to his correspondence with Boswell.

G. E. S.

New York, May, 1888.



Distribution of Books.

IT is one of the most interesting questions imaginable, that of the distribution of books ; it is, in fact, only to be equalled in point of interest by the questions of how books were made, and how they are now made. The arrangement of the book, externally and internally, has undergone many and striking modifications in the materials of which we have before spoken—a subject fruitful in research and the arrangement of those materials. The old *Image Books* or *Block Books* are very different from the productions of to-day. The diffusion of books interests not only the literary historian, but every reading member of the human family. The trade in books is, as we well know, of very ancient date, though their scarcity before the invention of printing is illustrated by the conditions attached to purchase or loan. Books were distributed in many ways. The great libraries, especially those of the East, were vast reservoirs open to students under certain conditions, but they were not distributors ; in one sense they were similar to the monumental heaps of stones raised by the Israelites, *i.e.*, they must be visited to prove of service.

The real distributor, the real disseminator of literature, was the publisher : in other words, the bookseller and booksellers were very varied in character, characters or orders which will prove very interesting to look at, for it is to them that the world is indebted for so much real service. In the Book of Jeremiah, the prophet is represented as dictating to Baruch the scribe, who, when questioned, described the mode in which his book was written. Such scribes as Baruch were the earliest booksellers, and they supplied copies as demanded. In Rome, towards the end of the Republic, it became the fashion to have a library as part of the household furniture, and the booksellers, *librarii*, carried on a flourishing trade. Their shops (*taberna librarii*) were chiefly in the Argiletum and in the Vicus Sandalarius. On the door, or on the side-posts, was a list of the books

on sale. In the time of Augustus the great, booksellers were the *Sosii*. According to Justinian, a law was passed securing to the scribes the property in the materials used, and in this may perhaps be traced the first germ of the modern law of copyright. We will confine ourselves to the booksellers, for that term perhaps represents the true circulators of literature; publishing, as a distinct form of business, only came into existence with the invention of printing. First, Schœffer, Gutenberg and Caxton, men occasionally combining in themselves the functions of printer, bookseller and author, must be regarded as the founders of the modern trade. It is not, however, our purpose to dwell long on the modern trade, for that is well known. The production of books at the present day is enormous, and their circulation all but perfect, especially if we compare it with the old methods employed. Of all the curious methods, of all the most interesting questions connected with the distribution of the book, of a surety it is the book fair of mediæval times. When means of communication was slow, difficult and dangerous, commerce was terribly crippled. Men who had goods that were in reality treasures, were very careful how they trusted themselves away from home without some sort of security. For example, consider what it must have been in Germany in the middle ages, when, though the Emperor was nominally lord over all, yet there were in the Empire nearly three hundred sovereign princes, civil and ecclesiastical, of various grades; but most of them possessed the most complete power within their own dominions, and when, as was more often the case than not, various of these petty sovereigns were at war with each other, then it must have been a task requiring not only courage, but the exercise of a considerable degree of diplomacy, to journey through those hostile regions. It may be easily imagined that those swash-bucklers of German princes would pay small regard to merchants whose sole traffic was in books; there was one thing, however, that assisted the book merchant, and this was that the buyers of books were mostly men belonging to the ecclesiastical orders, and ever since the Bishop of Beauvais scared the robber nobles of France with his invention of excommunication, the rulers of Europe were rather fearful of interfering with anything that the Church protected—and that the Church protected the book and its distributors is most certain. Germany is mentioned first because she is regarded as the mother of the book trade as well as of printing. In early times Frankfort was the great German metropolis of the book, though since the end of the seventeenth century Leipzig has taken that position, and holds it, even surpassing London and Paris in the number and total value of its sales. There are about

three hundred publishers and booksellers in the town, and about five thousand firms in other parts of Europe represented by commissioners. In the middle ages, it was not the number of books but the quality that attracted. Those splendidly illuminated books, mostly sacred, that we see in glass cases in museums, coming as they do from past centuries, were wrought by skilful and loving hands, which carefully hung over them for long periods, and when they were finished their fame preceded them to remote regions. They were indeed treasures only to be compared to a great painting by a celebrated master. When such a book was finished, lovers of books felt with Milton, "As good almost kill a man as a good book : who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image ; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye." Then how to get such a glorious work into a position where it would find a home was the question. The old German printers travelled from place to place with their wares, but as the demand for books increased a middleman was employed—the bookseller. Of course, wherever merchants congregated people would come to see their wares, and at such gatherings the bookseller was soon conspicuous, and buyers of books from long distances attended to obtain their works. At Frankfort there were two great annual fairs, the one at Easter, the other in September, and each of them lasted three weeks. To these fairs booksellers and bookbuyers flocked from many quarters of Europe. Humphreys, in his "History of the Art of Printing," says in reference to the Frankfort Fair : "The Muses assemble their book printers and booksellers at the time of the fair in this city, and bid them bring also the writers, orators, historians, and philosophers. . . . When you see them all here together you fancy yourself no longer in Germany, in the good city of Frankfort, but in that Grecian city which once was distinguished above all others for its pre-eminence in science and art. You may with truth call that quarter of the town in which the book printers and booksellers live the Frankfort Athens. Who, I ask, surrounded by a circle of so many and learned writers, will not believe himself to be in Athens, where once the friends of the Muses were used to flock together to listen to the words of the philosophers and other learned men? For you must not suppose that in our Frankfort Athens only writings and not writers are to be met with. At any rate you meet with many authors who are still alive to enjoy the renown of their works. Hence it comes that you are instructed in this literary fair concerning things about which you may seek in vain for information in all libraries. Every one learns the living word from many teachers

of the most diverse universities. You hear them philosophize with one another in the booksellers' shops, just as earnestly as formerly Socrates and Plato and their disciples did in the midst of the Lyceum. But not only philosophers are sent hither by the celebrated universities of Vienna, Wittemberg, Leipzig, Heidelberg, Strasbourg, Louvain, Padua, Oxford, and Cambridge, but also poets, orators, historians, mathematicians, and also such as are versed in all these studies, and, as the Greeks say, have made the Encyclopedia their study. Therefore the Italians are quite wrong when they say the Germans have their understandings in their fingers, as if they only distinguished themselves in handiwork and in the mechanical arts. Really they ought to visit the Frankfort Fair. At the first view of the book quarter they would see that the proverb lies, and does this people great injustice. . . . If this Attic Fair brought no other profit than the filling of the houses from top to bottom with all kinds of books, as is often the case here, and you had not even the satisfaction of hearing the discourse and conversation of so many learned men, would not that alone be of the greatest value for the friends of the Muses? Yes, for you can buy a library as rich (at least in extent) as those of Ptolemæus, Pisistratus, and other celebrated librarians of antiquity, and need not have even a princely purse—*i.e.*, have to pay an immense sum of money for it. But while Germany brings together in that city such a collection of books for the disciples of science and the fine arts, she adds a new service to the old one. To what old service? To a service such as no other people has gained for science since salvation has come to us in Christ. For I speak of the art of book printing, which Germany invented,¹ whose blessings she did not wish to enjoy for herself alone, but wished to share with the inhabitants of the world. With this discovery she dispelled the thick darkness of ignorance, thrust from its throne and drove into exile the ruling barbarism, and brought back from exile the Muses, and gave nourishment and a secure position to science. Is it strange that the Muses should show their favour to a land which has so well merited their approval? They themselves experience homage and honour in all things, and even this Fair gives occasion thereto. For while, in other places, the Muses are excluded from the market-place, here they are not only admitted, but are received with all honour." The above graphic description may be taken as a fair portrait of other fairs in other towns of Germany, such as Nuremberg and Leipzig, though in course of time radical changes occurred, changes which revolutionized the whole of the book trade. Paris, too, possessed her

¹ This was written in the last half of the sixteenth century.

central book marts which were worthy of all attention, and in England, too, our book fairs were by no means of an inferior degree. Prof. Rogers, in "History of Agriculture and Prices," says: "In the latter part of the period before me (1401 to 1582) the fair of the north hundred of Oxford, held at the beginning of September, though it never approached the dimensions of Stourbridge, was a famous place for the sale of books." And, "New works were virtually published at fairs, and it is in this way, I think, that we can account for the publication and distribution of that mass of literature which, issued after the period comprised in these volumes, is so remarkably copious. By what means, for instance, could the exceedingly numerous works of Prynne have been distributed? In what manner did the publisher or printer reach his customer? Advertisements were unknown, patrons and subscription lists were equally matters of the future. But books were got at and probably through these fairs, which were exceedingly numerous in the autumn months, and where, even though the book were unlicensed and considered dangerous, the dealer and the purchaser found means to know each other. I have more than once found entries of purchase for college libraries with a statement that the book was bought at St. Giles's Fair." Stourbridge Fair was the most important book fair in the kingdom, probably on account of its contiguity to Cambridge. Here came grave dons and festive students from the universities, and it must have been a very interesting sight in those days; even now, though there are no bookstalls, it is one of the noisiest fairs to be found in England. Not only had our forefathers the great book fairs, but from them arose the book hawker, a very busy and important personage in those days; he was the forerunner of the bookseller's traveller, but if he were anything like his *confrère* in Germany he must have been an exceedingly impudent personage. After them came the ballad-monger, small remains of whom may be found at the present day. It would have been a very great pleasure to give more complete details of our English book fairs, for the subject is well worthy of attention. Of fairs, *i.e.*, general fairs, including book fairs, the reader may profitably consult Mr. Cornelius Walford's "Fairs Past and Present," and he will find an abundance of good reading. If Solomon had lived in these days, or could live for a short time over again, he would have solid ground for saying, "Of the making of books there is no end." He would also be able to compare the book, its birth, parentage, and subsequent adventures, with his own time, with later times, and with these times, and surely he would be as much lost in admiration as astonishment at the result.

WILLIAM CHAPMAN.



The Earliest Printing in the World.

THERE is good reason to believe that the art of printing from wooden blocks was first invented in China in the sixth century, and that in 593 A.D. the Emperor Wăn-ti ordered the various texts which were in circulation to be collected, and engraved on wood, for the purpose of being printed and published. This, no doubt, was done, although we have no record of the works which were thus dealt with. Nor does there seem to have been any great use made of the printer's art until the time of the Sung dynasty (960-1127), when that, in common with all other arts, flourished abundantly. It was during this epoch, also, that movable types, made of a fine and glutinous clay, were invented by a blacksmith named Pe Ching, or, according to Japanese records, by Chin Hwo. For each character Pe Ching made a type which he hardened at the fire. He then placed an iron plate on the table, and covered it with a cement compound of resin, wax, and lime. When he wanted to print he took an iron frame divided by perpendicular threads of the same metal, and placing it on the iron plate, ranged his types in it. The plate was then held near the fire, and, when the cement was sufficiently melted, a wooden board was pressed tightly upon it, so as to render the surface of the type perfectly even.

We have no record as to the date when metal type was first used in China, but we find Korean books printed as early as 1317, with movable clay or wooden type, and just a century later we have a record of a fount of metal type having been cast to print an "Epitome of the Eighteen Historical Records of China." As both processes came to Korea from China, it is only reasonable to suppose that metal type was used in China a century or more before its adoption in Korea. Considerable doubt exists as to the time when movable type was first introduced into Japan; but it is at least

certain that after the first invasion of Korea by the armies of Hideyoshi, in the end of the sixteenth century, a large quantity of Korean movable type books were brought back by one of his generals, Ukida Hideihe, which formed the model upon which the Japanese printers worked.

The very earliest specimens of printing known to be in existence are deposited in one of the glass-cases in the King's Library, at the British Museum. They are described as "three Buddhist Dhārānī, from the Chinese version of the Vimala-nirbhāsa Sūtra, printed by order of the Empress Shiyautoku during the latter half of the eighth century." It is said that over a million of these Dhārānī were printed, the copies being placed in small wooden toy pagodas, which, in the year 770, were distributed among the Buddhist temples in the country. Some of these pagodas, with the original Dhārānī, are still preserved in the monastery of Hofu-riu-zhi, in Yamato. These three copies were brought to England by Ernest Satow, Esq., late H.M.'s Japanese Secretary of Legation at Yedo, and were presented by him to the Trustees of the British Museum. They are three slips of native paper, ranging from twelve to sixteen inches in length, and about four inches broad. Two of them have been considerably worn at regular intervals, apparently by having been worn whilst rolled up. The third specimen is so remarkably well preserved that one finds it almost difficult to realize that the printing was actually done more than eleven hundred years ago.



An Assemblage of Forgotten Nonsense.

MR. JOSEPH HASLEWOOD, who, besides doing some excellent work in connection with Sir Egerton Brydges, left behind him much rubbish that he had either collected or written, and to which he gave coxcombical rather than comical titles, such as "Garlands of Gravity," "Eleemosynary Emporium," "Poverty's Pot Pourri," "Wallat of Wit," "Beggars' Balderdash," "Octagonal Olio," "Zany's Zodiac," "Noddy's Nuncheon," "Mumper's Medley," "Quaffing Quavers to Quip Queristers," "Tramers' Twattle; or, Treasure and Tinsel from the Tewkesbury Tanks," "Nutmegs for Nightingales"—all the merest nonsense in the world, the titles having little, or sometimes no, relation to the contents of the volume.



Dygges's "Prognostication," 1555.



HIS quaint volume is a bibliographical curiosity of great value and rarity. The following is its full title :—

"A Prognostication of Right Good effect, fructfully augmented, contayninge *playne, briefe, pleasant, chosen* rules to iudge the wether for euer, by the *Sunne, Moone, Sterres, Cometes, Reynbowe, Thunder, Cloudes*, with other Extraordinary tokens, not omitting the *Aspectes of Planetes*, with a brefe Iudgemente for euer, of *Plentie, Lacke, Sickenes, Death, Warres, &c.* Openinge also many *naturall causes*, woorthy to be knowē. To these and others, now at the last are adioyned, *divers generall pleasaunte Tables* : for euer manyfolde wayes profitable, to al maner men of vnderstanding : therfore agayne publisshed by *Leonard Dygges Gentyلمان*, in the yeare of oure Lorde, 1555. *Imprynted at London, within the blacke Fryars, by Thomas Gemini, 1555.*"

In a dedication addressed "To the right honorable, Sir Edward Fines, of the noble order of the Garter Knight, Lord Clinton and Saye, &c.," the author, Leonard Digges, complains that "the manifest imperfections, and manifold errors yearly committed, did crave the ayde of some that were both willinge, and able to performe the truth. . . . I thought it therefore worthy the labor, truly and brefely to collect many things, bothe necessarie, and pleasant, as well for Nobilitie as others : and to adioyne them to my general Prognostication, imprinted the yeare 1553, &c." The book is a small quarto of thirty-three leaves, including the title-page. In the margins of the pages are numerous signs of the planets, the zodiac, and notes in Latin. In addition to various tables, there are ten woodcuts, and one engraved initial letter. The first leaf after the title-page (*ii) consists of "THE CONTENTES." Next follows the dedication, part of which we have quoted above. On the reverse is an address "*To the Reader*," and then the author launches out boldly into the

depths of his subject in an essay "Agaynst the reprouers of Astro-
nomic, and sciences Mathematicall." Sundry directions "Howe to
judge Weather" follow, and they are too curious to be passed by in
silence without giving one example. Here is a brief account "*Of
the raynebowe and his effect, touchyng alteration of ayer*" :

"If in the mornyng the raynebow appeare, it signifieth moysture,
onless great drouthe of ayer woorke the contrarie. If in the euenyng
it shewe it self, fayr weather ensueth : so that aboundaunt moyste ayre
take not awaye the effect. Or thus—

"The rayne bowe appering, if it be fayr, it betokeneth fowle
weather : if fowle, loke for fair weather. The grener, the moare
raine : redder, wynde."

The next paragraph shows with what superstitious importance our
ignorant ancestors invested the most simple and ordinary operations
of nature.

"Of Thunders : what they signifie.

"Thunders in the morning signifie wynd : about Noone, rayn : in
the euenyng great tempest. Some wryte (theyr grounde I see not)
that Sonnedayes thundre shold brynge the deathe of learned men,
Iudges, and others : Mundayes thundre, the deathe of women :
Tuesdays thundre, plentie of grayne : Wedensdays thundre, the
deathe of harlottes, and other blodshede : Thursdays thūdre,
plentie of shepe, and corne : Frydays thundre, the slaughter of a
great man, and other horrible murders : Saturdayes thundre, a
generall pestilent plage, and great deathe."

In a later page, when discoursing more particularly of the nature
of "Thunders and lightnings," the writer remarks : "Thunder is
the quenching of fyre, in a cloude. Or Thunder is, an exhalation,
hote and drye, myxte with moysture, carryed up to the middle regiō,
there thycked and wrapped into a cloude : of this hote matter,
coupled with moystnes, closed in the cloude, groweth a stryfe, the
heat beating, and breakyng out the sydes of the cloude, with a
thundring noyse : the fyre then dispersed, is the lightnyng."

Many other extracts displaying equally ingenious and original
thought might be made were this the place to enter in detail upon
such a subject.

We have seen that Dygges printed a "*general Prognostication*" in
1553. The edition before us, *i.e.*, that of 1555, is in all probability
the second edition. In 1556 appeared another edition, printed partly
in gothic type, embellished with numerous ornamental woodcuts, and,
among other important and material additions, a "*Table Contaynyng
the Moneth Daye and Place, of the principal Fayres of Englande : to*

be augmented at pleasure," &c. Subsequent editions of the "Prognostication" have appeared in 1567, 1576. In the last-mentioned edition Dygges received the assistance of "his sonne," Thomas Digges, and there is an "Addition" at the end of the book entitled "A Perfit Description of the Cælestiall Orbes according to the most aunciente doctrine of the Pythagoreans, latelye revived by Copernicus and by Geometrical Demonstrations approved."



Savage Literature and Learning.

THE sacred books of the Battahs (a tribe of Malayo-Melanesian origin, inhabiting part of the Island of Sumatra) called *pustaha*, are composed of slips of the inner bark of a certain tree, rendered smooth and rubbed over with rice-water, and the writing is performed with a pointed twig dipped in ink, which is made of the roots of *dammar* mixed with sugar-cane juice. These books treat on necromancy, or they contain some legendary lore, or some mythological fiction. Some of them are a record of prescriptions for talismans and charms, to be made serviceable in certain diseases; or they register agricultural observations suggested by experience relating to the weather or the condition of the soil; or they perpetuate some national events; or make an enumeration of important customary laws. The present generation employs as writing materials bamboos about an inch and a half wide and from six to twelve inches long, on which the written character is engraved with a knife, but on the coast they frequently make use of pen, ink, and paper of European importation. The Battahs have neither schools nor teachers; children receive no scholastic education, for they only learn to read and write in the family circle by sheer imitation. Young boys avail themselves of their accomplishment by committing their ideas to writing and send love letters to the young girls, in which they praise in glowing language their beautiful bosom, their glossy hair, and their rounded arms, asking them for some small favours, which are hardly ever refused.—*Featherman's "Social History of the Races of Mankind."*



A Question of Parties.

IN 1728 there existed a paper called *Mist's Weekly Journal*. In its issue of the 24th August an article appeared which greatly offended the Ministry of the period. The proprietor had been fined heavily on a previous occasion. This time the journeymen employed in the production of the paper were seized and set in the pillory. In a subsequent issue the following lines appeared.

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

In good Queen Anna's days, when Tories reign'd,
And the just Liberty of the Press restrain'd,
Sad Whigs complain'd in doleful notes and sundry—
"O LIBERTY!" "O VIRTUE!" "O MY COUNTRY!"
But when themselves had reach'd the days of grace,
They changed their principles as well as place;
From messengers secure no printer lies,
They take compositors, pressmen, devils, flies.¹
What means this change? The sum of all the stories—
Tories deprest are Whigs, and Whigs in power are Tories.

Louis XV. an Admirer of Genius.

LOUIS XV. exhibits the noble example of bestowing a mark of consideration to the remains of a man of letters. This king not only testified his esteem of Crebillon by having his works printed at the Louvre, but also by consecrating to his glory a tomb of marble.

Advice for Bookworms.

GOETHE says "one ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words."

¹ Devils were those who inked the type. Flies, or fly-boys, as they were termed, removed the sheets from the type after the impression had been taken.





Fine Book-bindings at the British Museum.

I.—EMBROIDERED BOOKS.

ALTHOUGH the British Museum does not probably contain so many magnificent specimens of the art of book-covering as the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, yet perhaps no other collection has such variety of good specimens of every school, or is able to show so complete a gallery of the art in all its many varieties. English, French, German, Venetian, Slavonic, and where not, are all represented, by (if not the most elaborate) some of the best specimens which the various schools have produced; and we propose, for the benefit of the readers of *THE BOOKWORM*, to give brief descriptions of some of the most characteristic specimens of each school.

Possibly the best represented kind of sumptuous book-covering is that of embroidered bindings, a species of art it would be well if more practised. That embroidery in colours on silk or velvet is capable of very artistic effects, every lady who cares for fancy work knows well, and an outlet for skill at once useful and ornamental might be found in working book-covers instead of slippers and antimacassars. And this is emphatically women's work: in olden time the books were written in the scriptorium of the monastery, but embroidered in the nunnery, and in later times when monks and nuns in England had ceased to be, female fingers oftentimes emblazoned the covers of volumes intended for royal or noble libraries.

The most curious embroidered book in the Museum is a small 8vo "*Biblia Sacra*" printed at Antwerp by C. Plantin in 1590, and bound shortly afterwards. The cover is of green velvet embroidered richly with seed pearls, a garnet forming the centre. It consists of a broad border ornamented with a running device in pearls, the centre being formed of a radiating floral form, not unlike a lily. In the corners are roses and a variety of triple fleurs de lys. The stems of the flowers are formed of gold threads, with which also the flowers

are outlined. The lesser flowers are formed in silver thread. Small devices in silver thread and pearls, and the letters "T. G." in pearls, fill up the groundwork. The back is embroidered to match, and is without ribs, panels, or lettering. The book has been cut, and does not appear ever to have had clasps.

Another superb book is an "*Acta Synodi Nationalis Dordrechtii Habitæ*," printed at Leyden in 1620. This folio was bound in red velvet for James the First. The border consists of three lines worked in gold thread, the middle line being much the thickest. The centre of the top cover is filled with the full royal arms, with supporters and a superb mantling. In the garter surrounding the arms and within a romanesque scroll are the royal mottoes. The crest is a lion on an helm, crowned. Above the arms is the letter "J." crowned, and beneath them the letter "R.," also surmounted by a crown; these letters are set in a device of roses and thistles. The embroidery is in gold and silver thread, and is embossed. The back consists of embroidered roses in panels; it is not ribbed. The label on the back is of leather, and bears the name and date of the book.

A folio Cambridge Bible, printed in 1674 and bound for James II., is not very dissimilar in style. The centre consists of a debased crown surmounting the letters "J. R.," and surrounded by a floriated wreath of exquisite workmanship, the whole being enclosed in a Grolier band. The corners are formed of cherubs, whose wings, being drawn tightly together, meet in the angle formed by the lines of the cover. The faces of these cherubs are of silver thread, the wings of gold: the eyes having been emphasized by black beads. At the middle of the top is a rising sun, shedding labient drops. Leaves in gold thread and small flowers fill up the ground, which is of red velvet. The back is banded, the panels being filled with floral forms in gold thread. There is no lettering.

Another book, printed at Leyden in 1583, and bound for Queen Elizabeth, is covered in black velvet. It has a broad border of interlacing gold and silver leaves with flowers. The centre is formed by interlacing geometrical forms. This book is noticeable rather for its exquisite workmanship than for its artistic design.

The finest as well as the best known of embroidered books is the copy of his "*De Antiquitate Ecclesiæ Britannicæ*" which Archbishop Parker presented to Queen Elizabeth, and which he caused to be specially bound for her. The book is in every way worthy of its royal owner, for it is at once a highly artistic design and a costly and laborious work. This small folio is covered in green velvet, the upper cover being embroidered in coloured silk and gold thread in

deep relief. The border is formed to represent a paling, a gate with wicket occupying nearly the centre of the lower side. The centre is a large rose tree in bloom: the longer branches embracing the border. At each corner are deer in various attitudes, and the field is sprinkled with flowers and grass. The reverse design is somewhat similar: the centre being occupied by a recumbent deer, four others being in various attitudes not unlike those on the upper cover. In the field are several small plants and two snakes. Opinion is divided as to the meaning of this cover; some holding it to be a reference to the name (Parker) of the donor, others that it is allegorical, the upper cover representing the Church of England in its purity, the lower as it then was, the snakes possibly being intended to represent its two foes, Papacy and Puritanism. The back consists of five panels divided by embroidered lines. Each panel seems to have consisted of a conventional rose with two leaves and the same number of buds; the second from the top, however, has at some subsequent period been covered by a leathern label bearing the name and date (1572) of the book. At the bottom is another leathern label, probably contemporary, bearing a crown above a wreath, and beneath the letters "EL. R." The crown is similar in shape to that now in use.



"A Dedication upon Dedications."

WRITING to Pope, from Dublin, in 1721, Swift complained, as on other occasions, that various publications were falsely imputed to him: "Besides many insipid papers which the malice of some has entitled me to, there are many persons appearing to wish me well, and pretending to be judges of my style and manner, who have yet ascribed some writings to me of which any man of common sense and literature would be heartily ashamed. I cannot forbear instancing a treatise called 'A Dedication upon Dedications,' which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and servile a composition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one circumstance which makes it impossible for me to have been author of a treatise wherein there are several pages containing a panegyric on King George, of whose character and person I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curiosity to inquire into either, living at so great a distance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters."



A Neglected Book.

BY a caprice of fate some books share the oblivion of their authors, just as, by as odd a whim, others immortalize their otherwise ever-would-be unknown creators. The antithesis is curious. Shoals of books, undoubtedly, deserve richly to participate in the eternal silence that surrounds their writers' names; some few have made men and women famous whose existence would long have ceased to be known of men outside the baptismal, marriage, or funeral registers; too many have, together with their makers' names, perished from the recollection of man, with but few exceptions, which, nevertheless, but little deserved their doom.

One of these latter lies before me as I write; a curious, forgotten (save by its present owner) little volume which I take down reverently from its cosy nook in my library that it may be rescued in the pages of *THE BOOKWORM* from the forgetfulness in which it has been too long shrouded. I came across it four years ago in Manchester, in one of Crossley's old haunts, and secured it for the sum of six shillings. I am not aware whether the bookseller was much the richer by the transaction, but thrice the sum I gave for it would not buy it from me. The title-page (which is preceded by a remarkably clear wood-engraving representing a pair of rustivating lovers, over whom Cupid hovers threateningly) runs as follows:—

“ *Equitis Franci & Adolescentulæ*

Mulieris Italæ

Practica

Artis

Amandi,

Insigni & Iucundis

sima Historia

ostensa.

*Cui præterea, quæ ex variis autoribus
antehac annexa sunt, alia quædam huic
materiæ non inconvenientia jam pri-
mum accesserunt, eaque singularia;*

*Et ad Praxin hujus seculi potissimum accom-
modata.*

Auctore
Hilario Drudone
Poëseos Studioso.

Amstelodami :
Apud Georgium Trigg,
Anno Dom. 1651.

One would infer from the *unponderous* nature of this diminutive tome (16mo.) that its subject matter would be in proportion to its size—a fallacious supposition that even a cursory glance at its contents or index would quickly dispel. Thirty-one dissertations (including a story) of varying length, and seventeen love-songs (also including a story), make the tiny work a veritable *multum in parvo*. And all this matter is marvellously compressed into four hundred and forty-nine pages of Elzevir type.

We gather from the “*ad benevolentem lectorem*” (which a superficial acquaintance with the book would seem to belie) that the author’s scope was

“Non eo quidem consilio ac fine, ut factum ipsum, non usque adeo honestum, adolescentibus nostris imitandum proponeremus : sed ut ab illicitis eosdem prurientibusque amoribus abstereremus potius, omni conatu avocaremus.”

Two dedicatory epistles from the pen of Æneas Sylvius then follow, one addressed to Gasper Schlick, Lord of Novum Castrum and Imperial Chancellor ; the second to Mariano Sozino, a Professor, after which commences the sad love story of Eurialus and Lucretia alluded to in the title-page. The tale, which occupies seventy-nine pages of excellent Latinity in the telling, is a tragic narrative of a wife’s infidelity to a faithless husband, to the veracity and date of which the concluding words bear witness thus :

“Habes amoris exitum Mariane mi amantissime, non ficti neque felicitis. Quem qui legerint, periculum ex aliis faciant, quod sibi ex usu sciet. Nec amatorium bibere poculum studeant, quod longe plus aloës habet, quam mellis. Vale. Ex Vienna, 5 Nonas Julii, anno Salutis 1444.”

Drudo, I may add, has simply transcribed the novelette from Sylvius, as he has done several treatises from other pens ; in fact, he is merely the editor of the first part of the baby volume, which concludes with two amusing discussions between the respective characters named in the questions :

- I. “Quis inter Scortatorem, Aleatorem et Ebriosum sit pessimus ?”
- II. “An orator sit Philosopho et Medico anteponeendus ?”

The author of both is Philip Beroaldus.

Part II. opens with, I presume, Drudo's own contributions. The first is a laughable dialogue in three acts, entitled "*De Clandestinis Desponsationibus*." Then follow these four curiously treated and interesting questions :

- I. "*De philtis seu poculis amatoris quid sentiendum sit ?*"
- II. "*De fascino, quid sentiendum ?*"
- III. "*Ut conjugium feliciter succedat in quid maxime incumbendum ?*"
- IV. "*An uxor marito, an maritus uxori dominari debeat ?*"

But the next article is presumably more interesting than any of the preceding to the readers of *THE BOOKWORM*, entitled :

"*Oratio de Matrimonio Literati,*"

in which the *pros* and *cons* of the query, "*An cælibem esse an verò nubere conveniat ?*" are skilfully examined, and judgment given for the affirmative. Thirty-five pages are devoted to this eloquent little treatise, which well repays perusal.

Between this and his (apparently) only other original and trenchant composition, "*De arte Meretricia,*" is inserted a learned and lengthy address by Bossus, "*De immoderato mulierum cultu.*" Two more well-written transcriptions close the prose part of the book : the "*Charon Dialogus*" of Pontanus, and the "*Illiciti Amoris Vera Descriptio*" of Kinthisius.

The love-songs, or "*Carmina amatoria,*" are not the least amusing features of the book, three of them being metrical stories, one of which is a translation by Beroaldus of Boccaccio's *Guiscardo* and *Gismunda*. The following specimen will suffice :

"*CUR FÆMINÆ CITIUS CRESCANT VIRIS.*"

" Ut lolium segetes crescendo vincit, ut alte
 Emicat hortorum carduus inter opes :
 Fæmina sic maribus citius consurgit in auras,
 Fæmina nonnullum ferre parata modum.
 Nimirum prave crescunt velocius herbæ ;
 Fæmina quas inter connumeranda venit."

Such is an imperfect sketch of this remarkable and forgotten booklet, my copy of which, I am thankful to say, neither lapse of time, nor change of ownership, nor rapacity of ruthless bookworm, have in any way disfigured.

J. B. S.



An Incident in the Franco-German War.

THE following interesting note has been communicated by Mr. Frédéric E. Thomasson :—

“A special correspondent of *The Times*, writing from Verdun on November 16, 1870, said that, at a first glance, the town did not seem to have been much damaged by the bombardment ; but, on a closer inspection, appearances altered.

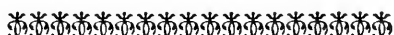
“The correspondent goes on to relate : ‘I had reason to doubt my first impression of the bombardment of Verdun from an incident which I am about to relate. The chief literary event connected with the city lies in the notices of it contained in Goethe’s diary of the campaign of 1792, which he attended in the train of his friend and sovereign, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, the father of the present Queen of Prussia’ (the widow of the old Emperor Wilhelm who died this year, 1888). ‘A desire to refresh my memory seized me. I inquired at all the book-shops in Verdun for the book, but fruitlessly. Determined, if a copy existed in Verdun, to see it, I went to the library of the College of Verdun. The librarian was absent—I was told an invalid—but they gave me his address, and I proceeded to pay a visit to Monsieur l’Abbé Clouët.

“‘I found his residence, an ancient house in the vicinity of the cathedral, and, entering, saw him busily engaged in the attempt to reduce the chaos of his library into some order ; bombshells had fallen into the heart of the building and had shattered everything into the wildest disorder.

“‘I saw before me a tall, ascetic figure, clad in a black cassock, his head encased in a *bonnet de coton*, surmounted by a rusty, broad ecclesiastical hat. I could not help it, but the image of Don Quixote—that knightly visionary, dear to all noble hearts—rose up before me, and that cruel scene, the burning of his library of romances of chivalry.

“The Abbé overwhelmed me with a thousand courteous apologies for the tragical plight in which I found him, and, in reply to my query, answered that the book was not in the College library, but that years ago a copy had passed through his hands, and that he had sat down and made a translation of the passages relating to Verdun, which he would forthwith endeavour to find among the *débris* of his books. I had made a fortunate cast, and encountered a man after my own heart. He ushered me through a succession of ancient chambers crammed with a confused litter of *those household gods which bookworms and antiquaries accumulate about them* until there is scarce room left for a passage through their apartments. Explaining that his bedroom and sitting-room were destroyed, he led me into his kitchen as his only habitable room, and found for me a seat. Presently he emerged from his library with the precious volume I desired, and I proceeded to extract the passages wanted.”

“The history proceeds to say: ‘The same writer said of Verdun that, *as a fortress*, it is simply an *anachronism*, since it lies in a hole, and can be commanded from the neighbouring heights by modern siege-artillery.’”



A Book Bound in Human Skin.

IN the Athenæum Library, Bury St. Edmund's, there is a book which is bound in the skin of the man whose biography its pages contain. The story is familiar to many, especially in the Eastern Counties, where a melo-drama is founded on the incidents. A man named Corder murdered his sweetheart, Maria Martin, in the Red Barn near Bury St. Edmund's, and Mrs. Martin some time after dreamt three successive nights that her daughter was buried under the Red Barn. She persuaded her husband to go and dig for the body, with the result that he found the corpse. By this time Corder was married, and while taking breakfast with his wife the detectives arrested him. A great excitement was manifested during the trial. Eventually, as every one expected, the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to death. The doctor who dissected the body after execution, hearing that a life of Corder was being prepared, sent a piece of the murderer's skin properly cured to the author. When ready, a copy of the book was bound up in this covering and presented to the above library. This novel work is esteemed a rare treasure, especially by relic-hunters.



Famous Libraries.

NO 5.—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE true lover of the typographic art must here feel the full influence of the 'Religio Loci,' recollecting that within these sacred precincts William Caxton erected his Press, and bestowed on benighted England the benefits of the Art of Printing." Thus does Botfield commence his account of Westminster Library, and surely no more suitable commencement could be found.

Like most cathedral libraries—for if Westminster Abbey is not now a cathedral it has been—it is almost impossible to fix any time when it began to be. No doubt the earliest monks on the Confessor's foundation had their scriptorium with its store of books, and it is hardly correct to say as most writers on the subject have done, notably Oldys, that it was founded by Lord Keeper Williams when Dean of the Collegiate Church. It is in truth much older, and, without decrying the importance of what that worthy Welshman did, due credit must be given to his predecessors. Thus in the reign of Edward VI., when changes were being made in the form of the service, an order was made to sell certain articles of church garniture as being monuments of idolatry, and the money they fetched was directed to be spent on the needs of the library and the buying of books. Previous to this period the library appears to have been kept in one of the coronal chapels, but in 1551 it was removed to the north cloister. In 1574 it was removed to the place it now occupies, that is the northern and smaller portion of the monks' dormitory over the east cloister, a noble room well fitted for its purpose. The then Dean, Dr. Gabriel Goodman, had commenced to form a library, himself giving a Hebrew Vocabulary and a Complutensian Bible (Chapter Book, 1571). It appears to have been intended to store the books in some other part of the building, and the successive changes which took place may still be traced from the Chapter Book.

In 1587 an order was given for the necessary furniture, but this seems to have been very imperfectly carried out, and little more was done till Dr. John Williams became Dean. Whether the books had been removed, or whether, finding the room a mere waste, he only remodelled it, is uncertain, but to Dean Williams belongs the credit of forming the part of the old dormitory into an effective book-room. This he did about 1620. He furnished it with desks, chairs, and all necessary appliances, and himself gave books worth some two thousand pounds, many of which he had purchased from Sir Richard Baker of Highgate, the author of "*The Chronicles of the Kings of England*," for £500. Baker seems to have been a most industrious collector and no mean judge, for his books are recorded to have been not only by the best authors, but also the best editions of their works. Williams gave many other books, and by his influence caused others to do the like. He also had the library rearranged, and—as states the Chapter Book in January, 1625-6—one Richard Goulard, "for his very great and assiduous pains for the last two years past, as in the choice so in the well ordering of the books," was made librarian with a place and diet at the Dean and Prebendaries' table in the Common Hall.

From this time the library began to grow apace, until in 1664 it suffered great loss by a conflagration wherein many books and manuscripts were destroyed; but, as either no catalogue was in existence or was then destroyed, what amount of damage was done cannot be estimated. Possibly, considering the connection which Caxton had with the Abbey, many works from his press were lost. It is hardly reasonable to suppose that, after affording him sanctuary, the Abbey should never have possessed any specimens of his work; but, if so, all that is preserved is a single leaf inserted at the end of "*The Dialogue of Dives and Pauper*," printed by Richard Pynson in 1493, the authenticity of which is attested by the following note, "This appears to be a leaf from Caxton's Chronicle, 1480. T. F. Dibdin." The Dialogue itself is in excellent condition, and bears the following inscription: "*Iste liber constal . . . Banbury . . . Osneye*," the rest being obliterated. Under this note are three shields, one containing a coat of arms, the others marks like unto those used by the merchant adventurers.

Of the book-room itself little more need be said than that it is a noble old hall, with Gothic roof and windows admirably adapted for its purpose. It contains a good portrait of Lord Keeper Williams.

The library consists at present of upwards of 12,000 volumes, but was formerly much more extensive, as the old catalogue, which enume-

rates many books which cannot be found, attests. This old catalogue, which is arranged in alphabetical order, with title, places, and dates, is a folio bearing on its vellum cover, stamped with the arms of the Deanery, the title "Catalogus Librorum in hoc 'Bibliothecâ Westmonasteriensi. Octob, 22 mo, 1726." For writing a new catalogue in 1798, the Dean and Chapter presented Dr. Dakin, precentor, the compiler, with one hundred pounds.

And first as to the manuscripts. These are not now very numerous, so many having perished in the fire before mentioned, but some are valuable and beautiful. Of those relating to the Abbey, Widmore, during the last century, prepared "An Account of the Records of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster." This, however, was so incomplete that some years ago the Chapter employed Mr. Joseph Burt, of the Public Record Office, to arrange and examine their archives. There are, of course, a large number of more or less interesting charters and registers, and many biographical notices of members of the collegiate establishment, the latter being well worthy of printer's ink. One of the most beautiful of the early manuscripts is a copy of the works of St. Ambrose, written in double columns on vellum. Here, too, is preserved the famous Missal of Nicolas Litlington, Abbot in 1362. This MS. is superbly illuminated, and is in such excellent preservation that there is scarcely a blemish throughout. "The first volume," says an account in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1861, p. 242, "commences with the consecration of salt for the holy water. It contains offices for the Sundays of the whole year, from Advent to the twenty-fifth after Trinity; likewise several of the principal festivals. The second volume contains the Mass and the service for Passion Week, at great length; the office for the coronation of the king and queen, and that for the queen only when not crowned with the king; the office for the royal funerals; several offices for inferior or national saints, as Edward the Confessor, Edmund, Dunstan, Laurence, Catherine, &c. By a proclamation in Henry VIII.'s time, renewed under Edward VI., all services, litanies, and books of prayer, were ordered to be purified from all the remains of popery; and, in consequence of this, the very name of the Pope has been erased from many missals, and in this of Litlington's the name of St. Thomas à Becket is erased from the calendar, as also the office for his festival."

The Chronicle of Matthew of Westminster is another manuscript of great interest; and so is a third which, being upon natural history, presents to the curious divers coloured representations of animals and of human monstrosities, besides a marvellous view

of Adam naming the animals. In the Harleian MS. (No. 694) is a catalogue of the MSS. at Westminster in 1672, wherein are enumerated some 300 volumes, but of these few remain.

Among the printed books, those rare and curious are very numerous, howbeit many of the choicest treasures were carried away in troublous times, and not a few appear to have perished through neglect. Botfield considers the chief glory of the library is the "*Johannes Latteburius, In threnos Jeremie, Capitulis cxv., folio. Oxonii, Anno dni, 1482, ultimâ die mensis Julii*"—a book consisting of 290 leaves, printed in double columns, with 40 lines on each page. The characters are rude, and there are neither catchwords or paginary numerals. For a lengthy description of this unique volume we must refer our readers to Botfield, pp. 462-3, a description interesting not only as to its subject, but from the enthusiasm with which it is written.

Of course, like all other cathedral libraries, Westminster is strongest in theology, but in other branches of literature the collection is not despicable. Bibles are very numerous, both foreign and of home workmanship. There is a Basil Hebrew Bible of 1546, in two folio volumes, and the *Biblia Hebraica, Stephani*, Paris, 1565, in seven volumes; but the best is without doubt a fine folio copy of the first edition of the Scriptures in Greek, printed at Venice in 1518. Among the English Bibles are copies of Cranmer's, printed in 1540; of the first and second editions of Parker's (Bishops') Bible, 1568 and 1572 respectively, both in folio. The Welsh Bibles are four in number, and are those printed in London in 1588, 1600 (folios), and 1746 (8vo); and the Oxford edition of 1723.

There are many rare copies of the New Testament, and perhaps no cathedral library has a finer collection of Rituals or of the earlier and later theological writers. Few of the copies are, however, rare. Topography, history, and law are all well represented, but the remark as to theology applies equally.

To enumerate even the rarer classical volumes would be simply to make a lengthy catalogue, so numerous are the copies of best editions and emanations from the press of Aldus. From this press the Abbey has a magnificent copy of the first edition of Plato, printed in 1513, on vellum. Unluckily the book has been terribly mutilated, a considerable part having been cut out, and the rest atrociously stained, apparently by design. Here also are copies of the first editions of Aristides and of Lucian, both printed at Florence by Philip Junta, in 1517; of "*Suetonius, cum Commento*" (fol.), printed at Venice in 1490, and still retaining its old vellum cover; and of the *Lexicon* of Suidas, of 1489.

Among the more early printed books are the medical works of Avicenna, fol., 1498; "Campani Opera," Venice, fol., 1495; "Theapoli Academicæ Contemplationes," Venice, 1490 (a pretty little 12mo); Isocrates, Venice, 1513; and many others chiefly classical. A scarce book, of which this library has a good and perfect copy, is Higden's "Polycronycon," translated by Peter Treueris, 1527.

In the small collection of works relating to music are copies of Day's "Service Book," 1565, with music. Only three or four copies of this book are known to exist, so although it is lamentably imperfect it is one of the greatest treasures in the Abbey. Very valuable also is Barnard's "Cathedral Music," the only other copy whereof is believed to be in Berlin; and besides these are other books of Church music in great variety.

Perhaps the most distinctive and remarkable series of books are those which relate to the coronations of our monarchs. "There I saw," says Oldys, "that pompous and rare book of the Rules and Ceremonies of the Coronation of our Kings of England." Of these extremely ceremonial books there are six: the first relating to Charles II., compiled by John Ogilby; the second to James II., written "by his Majestie's especial command by Francis Sandford, Lancaster Herald at Arms." These were written after the ceremony. The third gives an account of "The Form and Order of Service that is to be performed, and of the ceremonies that are to be observed in the Coronation of their Majesties King George III. and Queen Charlotte in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster." This is bound in red morocco gilt, and with the inner sides of the covers ornamented with gold and flowers. The others are the forms for the coronation of the last three monarchs, Queen Victoria's being merely stitched in a paper cover, without any pretence of ornament.

In conclusion it may be added that the library was intended by Dean Williams—a great promoter of learning—for public use during every day in term from nine to twelve in the forenoon, and from two till four in the afternoon. It is perhaps too much to say that it continues to be a public library, but the Dean and Chapter have always shown great generosity in permitting its use, and no student who has fair reason to assign need fear a refusal, if he apply to its proper custodian and is willing to submit to reasonable regulations.

A. C. BICKLEY.

Origin of the Name "Kit-Cat."

THE Kit-Cat Club came to be so called from one Christopher Catting (a pudding pye-man), with whose puddings and conversation the first founders of the society were well pleased.—*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, ed. Bliss, i. 74.

Swift's Library.


IN a letter from Dublin, dated April 5, 1729, addressed "to Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope," the Dean thus wrote: "I hate a crowd where I have not an easy place to see, and be seen. A great library always makes me melancholy, where the best author is as much squeezed and as obscure as a porter at a coronation. In my own little library I value the compliments of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke), more than all my books besides; because whoever comes into my closet casts his eyes immediately upon them and will not vouchsafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon."

The Devil's Code.

THE Royal Library at Stockholm contains a remarkable literary curiosity called "The Devil's Code," which is said to be the largest manuscript in the world. Every letter of this gigantic piece of work is as beautifully formed as if it were minutely and carefully drawn, and it seems almost impossible that it could have been done by a single human being. The "Devil's Code" was taken to Sweden from Prague after the Thirty Years' War, and the "Deutsche Hausfrauen Zeitung" tells the following story of its origin. A poor monk who had been condemned to death was told that his sentence would be commuted if he were able to copy the whole of the code in a single night. Relying on the impossibility of the task, his judges furnished him with pen and ink and left him in his well-barred prison. Like a drowning man catching at a straw, the poor monk began his task, but quickly discovered it was utterly impossible. His nature shrank from the cruel death awaiting him, and he invoked the aid of the Evil One. The enemy appeared, and agreed to execute the task on condition of receiving in payment the soul of the monk. As soon as the bargain was struck, the dark spirit sat down like a regular copyist, and next morning the "Devil's Code" was finished.

Curiosities of Dedications.

II.—AN AUTHOR'S DEDICATION TO HIMSELF.

HE following interesting note has been communicated by Mr. C. MacCarthy Collins, of Brisbane :—Amongst the curiosities of dedications is that which appears in the celebrated “Crazy Tales,” which were written by John Hall Stevenson (1718–1785), the friend of Sterne, the Eugenius of Tristram Shandy, and the proprietor of Skelton Castle, or Crazy Hall, near Sutton. The character of the “Crazy Tales” was, as is well known, of such a nature that strenuous endeavours were made, with more or less success, to suppress the little volume. The first edition was published in 1762, a second in 1764, and a third in 1785. The copy I quote from is the second edition, which was published—without author’s, printer’s, or publisher’s name—in London—“printed in the YEAR MDCCLXIV.” In addition to “The Author’s Dedication to Himself” (herewith reprinted), there is also “The Author’s Apology to Himself,” in rhyme, in which reference is made to Tristram Shandy. The book is rather rare.

The AUTHOR’S
DEDICATION
to HIMSELF.

Ever-honoured and worthy Sir,

ΠΑΝΤΩΝ δε μάλιστα' αἰσχυρο / Σαυτον. The reverence and / respect due to one’s self is the great / est of all, says Pythagoras : / knowing how difficult it is to serve / two masters, the Author is, and / hopes he shall always continue, ac- / countable only to one.

There is something so engaging / in your service, that, though he can / seldom do anything entirely to your / satisfaction, yet he cannot find in / his heart to be angry with you, or / to wish to change his dependence.

He is too sensible of your discern / ment to have any thoughts of / wheedling you into an opinion of / his performance; of the two, he / believes he could sooner prevail up / on the world to be indulgent. The / world has too much business upon / its hands to be a severe judge, or to / be difficult to please in trifles; the / world must be amused; but like the *besoin d’aimer*, there is no necessity / for perfection to be one of the transi / ent objects of its amusement.

All that the Author expects from / you, is, that you will excuse his / folly, and admit his apology for suf / fering such trifles to appear in pub / lic; he can deal with other critics / well enough, if he is not condemn / ed by you, being,

Ever-honoured and worthy Sir,

With infinite attention,

Your most humble servant,

A. S.





Early Printing in Derbyshire.



R. WALLIS, in a paper on the history of the printing-press in Derbyshire, printed in the Derby Arch. Soc. iii. p. 139, says: "The earliest reference to printed matter which, from its nature, one is justified in thinking may have been 'worked-off' in the Borough of Derby, is to be found in a slashing preface to the Rev. Henry Cantrell's 'The Royal Martyr a True Christian,' the imprint of which runs thus :—

'London : Printed for George Mortlock at the Phoenix ; Henry Clements at the Half Moon in St. Paul's Churchyard ; and John Hodges, Bookseller, in Derby, 1716.'

The writer, who was the first vicar of St. Alkmund's, Derby, mentions certain 'Pamphlets which represent the Injuries of the Burghesses of Derby,' and a 'small treatise consisting chiefly of collections from the Bp. of Sarum's Sermons, and Bp. of Oxford's Charge, anno. 1710,' by Mr. Shaw, a dissenting teacher in Derby. If these works emanated from a local press, the date of the introduction of printing into Derby must be removed further back than 1719; the year which has lately been adopted by bibliographers. As, however, Mr. Cantrell's book (a small octavo of only 62 leaves) was printed in London (although dated 'Derby : Lady-day, 1716') it is very probable that the resources of the Derby archi-typographer, supposing him to have been in business then, were unequal to 'book-work.' We must look elsewhere therefore for a starting-point, and the only trustworthy evidence I have as yet been able to discover is the publication of which the following is a copy :—'Vol. I., Numb. 10 / The / Derby Post-Man / or a / Collection of the most material Occurrences, / Foreign and Domestick ; / together with / an Account of Trade. / To be continued weekly. / Thursday, February 2, 1720. / Derby : Printed by S. Hodgkinson, near St. Werbergh's Church,

where Advertisements and letters of Correspondents are taken in, and all manners of Books Printed. [Price three half-pence.]'

"This little quarto sheet represents unquestionably the first newspaper published in Derbyshire. The specimen in my own collection is the earliest I have been able to meet with; it contains neither local news nor advertisements; but the imprint conveys hints of some importance. It is clear that whatever might have been the case in 1715, there was a Derby printer four years later, who, in his own estimation at least, was capable of printing 'all manner of Books,' and who subsequently did produce some very creditable specimens, such as an edition of Houghton's 'Rara Avis in Terris, The Compleat Miner,' in 1729.

"At this time, 1719, there were at least two booksellers in Derby besides John Hodges aforesaid. Their names occur in the imprint of *The Nottingham Mercury*, of Thursday, Sept. 27, 1720 (a small 4to sheet much like *The Derby Post-man*), as follows:—

"Nottingham:

"Printed by J. Collyer at the Sheep Pens, and sold by Abr. Swain Salter in Bradford; Josh. Hoyland in Sheffield; Hen. Allestree and W. Cantrel in Derby; Peter Davie in Leicester; D. Watson in Ashbydelazouch; B. Earnworth in Newark; T. Dixon in Mansfield; Mrs. Singleton in Redford; S. Gunter in Chesterfield; and Wid. Carver in Melton. Where Advertisements are taken in at two shillings each.

"Henry Allstree, whose place of business was at the Market Head, was one of a distinguished Derby family of that name; he was probably a son of William Allstree, formerly Recorder of the borough. We find William Cantrell, bookseller in Derby, publishing the first edition of Anthony Blackwall's 'Introduction to the Classics,' printed at London, 1717; his name appears again upon the title-page of the fourth edition of that work in 1728, and of the same author's 'New Latin Grammar.' It is not unlikely that he was brother of the Rev. Thomas Cantrell, Head Master of Derby School, lecturer at All Hallows, and vicar of Elvaston. In 1727 Mr. Cantrell's stock of books was advertised 'to be sold by auction at Mr. Crompton's Hall, in the Market Place in Derby.'

"The career of *The Derby Post-man* was erratic. It seems to have been published in various shapes and sizes, and at uncertain dates. It was re-christened *The British Spy: or Derby Post-man*, No. 1 of which appeared, still with the imprint of S. Hodgkinson, on May

31, 1726. Timperly ('History of Printing,' p. 638) dates the establishment of this paper in 1727, and Mr. Jewitt in 1726. Both were quite unaware of the previous issue of *The Derby Post-man* in 1719). The size of the sheet and capacity of the forme then became larger, but there was no difference in the quality of the information, which was chiefly made up as before from the London diurnals. The sheet was enlarged again in 1727, and the number for April 6th in that year has a small wood-cut on either side of the heading—a postman mounted and blowing his horn on the left, and a rudely drawn ship-of-war on the right. The latest copy of this series of papers bore date April 15, 1731, and *The Derby Post-man* probably expired in that year.



The First Printed Book.

I MYSELF have seen a book called *Hore Matutina*, the author whereof was my grandmother, Berenica Ludronia, which is the first book that was printed after the invention of this noble art. 'Twas printed in vellum, not in the same manner that we use to print in now: but the letters were at some distance, and the make of the letter was exactly agreeable to our running hands, insomuch that 'twas very hard to distinguish whether the book was printed or written. My father valued the book very much, not only because it was written by his mother, but because it was the first book that ever was printed. The cover was of wood, wrought over with silk; but in the middle of each side and at each corner were silver bosses gilt. On the inside was fixed a silver crucifix, with the image of the Virgin Mary and St. John the Evangelist; and underneath was written, in a woman's hand and in the Italian language, "Berenica Ludronia Scaligera," with some other words in the German language, which I could make nothing of, being then very young, when I saw the book, and I have not been able to get a sight of it since, because 'twas soon after torn to pieces by a greyhound.—*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, ed. Bliss, i. 145.





Johnson's Tavern Resorts and Conversation.

NO. IV.—THE TURK'S HEAD, SOHO. GOLDSMITH'S EPITAPH.

Books quoted.

23. C. Carlyle's "Miscellany," 5 vols., 1842.
18. C. Croker's "Boswell," 2 vols., 1844.
7. A. Anderson, Robert, "Life of Johnson," 1815.
1. S. Stow, John, "History of London," 1633.
1. C. Cunningham's "London," 1850.
22. B. Browne, Sir Thomas, 3 vols., Bohn, 1852.
3. F. Ferrier, John, "Illustr. Sterne," 2 vols., 1812.
3. C. Croker's "Boswell," 10 vols., 1835.
20. C. Coleridge's "Table Talk," 1836.
3. J. Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson, Shak. Soc., 1842.



HERE was another Turk's Head at which they met in Gerrard Street, Soho, close to Burke's house. After the funeral of Garrick this society was dubbed the *Literary Club*. It was to consist of nine, but when Dyer came from abroad they let him join, as he had been one of the old Ivy Lane Club. Boswell (18. C. i. 212) believes that the happiest moments of his life were spent here. He grew less arrogant, and seemed content with the eminence he had attained by his pen.

It was here that Burke's Round Robin was drawn up to entreat Johnson to compose the epitaph to Goldsmith in English rather than in Latin; but Johnson would not "disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription"—neither, it should seem, would he change anything else in it, although he tells Reynolds (3. C. vi. 205) in a letter, to read the epitaph first, and then "show it to the club. I am, you know, willing to be corrected." Sir William Forbes gave Boswell an account of this affair (18. C. ii. 80). But he relates that it took its rise at a dinner at Sir Joshua Reynolds' house. Smith, in his "Life of Nollekens," i. 55, says the "Turk's Head" (printed *Luke's Head* by mistake) was the club founded by Sir Joshua. Be this as it may, Langton would not sign the paper. Johnson received

the Round Robin from Sir Joshua "with much good-humour," and said he did not suppose that Joe Warton would be such a fool, and he should have thought Mund Burke would have had more sense. They wanted Johnson further to particularize Goldsmith's poetry more, but he proved inflexible, and it was engraved without any alteration. Smith records it to have been cut by "the man at the gate." I suppose he means at the gate of the Abbey. His name was William Arminger, who used to prepare many of Nollekens' busts in the rough, and who finally acquired a "pretty fortune."

A good deal has been said about the Latinity of Johnson. A writer in Valpy's "Classical Journal," xii. 6, pronounces, in speaking of Johnson's epitaph on Thrale, that as to composition, it is wholly undeserving of authority, and that his acquirements in classical literature were "very limited and superficial"; that "he was too proud to doubt, and too indolent to enquire." I am afraid that he establishes a lack of intimate appreciation of the Latin idiom. To scholars who are less critical, however, the epitaph reads well, and ends beautifully with its "*Abi viator ! et vicibus rerum humanarum perspectis, æternitatem cogita !*"¹

I am not aware that Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith has undergone any similar investigation critical. If it had it would probably yield similar results. *Oratione grandis* is hardly an appropriate designation for the style of Goldsmith, which is remarkable for its simplicity. Again, it is somewhat awkward to say "the love of his companions, the fidelity of friends, and veneration of readers"—*hoc monumentum memoriam coluit*—"cherished his memory in this monument." The verb ought to be in the plural, and not in the past but in the present tense. To cultivate memory by a monument is less intelligible by far than to erect a monument to the memory. The famous *nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*, the idea of which is so excellent, is borrowed from what Pliny the younger says of his uncle. With the *ordo* inartistically arranged, Pliny's phrase runs *nihil tetigit quod non ornaret*; further than this, *ornaverit*, the subjunctive mood, would have been preferable. But be its faults what they may, the epitaph is fine; and, like all Johnson did, more rough and ready, coarse and large, than finished *ad unguem* or delicately complete. His "Rambler," even after his 6,000 emendations (3. C. x. 133), conveys no idea of any subtle perfection in phrasing. He wrote Latin rather as a man of strong intellect using the language for original composi-

¹ "Depart, traveller ! and, recognizing the vicissitude of human things, meditate eternity !"

tion on his own account, than with any knowledge of the classical idiom as wielded by its best writers in classical times. It has been said, too, that he disliked the Chevalier Taylor because in colloquial Latin he displayed a better mastery than himself. A man who will be first in every company is sure to fall into such pettiness as this on occasion. One smiles at frailty, but who is without it?

The British Coffee House, Cockspur Street, was a place he frequented—a relic of the most respectable order, which was, until quite recently, remaining to us as an old haunt of Scotchmen, loved by Smollett. Boswell, Dempster, and Johnson had a quiet evening there by themselves (18. C. i. 299), but the talk was forgotten by Boswell further than, that Walpole was a minister given by the king to the people, and Pitt a minister given by the people to the king. Johnson also pointed out how small Goldsmith's knowledge was, though his genius was great. Goldsmith gets into a question without knowing how he is to get out. This house was kept by Bishop Douglas's sister, the Douglas who exposed Lauder's slanders upon Milton (1. C. *British Coffee House*).

The Devil Tavern, The Fountain Tavern, The Crown and Anchor, The Cheshire Cheese, Tom's and Will's Coffee Houses, The Cock, the old Red Lion at Islington, the old Baptist Head in Clerkenwell, were all at one time or another resorts of Johnson, and might have filled out this paper to double its present length; and I do not think that the topics to be handled would prove one whit less interesting: but are they not all set down in the books of Boswell, and, further than that, inimitably set down? Still, I hope that the foregoing may in one respect give a better view of the mere tavern-life of Johnson than even the marvellous biography of Boswell itself can do, where the tavern-symposia are, as it were, somewhat hidden away in the overwhelming mass of other interesting detail. If this partial conspectus should be thought to have succeeded in carrying readers to the book itself, I shall be gratified; for, that it is the most opulent and truthful specimen of general table-talk extant in literature, English or foreign, I take to be little short of indisputable. Let us now attempt to summarize the value of Johnson as a man and conversationalist.

C. A. WARD.





“Academy of Armoury.”

THE following address to his subscribers is prefixed by Randle Holmes to his “Academy of Armoury.” Dr. Johnson is said to have confessed that it suggested the idea of his preface to his dictionary :—

“To the Reader.

‘Courteous Reader,

“Hitherto I have through great pains and charges caused to be printed ‘The Academy of Armoury’; the remaining part (according to the contents of the chapters mentioned in the beginning of the first book) is all ready for the press, and wants nothing but encouragers for the work; for I must acknowledge myself not at present able or sufficient to carry on so great a work without assistance; for the times are so hard, trading so dead, money scarce, paper wanting (else at double, if not treble, rates to that I first began), wages great, and daily layings out so much, and, above all, gentlemen’s coldness of zeal in promoting the same, and that amongst the many noble families and rich estates in our part of the kingdom, viz., Cheshire, Lancashire, and the six counties of North Wales, not above twenty have advanced money to the work, whose names I have dedicated chapters unto, others I have mentioned who have promised to have it when published, but nothing encourage it forwards; so that by reason of my own vast layings out, above what I received, *which is above six hundred pounds*, I am resolved to go no farther, but send *hen-feathered birds* into the world, to *gather crums* to nourish and *bring up* the rest, else they are like to die in the nest, which if the gentry suffer, it will be more their loss than mine. I shall say no more, but commit it to the *censure of many*, but to be *understood* by few; neither indeed can it be till it arrived at its full *plumage*, at which time I shall not care who censures, but answer such a one as once a grave senior did, ‘*Find not fault till thou hast done a better*’; or as a French general said to such as envied his greatness, ‘*Do as I have done, and receive my honour.*’ And so farewell.

“RANDLE HOLMES.”



A Dispersed Public Library.

ALTHOUGH Archbishop Tenison's library contained few books of interest, and, so far as is known, only one unique volume, its sale by auction must ever be a matter of regret to book-lovers, insomuch as it was the earliest really public library established in London. Evelyn, in his diary, February 15, 1684, thus records its origin and cause: "Dr. Tenison (then rector of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields) communicated to me his intention of erecting a Library in St. Martin's parish, for the public use, and desir'd my assistance with Sir Christopher Wren about the placing and structure thereof. A worthy and laudable designe. He told me there were thirty or forty young men in Orders in his parish, either Governors to young gentlemen or Chaplains to noblemen, who being reprov'd by him on occasion for frequenting taverns or coffee-houses, tolde him they would study or employ their time better if they had books. This put the pious Doctor on this Designe; and indeede a greate reproch it is that so great a Citty as London shoulde not have a public Library becoming it." On the 23rd of the same month, Evelyn says: "Afterwards I went with Sir Christopher Wren to Dr. Tenison, where we made the drawing and estimate of the expence of the Library, to be begun this next Spring nere the Mews;" and on 15th July in the following year he mentions going to see the library, which seems to have just been completed. The library was in Castle Street, near the Mews gate, where afterwards the National Gallery was built. Oldys mentions that it was a "noble structure, extremely well contrived for the placing of books and lights." The founder gave several thousands of books and several manuscripts, besides furnishing the library in other ways. Among other regulations was one providing for the opening of the library to students and others on giving name and address; but as Dr. Tenison

did not make any provision for the addition of new books, and was unable to provide sufficiently for repairs or a librarian, the library soon languished, and about 1860 the Charity Commissioners directed its sale, the proceeds to go towards Archbishop Tenison's School. In June, 1861, Messrs. Sothby and Wilkinson sold the books by auction, when the six days' sale of 5,000 volumes only realized £1,410; and about a month later the same firm sold the manuscripts. Strype says the gilt backs of the books made a goodly show in his days. Among the more valuable MSS. was a note-book belonging to Lord Bacon, relating to his private affairs in 1608-9; a copy of the "Polychronicon" of Ranulph Higden, translated by John de Trevisa, a large folio thirteenth-century MS. on vellum; a noted Sarum Missal, and an autograph of Charles I., called "All the King's Poesis that are not printed." A wonderful tenth-century MS. known as "Prudentii Liber de Pugnâ Vitiorum et Virtutum, cum Glossis," which had eighty illustrations in outline, forming a complete school of the costume of the times, only fetched £273; and a "Psalterium" of the thirteenth century, superbly illuminated by an English artist, which contained many figures and thousands of capital letters, was sacrificed for £200; while a queer mediæval treatise against miracle plays—the only one known to exist—sold with a number of other treatises for £35. The books went at equally low prices: a superb early Sarum Missal, which Lowndes believed only to exist in the library of King's College, Cambridge, in the best condition, fetched £107, and for £25 Mr. Henry Stevens secured a 1538 Coverdale's Testament. The only unique book was a large 4to "Libri Duo Samuelis et Libri Duo Regum," printed in 1518, and once belonging to the celebrated scholar, Ludolf. This book is mentioned by Ebert in his "Bibliographical Dictionary." A very fine copy of Thoroton's "Notts.," slightly imperfect, sold for £36 10s.; a volume of twenty-eight rare tracts relating to Quakers fetched £10; and a still rarer collection in seven volumes, also regarding the Friends and chiefly relating to their sufferings, was sold for £35.





The Hengwrt MSS.



LETTER from the unfortunate poet and antiquary, Evan Evans, to his friend and brother antiquary, Lewis Morris (printed in Arch. Camb., 4to, s. iii. p. 61), possesses sufficient interest to justify its reproduction in THE BOOKWORM. It indicates how little care was taken of the Hengwrt MSS. at the time, and how some of these invaluable documents became dispersed and others irretrievably lost. It is dated October 19, 1764.

"I have not met with anything very curious since I saw you, except a small commonplace book of Mr. Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt, which is not so valuable as that which I showed you. There are some things in it that are worth transcribing, particularly a short defence of Brutus against Johannes Frumentarius, a writer I never saw or heard of. It is but short and imperfect. Above half of this book is blank paper; and it is but a small duodecimo, wrote in a very close hand, such as he used to write. I shall set down the heads of the particulars it contains: Account of Latin writers that treat about British affairs, which seems to be taken out of Leland's *New Year's Gift*, or his *Scriptores Britannici*, in one leaf, wrote very close. Defence of Brutus against the forementioned Frumentarius; three leaves not finished. The pedigrees of the Lightons of Cardington. An account of the curiosities he met with on the road from Cardigan to Gogerddan; one page. Account of the donations to Clynoc Vawr Church; this is in print in his edition of Caradoc of Llân Carvan; one leaf. After which follows a note; this contains three pages. The names of the principal men that kept Harlech Castle against Edward IV.; one page. A list of the Sheriffs of Carnarvon from A.D. 1541 to 1667. An account of St. David's or Menevia, and all the old monuments there standing in his time. Some few inscriptions on tombs there in Norman French. An account of some old MSS. that he saw in his travels

to South Wales, and of those gentlemen in whose possession they were. Then follows his itinerary from Llan Badarn Fawr to St. David's with an account of the castle, tombs or tumuli, and all other artificial curiosities, in the same manner as Leland's 'Itinerary,' or, Mr. Llwyd of the Museum. . . . These are the contents of the little book. What a pity it is that we cannot come at more of the kind! Mr. Owen gives some hopes of recovering more, but I am afraid not. I am told some of the printed books were sold lately for a penny a pound. As the owner is dead, and the small remains of this unlucky library was [*sic*] subdivided amongst the deceased's relations, probably some very valuable pieces may be left about tobacco and snuff. I made Mr. Owen a present of one of my books, and he promised to retrieve what he could of the manuscripts from his friends."



Abraham Sharpe.

A BRAHAM SHARPE, the mathematician, in his retirement at Little Hoxton, appropriated four or five different rooms of the house to his own use, into which none of his family durst enter at any time. Between one of these rooms and another which was free from the interdiction, he formed a communication by means of a little square hole and a sliding board. Before this hole the servant always placed his victuals, without speaking or making the least noise; and when Sharpe had a little leisure, he would visit his cupboard to see what it afforded to satisfy his hunger or thirst. Frequently he was so engaged in his calculations, that the servant, upon going to remove what might be left, found it untouched.—*Percy Anecdotes*.

Dr. Hearne's Opinion of Addison's "Book of Travells."

MR. ADDISON'S "Travells" is a book very trite, being made up of nothing but scraps of verses, and things which have been observed over and over, without any additions of things not discovered before; and even some of those which he has inserted that have been already taken notice of are ridiculous; though it must be acknowledged that the book is written in a clean style, and for that reason will please novices and superficial readers.—*Reliquie Hearnianæ*, ed. Bliss, i. 73.



Sentiments and Observations of a Bookworm.

(CULLED FROM THE PAGES OF ISAAC DISRAELI.)

SATIRISTS, if they escape the scourges of the law, have reason to dread the cane of the satirized.

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love. Men of learning have amused themselves with tracing the epochs of romances; but the erudition is desperate which would fix on the inventor of the first romance: for what originates in nature, who shall hope to detect the shadowy outlines of its beginnings?

Beautiful as are such compositions (*e.g.*, "The Golden Ass," by Apuleius, which contains the tale of Cupid and Psyche, and the "Daphne and Chloe" of Longus, in the old version of Amyot), when the imagination of the writer is sufficiently stored with accurate observations on human nature, in their birth, like many of the fine arts, the zealots of an ascetic religion opposed their progress. The decision of these ascetic bigots was founded in their opinion of the immorality of such works. They alleged that the writers paint too warmly to the imagination, address themselves too forcibly to the passions, and in general, by the freedom of their representations, hover on the borders of indecency. Let it be sufficient, however, to observe that those who condemned the liberties which these writers take with the imagination could indulge themselves with the Anacreontic voluptuousness of the wise Solomon, when sanctioned by the authority of the Church.

All these romances, such as "Le roman de Perceforest," now require some indulgence for their prolixity, and their Platonic amours; but they have not been surpassed in the wildness of their inventions, the ingenuity of their incidents, the simplicity of their style, and their curious manners. Many a Homer lies hid among

them; but a celebrated Italian critic suggested to me that many of the fables of Homer are only disguised and degraded in the romances of chivalry. Those who vilify them as only barbarous imitations of classical fancy condemn them as some do Gothic architecture, as mere corruptions of a purer style: such critics form their decision by preconceived notions; they are but indifferent philosophers, and to us seem to be deficient in imagination.

Romances went out of fashion with our square cocked hats: they had exhausted the patience of the public, and from them sprung *novels*.

Novels as they were long *manufactured* form a library of illiterate authors for illiterate readers; but as they are *created* by genius, are precious to the philosopher. They paint the character of an individual or the manners of the age more perfectly than any other species of composition. After the abundant invective poured on this class of books, it is time to settle for ever the controversy, by asserting that these works of fiction are among the most instructive of every polished nation, and must contain all the useful truths of human life, if composed with genius. They are pictures of the passions useful to our youth to contemplate.

That minute detail of circumstances frequently found in writers of the history of their own times, is more interesting than the elegant and general narratives of later, and probably of more philosophical historians. It is in the artless recitals of memoir writers that the imagination is struck with a lively impression, and fastens on petty circumstances, which must be passed over by the classical historian. The writings of Brantome, Comines, Froissart, and others, are dictated by their natural feelings; while the passions of modern writers are temperate with dispassionate philosophy, or inflamed by the virulence of faction. History instructs, but memoirs delight.

It appears by an [English] Act dated in 1516, that the Bible was called *Biblioteca*, that is *per emphasim*, *the Library*. The word library was limited in its signification then to the Biblical writings; no other books, compared with the holy writings, appear to have been worthy to rank with them, or constitute what we call a library.

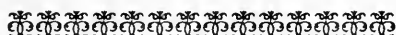
It is curious to trace the first rude attempts of the drama in various nations; to observe at that moment how crude is the imagination, and to trace the caprices it indulges; and that the resemblance in these attempts holds in the earliest essays of Greece, of France, of Spain, of England, and what appears extraordinary, even of China and Mexico.

That of which we have the least experience ourselves, will ever be what appears most delightful ! Alas ! everything in life seems to have in it the nature of a bubble of air, and when touched, we find nothing but emptiness in our hand. It is certain that the most eloquent writers in favour of solitude have left behind them too many memorials of their unhappy feelings, when they indulged this passion to excess ; and some ancient has justly said, that none but a god or a savage can suffer this exile from human nature. . . . Solitude is indispensable for literary pursuits. No considerable work has yet been composed, but its author, like an ancient magician, retired first to the grove or the closet, to invoke his spirits. Every production of genius must be the production of enthusiasm. Retirement to the frivolous is a vast desert, to the man of genius it is the enchanted garden of Armida.

Among the most fascinating effusions of genius are those little pieces which it consecrates to the cause of friendship. The literary friendship of a father with his son in one of the rarest alliances in the republic of letters.

Some for their friend have died penetrated with inconsolable grief ; some have sacrificed their character to preserve his own ; some have shared their limited fortune ; and some have remained attached to their friend in the cold season of adversity.

The most illustrious of the ancients prefixed the name of some friend to the head of their works—we too often place that of some patron. They honourably inserted it in their works. When a man of genius, however, shows that he is not less mindful of his social affection than his fame, he is the more loved by his reader.



“Guillim’s Heraldry.”

ONE Mr. Dale, belonging to the Herald’s Office, told Dr. Hudson that the first edition of “Guillim’s Heraldry” is much the best, the rest having been almost spoiled by ignorant persons taking care of it. This sweeping condemnation belongs more properly to the two editions of Guillim printed in 1660 and 1679, which were superintended by Richard Blome, originally a ruler of books, and afterwards an emblazoner of arms and a herald’s painter. Blome committed so many errors in his editions, that Wood quaintly says “the book is so much disguised, that I verily believe if the author or authors of it were living they could scarce know it.”—*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, ed. Bliss, i. 72.

Progress of Literature.

IN these days of cheap literature there is absolutely no excuse for ignorance: when one can buy that "Pinnacle of literature" the Bible for a few pence, and standard works for absurdly low sums, it would be strange if the mental stature of the present generation were not higher than that of past ages. We laugh with conscious superiority over the curious mistakes, arising through sheer ignorance, of men of even thirty or forty years ago. In looking over the "Autobiography of William Day," a well-known jockey, many such instances of ignorant blundering appear, instances among gentlemen of high standing such as would infallibly draw down condign punishment upon the heads of board-school children if they perpetrated such atrocities. For instance, it was a Mr. Merry, an ironmaster, who laid a wager with a Mr. Baird, another ironmaster who gave a quarter of a million to a Scotch Church, that he, Mr. Baird, could not repeat the Lord's Prayer. Mr. Baird promptly began the Apostles' Creed, upon which his challenger paid the stake; neither of them knew the difference. It was this same Mr. Baird who kicked out a book-hawker with the bland explanation, "We read nothing here but the Bible and *Bell's Life*."

Dr. Johnson's Opinion of "Don Quixote."

DR. JOHNSON used to say that there were few books of which one could ever possibly arrive at the *last* page; and that there never was anything written by mere man, that was wished longer by its readers, excepting "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress." After Homer's "Iliad," he said, the work of Cervantes was the greatest in the world, as a book of entertainment; and when we consider that every other author's admirers are confined to his countrymen, and perhaps to the literary classes among them; while "Don Quixote" is a sort of common property, an universal classic, equally enjoyed by the court and the cottage; equally applauded in France and England, as in Spain; quoted by every servant, the amusement of every age, from infancy to decrepitude; the first book you see in every shop, where books are sold, through all the States of Italy; who can refuse his consent to an avowal of the superiority of Cervantes to all modern writers?—*Percy Anecdotes*.





The Old Guildhall Library.

BUT little is known of the predecessor of the present library in the Guildhall. All that Stow has to say on the subject is comprised in the few following lines :—

“Adjoining to this chapel (of Guildhall) on the south side, was sometime a fair and large library, furnished with books pertaining to the Guildhall and College. These books, as it is said, were in the reign of Edward VI. sent for by Edward D. of Somerset, lord protector, with promise to be restored ; men laded from thence three carries with them, but they were never returned. This library was built by the executors of Richard Whittington, and by William Burie : the arms of Whittington are placed on the one side in the stone work and two letters to wit, W. and B. for William Bury, on the other side : it is now lofted through and made a storehouse for clothes.”

In his recent work on the Guildhall (p. 53, note), Mr. J. E. Price quotes a passage from the chronicles of Richard Grafton, dated 1569, preserved in the British Museum, describing the building of the chapel and the library by Whittington. Mr. Price was also able to add one or two facts from the city records. He quotes from the will of John Carpenter, who had been associated with the foundation of the library, the following passage :—

“If any good or rare books shall be found amongst the residue of my goods, which by the discretion of Master William Lichfield and Reginald Pecok, may seem necessary to the *common library at Guildhall* for the profit of the students there, and those discoursing to the common people, then I will and bequeath that those books be placed by my executors and chained in that library, and in such form that visitors and students thereof may be the sooner admonished to pray for my soul.”

The following petition of John Clipstone, keeper of the books, dated two years later, is the most interesting addition made by Mr. Price to the scanty history of this ancient library :—

"To the full Honourable Lord and Souveraignes Maire and Aldermen in the Cittee of Lñdon, besechith lowely your Prest and Bedeman Maister John Clipstone, Keeper of your LibRARY at Guyldehalle, fer as moche as it hath likede you for to take to hym the keepinge and charge of the said LibRARY. Please it to you, for to consider the great attendance and charge the whiche he hath with it, and in waytenge therupon, to graunte that he may be made so sure of his *lyfode*, *housyng*, and easement of the gardyn which he hath for that occupacion atte this day, that he hath hereafter putte away therefore ne noo part thereof, nor noon other charge put upon hym so that he may have more cause and occasion to pray besyly for the weele of you and of the sayde Cittee," &c.

The reply to this petition is likewise entered, and it records that the request "having been duly weighed," his prayer was granted with occupation for his whole life.



Antiquaries as Borrowers.

M^R. PULLEN, of Magdalen Hall, told Thomas Hearne that there was once a very remarkable stone in Magdalen Hall library, which was afterwards lent to Dr. Plott, who never returned it, replying, when he was asked for it, *that 'twas a rule amongst antiquaries to receive, and never restore.*—*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, ed. Bliss, i. 51.

Re-naming of an Author by a Press Inspector.

"ROMULUS PARADISUS" wrote a book, which, as usual, he submitted to the inspector of the press. The sapient gentleman struck out with his pen the word "Paradisus," observing that this word must by no means appear in the book, on penalty of its being inserted among the rejected and forbidden publications. In the place of this word the inspector made with his pen three points thus . . . The author could hardly contain himself, but went his way. When his book was published, and dispersed among his friends with the three points instead of "Paradisus," one of them, meeting him, said, "My dear 'Paradisus,' I congratulate you on your book." "Hush," said the other, "give me not this name, unless you wish my book to be reckoned among those which are profane and forbidden." "What then am I to call you?" replied his friend. "I am," said he, "Romulus with the three points, which name the inspector of the press has given me instead of that which I had before."—*Beloe's Miscellanies*.



"A most Memorable Case."

THE curious little volume, the title-page of which is here reproduced (p. 330), is, I believe, rarely met with. It is not mentioned by Lowndes. Though the name written on the title-page might lead one to infer that the "Case" referred to the Charles, Lord Mohun, who was killed in the notable duel with the Duke of Buckingham, this would be incorrect, as the duel did not take place till 1712. This Lord Mohun's father, however, was named Charles, and whether he died by a wound or not I have not been able to discover. Nicolas's "Historic Peerage" says he died before 1682. It is not improbable the book belonged to the notorious Lord Mohun. The author's "Epistle to the Reader" is as follows :—

"Reader,

"His Lordship's Aunt having acquainted me, that it was his Majesty's command, I should write my Lord's Case, the humble obedience I owed to so great and high Authority, hath obliged me to describe the said Case in all its circumstances ; not doubting but that it may prove as useful in its kind, especially if it shall meet with an Answer, as any Physical Consultation that ever was yet printed. For, first, it contains the best Cordial Method, and Practice of the chiefest, Experienc'd, Learnedest Physicians. 2. Their best Methods and Remedies for curing all the sorts of Colicks. 3. Their best Methods and Remedies for curing the Scurvy. 4. Their best Methods and Remedies for curing the Stone and Gravel in the Kidneys. 5. Their best Methods and Remedies for transferring a total suppression of Urine. 6. Their best Method and Remedies to cure a Diabetes. 7. Their best Method and Remedies for curing a Fever, Acute Pains, Vomittings, Gripes, and many other Diseases. 8. After all this, a clear Demonstration, that his Lordship was troubled with no other Disease

than what was occasioned by the puncture of a Nerve, or procured by Art.

"But what I chiefly pretend unto in this Tract, is to inform you how to cure the most dangerous of Wounds by the first Intention, that

Casus Medico-Chirurgicus :

OR,

A most Memorable

C A S E

OF

A N O B L E - M A N,

Deceased, *Charles*
Lord Mohun;

Wherein is shewed,

His Lordship's Wound, the various
Diseases survening, how his Physicians
and Surgeons treated him, how treated
by the Author after my Lord was given
over by all his Physicians, with all their
Opinions and Remedies.

Moreover,

The Art of Curing the most dangerous
of Wounds, by the first intention ; with the
Description of the **R E M E D I E S.**

By **G I D E O N H A R V E Y, M. D.**
Physician in Ordinary to his Majesty.

L O N D O N : Printed for *M. Rook's*, and are to
be sold by the Booksellers of *London.* 1678.

is, in fewer hours than most simple fleshy Wounds are days or weeks in curing ; which certainly will prove of great advantage to you, whether you be a Physician, Surgeon, Apothecary, or neither ; for it is the Publick good I aim at in this Treatise, and in that called The Family-Physician, and the House-Apothecary : For which, in

recompence, some Apothecaries, some Physicians, and some near Neighbours, did very lately combine into a Conspiracy against my life and Estate ; but, if that should miss, they were resolved not to miss their stroke in stabbing my Reputation. And what defence is there against a premeditated 'Stab.' So, curteous Reader, I bid you
Farewel."

The nobleman is thus described :—

"My Lord's constitution of Body was strong and vigorous ; his Temperament Hot and Humid, that is, Sanguine ; his Habit, replete, fleshy, and well-coloured : he was (εὐσπλάχνης, that is, of good and sound Bowels ; aged near eight and twenty ; his ιδιοσυγκράσια was onely observable in this, that his Nature could in no manner bear strong Catharticks ; whereas, on the other hand, the gentlest Lenitives or Laxatives, and Eccoproticks, in a very moderate Dose, would ever operate plentifully with him, and that upon occasion cum εὐθόρεια. My Lord's ιδιοπάθεια (if I may so term it) was a most passionate aversion from the Roman-Catholick Religion, and a great inclination to Learning and Languages ; wherein he was so far advanced, as to be noted to be an universal Scholar, an expert Linguist, and an excellent Mathematician. His Candour and Affability rendred him beloved of all persons of whatsoever degree, that had the honour of knowing him. He was undaunted in the greatest of dangers, as appeared in the late Sea-fights, in which he served his Majesty as a Voluntier. He was entirely just in his actions, and free of all manner of Debaucheries of the Times."

The wound is detailed as follows :—

"His Lordship received a Wound in the right Hypocondre, the Sword entring about an Inch more or less (by conjecture) below the short Ribs, almost perpendicular to the right Pap, and passing thwart down through the Abdomen, seemed to stop on the Os coxendix (or hip bone) somewhat above the Acetabulum. The sword felt very cold as it passed, and on this side the termination near the Groin, made a prick or puncture so smart, that it caused his Lordship to fall down ; which also occasioned a great Bruise or Contusion on the Hip ; that is, a contusion of the Musculi glutæi, and the Cutis above them. His Lordship got up again, and walked to some considerable distance, until he arrived at a person of Quality's house in, &c.

"After a short repose at the place above-mentioned, his Lordship was advised to send for a Surgeon nearest at hand, who proved to be a French man : He no sooner came, but immediately probed the

Wound, which finding to penetrate into the hollow of the Belly, cram'd in a Tent, armed I suppose with some Stegnotick, though without any great occasion, in regard the Wound did issue forth but a small proportion of Blood. This done, he took away some eight or nine ounces of blood out of the right Arm.

"Whether the foresaid French-man was a Barber, a Blood-letter, or Surgeon, I know not, being wholly unacquainted with his education, by which at Paris one is obliged to be Apprentice four years to a Master-surgeon of Paris, and afterwards examined: or if he hath attained to his profession with some Master abroad, he is to serve three years in one of the Hospitals of Paris before he can be admitted Master-surgeon of Paris. Neither is this French man, according to my information, received among the Company of Surgeons at London as a forain Brother: So that if he was not a Master-surgeon of Paris, or other great City, nor yet a forein Brother in England, I judge it was a great presumption in him to offer to dress so great a person as his Lordship.

"However, he hath the reputation of a Surgeon here, which any French Lacquey, having onely served a Barber ten or twelve moneths, and coming into England provided with a Pot of Turpentine, a Lancet, and a stock of impudence, shall never miss of, viz., of the repute of a famous Surgeon lately come out of France. By the first ingredient he is to cure you of the Chaude Pisse; by the second, of the Fever; and by the third ingredient it is he makes you believe he is as great a Physician as he is a Surgeon; whereas in effect, he is onely a Surgeon of the three Ingredients."

"The Doctor of Ephesus," as Harvey calls him, did "prefer himself to sit up all night; for which service he was ever saluted next Morning with three Guinies, besides Pipes, Tobacco, Wine, Ale, and paying the Apothecary for the Opium, which was usually given when the Doctor watched."

This French surgeon had the boldness to say, in the presence of two noblemen, and before the physicians' faces, "The Doctor be all mistaken, it be neider de Liver, neider de Gut, neider de Bladder; but it be de Kiddenay be hurt;" and did undertake to prove it mathematically.

The book is a strange revelation of the empirical state of medical science or want of science of those days. Dr. Gideon Harvey exclaims:—

"But Reader, be not transported in your amazement at the extraordinary industry of these Physicians, in pitching upon such simple (that is, single) Medicines, as were just before mentioned to

you, when two other Physicians of the Cabal did by far outvie them in their care, in prescribing a Pippin roasted to their Patient for his every night's supper; and to shew of what importance the preparation of it is, they fell into a serious debate, whether it ought to be roasted in a brown Paper, or a Vine-leaf, as being more medicinal."

The Balsam prescribed for his unfortunate Lordship was:

"Take Oyl of Therebinthin what proportion you please, which by gentle evaporation in Sand reduce to a Balsam; adde to it as much Colchotar of Vitriol as will serve to impastate it into the consistence of an Electuary; hereon pour as much Spirit of Wine, once rectified, as will swim atop five or six Fingers breadth; digest it in Sand, until the Spirit of Wine be sufficiently impregnated or clogged with the Balsam; then decant it, pour on the remaining Balsam the same measure of Spirit of Wine, which being sufficiently digested, decant it. Pour the decantations into a Glass-body, fasten the Head to it, and abstract the Spirit of Wine in Balneo. M. until what remains in the Glass-body be of the consistency of a Balsam or thick Oyl."

The following extracts exhibit Dr. Gideon Harvey at his best as a satirical writer:

"Before I recede from my Narrative, give me leave to prevent your suspecting it fabulous, by making appear, that it's very possible for a French-man, though onely a Corn-cutter, a Shaver, or Blood-letter, to pass for an excellent Surgeon. First he shall shew you a rare show of glittering Instruments, then charm your Ears with prating of hard words; by fleaing of a Dog or Cat before two or three novices as Witnesses, declares himself an Anatomist: If he mangles a muscul into two parts, he triumphs in the character of being the greatest Anatomist in the World, in regard he hath first discovered all Musculs to have two Bellies; whereas, poor fellow, besides a false experiment or two upon the ductus chyloferus, or transfusing of Blood, is utterly ignorant of the whole System of Anatomy: and lastly, with a Stentorophonia, howls it out, he is one of the Colledge of Paris, which engrosses all; and therefore needs to give no other account, though he be never so great a Quidam. The same arrogance is assumed by the Physicians of the faculty of Paris, which is the Colledge also, who therefore suffer none to mount on Asses, or rather Mules, to visit Patients in the City, but themselves; whereas those other Physicians that are graduated at Montpellier, or other famous Universities, have onely the liberty of practising in the Suburbs; so that if a person of Quality should

happen to fall sick in the City of Paris, he is obliged to live and die under one of the Physicians of the faculty; and if by Prognostick he is sentenced to die by one of them, if he sends for twenty more, he will get no reprieve. For this reason, many Gentlemen, whose sickness will permit them to remove, make choice of the Fauxbourgs, where they may advise with what Physicians they please, whose Learning and Experience doth not consist in a mere formality of being of the Colledge of Paris, but it's derived from their close studies, and industry in attaining to every Branch of the Art of Physick, as Anatomy, Pathologie, Chirurgery, Botanicks, Pharmacy, Chymistry, travelling to most of the renown'd Universities of Europe; visiting the Hospitals in all places, and observing cases, and fishing out of Professors what it's possible for them to learn. So that it has been oft observed, that those that could not be cured in the City, were easily recovered in the Suburbs. This being represented to his Majesty of France, it was judged very unjust, that a Company of formal Fops should, by their invincible By-laws, exclude so many Learned men, and by that disable them for practising; and therefore, whoever he be that lieth sick in Paris, must either be killed or cured by one of them, and be mulcted according to his discretion."

The daily prescriptions of those whom Dr. Gideon Harvey regarded, with apparent cause and justice, as quacks, are given. I transcribe a few as an example.

Novem. 20.

R. Mann. opt. ʒiij. Sal. prunell. ʒj. dissolvantur in lb j ss. liquoris posceticci. Colaturæ addendo olei Amygdalarum dulc. recentis ʒiij. capiat ʒiij. per vicem secunda quaque hora donec operetur. Pergat in usu Julapii, fots & facculorum. T. C., G.C. R.L. Me.

Repetatur haustus hypnoticus H. S. cum Syr. de Meconio. Another sleeping Potion. Præsto sint enemata duo injicienda, si opus fuerit.

Permittantur reliqua judicio Medici præsentis.

Novem. 21.

Repetat. enema hor. ʒ tia pomeridiana. Persistat in usa Julap. Cordialis perlat.

T. G., W.C., R.L.

Novem. 21.

R. Ung. Nervin. ʒvj. Spir. Lavendul. compos ʒj. M. probe agitent. in mortat. marinoreo, & redigant. in Linimentum, quo inung. pars femoris interior. & iniquinis.

Sint in promptu Julap perlat.

Sint in promptu cras mane.

Mann. & ol. Amygd. an ʒij. feorsum. Sal. Prunel. & Crem. Tart. an. ʒj. feorsum.

Sumat haust hypnotic heri parat hora fomni hac nocte.

Repetat. enem.

T. C., W.C., R.L. Me.

On the absurd prescriptions of which the foregoing are a sample, Harvey thus comments :—

"Observe, that about every four hours, or a little more, there are four ounces of hot Waters to be swallowed down, viz., Aqua Mirabilis and Epidemica, besides 15 drops of burning spirit of Hartshorn, almost in every Dose, which in twenty-four hours will amount to a Pint and half ; and an half Ounce or more of spirit of Hartshorn ; on some occasions, enough to precipitate a well man into a Fever, and subvert his Senses, but much more a Person so much macerated as this Noble Patient was. Probably the Doctor had amplified his experience by his Travels in Poland or Russia, where far larger Doses of Brandy, and other sublimed Spirits, acuated with a spoonful of powder'd Ginger, or half that quantity of Pepper, are given." And he continues—

"But what need I, to justify the foremeant Doctor, fetch a president so far off, when there is one nearer, in a notable instance (if true) of a Physician, a degree higher elevated in fame than he ? This Doctor was called in (as they term it) upon another Physician, not of the College, to cure a Patient ; he no sooner saw him, but cries out, This is a sort of Asthma, which my self and Dr. Willis first found out, and named it Asthma Convulsivum ! But it's I only have appropriated a Remedy to it. What is't ? demanded t'other Gentleman. It is, quoth he, Spirit of Sal Armoniac, exhibited in the measure of a spoonful without any vehicle. The other replied, I dare not consent to it, without a good proportion of liquor to dilute it. You are over-cautious, quoth the Sal Armoniac Doctor, leave it to me, and behold the Miracle. Nolens volens, given it was, but the Patient freely expiring that day (which is more than he had done many days before, his Lungs being obstructed), prevented the Medicine of performing its effect, and the Doctor of seeing the Miracle. Had the Patient been dissected, without doubt, they would have observed another occasional cause, namely, a very sharp cutting Armoniac Rheum, that had inflamed, corroded, and excoriated the Œsophagus and Stomach, and convelled the great stomachic Nerves, whence derived this convulsive Asthma, the nerves of the Diaphragm being likewise convelled by consent : excuse the expression of attributing the word Convulsion to the Nerves, it being usually applied to Muscles. Now it's apparent enough, that this Medicine did exceed the former in heat ; but by the way remember, that exhibiting it in that manner, was *Authoritas Medica*, not to be imitated by every Physician, nor indeed by any, unless of very great repute, no more than *Steteruntque comæ*, by every Poetical Pædagogue."

The result, at any rate, of the murderous treatment to which the noble patient was subjected, was that "on the 31th, in the morning, they made their visit, and spake to the woman attending: Well, what chear Nurse? O, Mr. Doctor, abundance of Urine this night! Pain and tortures so insufferably violent, that his Lordship flung himself twice out of Bed, as if he had Convulsions! His burning Heat so great, that all night long my Lord held his hands on bottles of cold water! Fainted several times, that I thought he would not have seen the morning! Vomited and strained very oft, as if his eyestrings would have broke! My Lord drew his breath so extremely short and thick, that I verily believed he would have been stifled; for his Lordship would not suffer any Curtain to be drawn, or any body stand near the bed-side, lest he should hinder the air from him! Now, Mr. Doctor, Quomodo pulvis? No doubt, but the Nephritic Pulvis was a most excellent Powder; never did Medicine answer expectation better; for perfectly did it remove the suppression of Urine, and if Stone or Gravel had been in the way, it could never have resisted the force of it. Therefore, Let's conclude, one and all, They did what men could do! Here was no want, but abundance of Remedies, and it was ten to one, if one of them did not hit. He that throws with ten Dice, cannot easily miss quater trey, unless he be cursedly unfortunate; and Seamen in a Storm do oft hoist up all their Sails, though they bring the Mainmast by the board."

After this my Lord "desired I should attend him." "I was out of town before this"—and we have a very full detailed account of the examination of the unhappy patient's condition and of "my treatment," and I fear my Lord got but out of the frying-pan into the Fire. However, his lordship got a little better, but "God Almighty was pleased to deliver him of all his miseries on Michaelmas Day in the morning about seven of the clock."

Dr. Gideon Harvey interposes an account of himself and his qualifications which is interesting as a revelation to us of the modes of education doctors of medicine then pursued, and he winds up his curious work with these words: "I have no more to say at present, but From grand Consultations in Physick, Libera nos Domine. Amen."

Of Dr. Gideon Harvey, the author, I can discover no more than that he also wrote "The Family Physician and the House Apothecary," referred to in his Epistle to the Reader (*ante*); and that he was with Charles II. in exile during the Commonwealth. The "most memorable case" is silent as to the identity of the unfortunate nobleman, and throughout the pages no year is mentioned to

give a clue. I would be glad to be informed who my Lord was.

CHARLES MAC CARTHY COLLINS, M.R.I.A.

Brisbane.



Hermanus Contractus.

"HERMANUS CONTRACTUS," so called from his personal deformity, wrote a book on the six ages of the world. Urstesius speaking of this man and his performance, applies the term "Contractus" to the latter, and calls it an epitome.—*Beloe.*

Hooker's Ruling Passion.

IN this time of his sickness, and not many days before his death, his house was robbed; of which he having notice, his question was, "Are my books and written papers safe?" and being answered that they were, his reply was, "Then it matters not, for no other loss can trouble me."

Bookes Like unto Fountaines.

AS they that are wise, doe not forthwith drinke of every fountaine, because some bring health, some bring a seemely countenance, and others bring destruction; so it is not safe to read every booke, because as out of some thou maist sucke a good disposition of minde, so out of others, lust; out of others ambition is drawne.—*Wit's Academy.*

Hawthorne's Reverence for Books.

LIGHTLY as I have spoken of old books, there yet lingers with me a superstitious reverence for literature of all kinds. A bound volume has a charm in my eyes similar to what scraps of manuscripts possess for the good Mussulman. He imagines that those wind-wafted records are perhaps hallowed by some sacred verse; and I, that every new book or antique one may contain the "open sesame"—the spell to disclose treasures hidden in some unsuspected caves of truth.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*



The Printers of the Wicked Bible in Court of High Commission.

IN the 8th of May, 1632, Richard Barker and Martin Lucas, the printers, were summoned before the Court of High Commission for having in the edition of the Bible printed by them in the previous year made grievous errors and used very bad paper. The Bishop of London (William Laud) "shewed that this would undoe the trade, and was a most dishonorable thing; that they of the Church of Rome are soe carefull, that not a word or letter is to be found amisse in their Ladie's Psalter and other superstitious bookes; and that we should not (*sic*) be soe carefull in printeing the sacred Scriptures, and that they in Holland, at Amsterdam, had gott up an English presse, and had printed the Bible in better paper, and with a better letter, and can undersell us 18d in a bible." The unhappy printers tried to excuse themselves through their advocates, and offered submission and amendment, but the Court refused to listen. The case therefore came on again on the 14th of June, when the printers moved the Court to pass by the errors as being faults of the workmen; but the royal advocate required a legal defence and the regular hearing of the cause, when Laud "would have the Church sett upright in her reputation, that we are as carefull in printeing the Bible as they are of their Jesus' psalter, and whereas the Printers say this is stirred up by the malice of one man against them; the Bishop saith he stirred not till the Bible was sould into his house, bought by his footman: and he saith the printeing is soe bad and the paper too, that, if it be not mended shortlie, they wilbe put downe by those of Amsterdam and their trade spoyled, and the two grossest errors, vizt., 'shalt commit adultery,' and 'great asse': for 'shalt not commit adultery,' and 'greatnesse' THE ARCH BISHOP of Canterbury (Abbot) saith, that the Printers that print for his Ma^{tie} have a very profitable place, and therefore should be more carefull. I knew the

tyme when greater care was had about printeing, the Bibles especiallie, good compisetors and the best correctors were gotten being grave and learned men, and the paper and letter rare and faire every way of the best; but now the paper is naught, the composers boyes, and the correctors unlearned. There is a former and he makes the benefit, and careth for nothing about it. They heertofore spent their whole time in printeing, but these looke to gaine, gaine, gaine, nothing els: if it be good to bribe, to give hundreds, thousands, what to do? not to benefitt the people, but to make a gaine, then they are to be commended: Well, let them looke to it: and let the cause proceed, saith the Arch-Bishop. LONDON. There was a great deale to doo betweene you of this Citty and those of Cambridge heertofore about the priviledge of printeing the Bible and Psalmes which they of Cambridge claymed; then the Bible was exactlie printed, now you have forced the Cambridg printer to an agreement, now noe Bible is right printed." (Rawlinson MS. printed Camden Society, N.S. 39.) This case was ultimately remitted to the Star Chamber, where the printers were fined £500 and the edition of one thousand erroneous copies were ordered to be burnt. On the same day in the High Commission, Whitacres, a bookseller, had to confess to importing from France and selling a book called "La Prince" which contained a scandal about Queen Elizabeth.



Books the Cause of Ambition.

BOOKS are the treasured wealth of the world and the fit inheritance of generations and nations. Books, the oldest and the best, stand naturally and rightfully on the shelves of every cottage. They have no cause of their own to plead, but while they enlighten and sustain the reader, his common sense will not refuse them. Their authors are natural and irresistible aristocracy in every society, and, more than kings and emperors, exert an influence on mankind. When the illiterate and perhaps scornful reader has earned by enterprise and industry his coveted leisure and independence, and is admitted to the circles of wealth and fashion, he turns inevitably at last to those still higher but yet inaccessible circles of intellect and genius, and is sensible only of the imperfection of his culture and the vanity and insufficiency of all his riches, and further proves his good sense by the pains he takes to secure for his children that intellectual culture whose want he so keenly feels; and thus it is that he becomes the founder of a family.—*Thoreau (Walden).*



Famous Libraries.

NO 6.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PART I.—*History of the Institution.*

NO one who has an intimate knowledge of libraries will dispute the statement that the National Library in the British Museum is the first in the world, although it may not be the largest. Indeed, it is a moot question whether the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, or the British Museum, contains the greater number of books; but every scholar who has used each of the three allows that in respect of arrangement, completeness of cataloguing, ready and numerous facilities for research, and civil and intelligent attendance, the British Museum has no peer.

Compared with the other libraries through which THE BOOKWORM has hitherto bored, the British Museum is as a whale to a herring, able—and willing—to swallow each and all of them up, and that without visible increase to its bulk. At the present time it is known to contain more than 1,300,000 volumes, and yet there are many works which there is reason to believe have up to now escaped the eyes of the cataloguers. It would be difficult to do justice to so grand a collection in three folio volumes, much less in three short articles, so readers of THE BOOKWORM must kindly be content with a few incomplete notes, and, the author not being, as yet, numbered among the gods, pardon his not attempting the Herculean task of describing the “finest library in the world.”

Unlike the cathedral libraries, the foundation of the British Museum is not difficult to trace. The nucleus round which the present library has grown is (1) the Royal, (2) the Cottonian, (3) the Harleian, and (4) the Sloanian collections. To these have, of course, been added from time to time, either by gift or purchase,

many smaller libraries or collections of books ; myriads of different works have likewise been given or purchased, and the remainder have been acquired under the Copyright Acts.

Although mentioned last, it being the least important, the Sloanian collection is first in the order of time. This was bequeathed to the nation on condition that £20,000 should be given to the donor's family ; it consists of about 50,000 books and over 4000 manuscripts, besides an immense collection of specimens and curiosities. This magnificent gift led to the foundation of the British Museum, which was opened in 1759, seven years after the death of Sir Hans Sloane. The MSS. were largely treatises on history and medicinal subjects ; the books, however, were many of them extremely scarce and valuable, and were largely on curious and out-of-the-way subjects.

The nation has not much cause to remember with gratitude George II.—that king whom Thackeray declared “had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit”—but let it be remembered to his credit that he gave the Museum a collection of over 10,000 books and 2000 manuscripts collected by himself and his predecessors. Perhaps, strictly speaking they were not his to give, and even if they were, he only gave them because they were valueless in his eyes ; but, at worst, they are more useful in the national collection than they ever could have been in the dingy rooms of St. James's Palace.

Prior to the reign of Henry VII. no English king since the Conquest seems to have cared one measure of sack for books, but that “cold, crafty, and calculating” monarch had a touch of the bibliophile in his selfish soul, and the British Museum owns a fine series of the classics, printed on vellum in Paris, by Antoine Vêrard, which once belonged to him. His successor, “bluff King Hal,” continued the library his father had commenced, and in the second series of *The Retrospective Review*, vol. i. p. 334, is printed “The Second Parte of the Inventorye of our Late Souran Lord, &c., Henry Viii.” His library seems to have consisted of between three and four hundred volumes, besides many theological tracts which were kept with the State Records in the Treasury ! Amidst the Privy Purse expenses of this monarch are to be found entries of the purchase of books, and notes of others brought from monastic and other collections ; the amounts spent are very small—about £125 in three years—and as “books” included bookbinding as well, and Henry was fond of sumptuous bindings, very little of the royal money found its way into the pockets of the printer. Amongst others of his books in the Museum is a copy of the first edition of his “*Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*,” published in 1521, the book which won for him

the title of "Defender of the Faith." The unique copy of Caxton's "Meditacions sur les Sept Pseaulmes Penitentialx" is another book which once belonged to this king. Edward VI., had he lived long enough, would have been a patron of literature; as it was he formed one of a triumvirate (the others being Cranmer and the Duchess of Somerset) to purchase Martin Bucer's books and MSS., and he appointed Roger Ascham as his librarian. Queen Mary seems to have carefully abstained from books, and her sister was not much better. Still, Elizabeth did purchase some, and, as she had many others presented to her, the Museum contains a fair number of her books. Like her father, she was a lover of fine bindings. James I., who, in spite of what his detractors affirm, was no mean scholar, purchased the collection of John, Lord Lumley (died 1609), who had acquired the library of the Earl of Arundel, a study of books rich with treasures obtained at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, and with the library of Archbishop Cranmer. Charles I. collected books, but most of his were dispersed by the Puritan fanatics. The volume of Shakespeare's plays (second edition) with which he amused himself when confined in Carisbrook Castle, is in the Royal Library. That genial soul, John Milton, it will be remembered, gracefully reproached him for not employing his time better: perhaps the king might have found fitter amusement, but it was at least no worse than rowing children and playing the household tyrant. This valuable book contains the motto "Dum spiro spero" in the king's handwriting. None of the succeeding monarchs cared much for books, so the Royal Library increased but slowly; nevertheless, when it came into the hands of the nation it was priceless, for, as it had been a custom for learned authors to present a copy of their works to the king, the collection contained many rareties, and more fine copies, besides specimens of every kind of magnificent binding. The libraries of Sir John Morris, of Sir Thomas Roe, and of Isaac Casaubon, were also included in the Royal Library which George II. presented to the nation in 1759.¹ Besides the printed books, George gave his collection of MSS., many of which are of immense value. Among them was the Codex Alexandrinus, one of the oldest copies of the Scriptures extant, and "containing moreover the only genuine copy of the Epistle of Clement known to exist" (*Book-lore*, vol. vi. 50).

The term Royal Library, however, includes the superb collection

¹ These books belonging to the various monarchs were at first kept together, as they had been when at St. James's Palace; this arrangement is now dispensed with.

of books which during his sixty years' reign George III. managed to get together. In 1762 he purchased the library of Joseph Smith, sometime Consul at Venice, which was rich in Italian literature and first editions of the classics. For this £10,000 was given. The farmer-king took a warm personal interest in his library, visiting it frequently, and becoming well acquainted with the outsides at least of his books. In 1773 he purchased a large part of the collection of James West, once president of the Royal Society, and to his honour be it said that he forbade his agents to bid against purchasers who required any of the books for the purposes of business or study. In this sale the king acquired most of the Caxtons and black-letter books which adorned his library. He also purchased a number of books at Dr. Anthony Askew's sale in 1775. For this library he had offered £5000, an offer which was refused—an unwise proceeding, as the sale realized little more than £4000. Among the books the king bought were "*Il Teseide*" and "*Il Forze de Hercole*" of Boccaccio, both printed at Ferrara in 1475, and the *Editio Princeps* of Florence. In 1768 George sent Sir Frederick Barnard to the continent to purchase books, the rules for his guidance being laid down by Dr. Johnson, and from thence to the time of his death the king annually spent about £2000 a year on books. The librarian of this fine collection was Sir Frederick Augusta Barnard, a gentleman who is believed to have been the natural brother of its owner. When George III. died his library consisted of over 65,000 books, the printed catalogue of which filled no less than five folio volumes.

Three years after his grandfather's death, George IV. presented the whole collection to the nation on condition that it should be kept apart from the general library; and as it consisted of 120,000 volumes, this necessitated the building of a special gallery to contain it, and was the origin of the present pile of buildings known as the British Museum. The room which now holds it is a superb one, 300 feet in length, over 40 in breadth and 30 in height. To mention all the treasures within the locked bookcases with which the apartment is lined would be impossible; 157 of the most curious are, however, enumerated in Clarke's "*Repertorium Bibliographicum*."

The Cottonian Library is but a small one, having been sadly reduced by fire in 1731, but for its size contains more fine books than any other of similar dimensions: its chief glory are the MSS. No words are too eulogistic for the charters, and superlatives fail before the folio Gospels. Among the charters are some granted by Canute and the Confessor, and there is also the *Magna Charta* itself. Sir Robert Cotton gathered these treasures shortly after the

dissolution of the monasteries, when such documents were drugs in the market. Major Arthur Edwards, of St. George's, Hanover Square, bequeathed £7000 towards housing this library, and that sum was by Acts of Parliament (12 & 13 Wm. III., c. 7; and 5 Anne, c. 30) paid to trustees.

The Harleian Library, which was formed by Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford and Lord High Treasurer, and enlarged by his son, consists principally of MSS. These manuscripts are largely heraldic, topographical, and historical, but nearly every kind of manuscript is represented either in copy or original. The gems are too numerous to mention: a fine copy of William of Malmesbury's treatise, "*De Gestio Regum Anglorum*," a twelfth-century "*De Gestis Pontificum*," and a volume containing four indentures made between Henry VII. and the Abbey of Westminster for certain masses to be said in the chapel which that king intended to build in honour of the Virgin Mary, must be excepted. This last MS. is curious because not only the leaves but the cover is indented, and the leaves are beautifully illuminated. To it are appended no less than five broad seals of the king, which are preserved in silver boxes and attached to the book by silk strings and gold and silver cords. Among the collections included in the Harleian MSS. are those of Foxe the Martyrologist, of Stow, the historian, of Charles, Lancaster Herald, and of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the well-known antiquary. This collection consisted of some 8000 volumes of MSS., upwards of 50,000 volumes of printed books, about 40,000 prints, and a collection of tracts and pamphlets estimated to number 400,000 (Edwards, "*Memoirs of Libraries*," i. 437). The books were sold by a degenerate descendant, but Parliament voted £10,000 for the manuscripts, at which price they were secured to the nation.

As this library was not founded till 1759, it of course had no claim to books under the Copyright Act of Queen Anne; but when the amending Act of 1814 was passed, the national library was inserted as one of the five which had a right to a copy of every printed work. The only advantage the Museum has over the other privileged libraries, is that should a book be published in more than one style, say on large and small paper, it has a claim to the best. The period between the two Copyright Acts is the weakest of the library; many of the books are scarce, and the nation is so niggardly in its votes for the purchase of literature, that numberless volumes which are urgently needed cannot be afforded. This deficiency was in some measure supplied by the bequest of the Rt. Hon. Thomas Grenville in 1846. This gentleman's library contained about

16,000 works (20,240 volumes), and consisted chiefly of tall copies all splendidly bound. There is, unhappily, no space to mention one tithe of the bequests which this collection has received, or of the freewill offerings of bibliophiles, but the gift of Salomon Da Costa a Jewish broker of Amsterdam, in 1759, of upwards of 200 valuable works on Hebrew Theology, jurisprudence, &c., is too munificent to be omitted. These books, which Da Costa purchased when young, were bound for Charles II. and bore his cypher. This liberal man included in his gift some ancient MS. copies of parts of the Old Testament. In 1762 George III. presented the Museum with a collection of tracts made by George Thomason, known as the "King's Tracts," which he had purchased for £300. In 1799 the Rev. Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode bequeathed (with two exceptions) his whole library, rich in classical and biblical lore, to the Museum. These books, though only numbering 4,500, form one of the most valuable collections in the library, on account of their rarity, worth, and perfection of condition. Other fine donations have been, in 1827, Sir Joseph Banks' (once president of the Royal Society) library of science, voyages, travels, and philosophical transactions, and Sir Richard Colt Hoare's famous collection of Italian topography.

A. C. BICKLEY.



Rules for Critics.

BRING candid eyes unto the perusal of men's works, and let not Zoilism or detraction blast well-intended labours. He that endureth no faults in men's writings must only read his own, wherein, for the most part, all appeareth white. Quotation mistakes, inadvertency, expedition, and human lapses, may make not only moles but warts in learned authors; who notwithstanding, being judged by the capital matter, admit not of disparagement. I should unwillingly affirm that Cicero was but slightly versed in Homer, because in his work, "De Gloria," he ascribed those verses unto Ajax which were delivered by Hector. . . . And though I have no great opinion of Machiavel's learning, yet I shall not presently say that he was but a novice in Roman history, because he was mistaken in placing Commodus after the Emperor Severus. Capital truths are to be narrowly eyed; collateral lapses and circumstantial deliveries not to be too strictly sifted. And if the substantial subject be well forged out, we need not examine the sparks which irregularly fly from it.—*Browne's "Christian Morals."*



Early Illustrated Editions of Pilgrim's Progress.

THE third edition of Bunyan's allegory contained the first illustration in the shape of a portrait of the author, which has been reproduced on a previous page (p. 202). The portrait also appeared in the fourth edition, and at the back of it a protest by the printer and publisher, "Bunyan Ponder," against piracies of the Pilgrim. This indignant remonstrance against "malicious men of our profession, of lewd principles, hating honesty, and coveting other men's rights, and which we call Land Pirates," names particularly Thomas Braddyll, a printer, who, says Ponder, "I found actually printing my book for himself and five more of his confederates." Ponder declares that this stolen version is "abominably and basely falsified;" and warns the public that it may be distinguished thus: "The Notes are printed in Long Primer, a base old letter almost worn out, hardly to be read, and such is the book itself. Whereas the true copie is printed in a Leigable fair Character and Brevier Notes as it alwaies has been, this Fourth Edition hath, as the third had, the Author's Picture before the Title, and hath more than 22 passages of Additions, pertinently placed quite thorow the Book, which the counterfeit hath not." The additions here mentioned are quotations from Scripture and side notes.

Except the Bible, there is no book in the world that should bear a more potent charm against dishonesty than John Bunyan's. One cannot conceive of a man taking the book in hand with fraudulent intent, becoming acquainted with its heavenly light in the course of his nefarious work, and yet persisting in the evil deed. Therefore it is pleasant to believe that Nathaniel's jealousy for the fair fame of Bunyan's work led him to paint these interloping printers in darker colours than they deserved. John Dunton, at any rate, had a high opinion of Braddyll, and calls him a first-rate printer, active, diligent, and religious.

The fifth edition also appeared in 1680, published by Ponder, in

221 pages, with the portrait as frontispiece as before, and one woodcut, on p. 128, representing the martyrdom of Faithful, with the verse beneath. That woodcut is here reproduced.

There is nothing notable in the sixth edition.

The seventh, printed by Ponder in 1681, contains 286 pages, the portrait, and the cut of the martyrdom of Faithful in a separate leaf, between pp. 164 and 165. It was a copy of this edition which



Bunyan used in writing the second part of his *Dream*, all the references in which, to the first part, are correctly made to this edition (*see* *Offor*, Introduction, cxxi.). In the following year, the eighth edition was published. This issue contained fewer pages (212), but an additional illustration, representing the pilgrims ascending on the clouds to heaven.

This edition contained the following advertisement :—

“The *Pilgrim's Progress* having found good acceptance among the people to the carrying off a seventh impression, which had many additions, more than any

preceding ; and the publisher observing that many persons desired to have it illustrated with pictures, hath endeavoured to gratifie them therein ; And besides those that are ordinarily printed to the fifth impression, hath provided thirteen copper cuts curiously engraven for such as desire them."

Concerning these cuts, Offor observes that they were sold for one shilling, but that nothing is known of them, "unless they are the set of neat engravings inserted four in a sheet, in Chandler and Wilson's



edition of Bunyan's works, 2 vols. folio, 1737, very fine impressions of which appeared in an early German translation, published in London, and under these are the English verses ; they are sixteen in number, but if the three "that are ordinarily printed to the eighth impression" be deducted, the number then agrees with the advertisement. The whole of these designs were cut in wood, and with the verses printed in the thirteenth edition, and probably in the eleventh or twelfth.

It appears that there were two issues which were both termed the ninth edition. The first has, besides the woodcuts in the eighth edition, another woodcut, representing Doubting Castle.

In the other ninth edition there is an advertisement of the thirteen copper plates, in addition to those ordinarily printed to the eighth impression. The tenth edition, 1685, has two woodcuts only, besides the frontispiece, the cut of Doubting Castle being omitted; it also contains an advertisement of the second part.

Passing over the eleventh, Offor states that the twelfth and thirteenth editions are alike. They have fourteen woodcuts, with the verses under each, the last of which, says Offor, affords curious proof of the extreme carelessness with which this popular work was published. This cut in the former copies, represented the pilgrims triumphantly rising on the clouds to the celestial city, attended by the angels with the crown, and under this a suitable verse. Imagine this cut exchanged for one in which you see the two pilgrims in distress, wading through the river of death; one sinking in despair, the other holding his chin above water; and you read under this picture, the same verse that was placed under that of their triumphal ascent—

“ Now, look you how the holy Pilgrims rise;
Clouds are their chariots, Angels are their guide.”



Thoreau on Books.

THE best books are not even read by those who are called good readers.

A written word is the choicest of relics. It is something at once more intimate with us and more universal than any work of art. It is the work of art nearest to life itself. It may be translated into every language, and not only read but breathed from all human lips; —not be represented on canvas or in marble only, but be carved out of the breath of life itself.

The works of the great poets have never yet been read by mankind, for only great poets can read them. They have only been read as the multitude read the stars, at most astrologically, not astronomically.



Learning without Knowledge.

A GREAT scholar who prided himself on his ignorance of men and vast knowledge of books, once received from a plain unlettered man, this humiliating rebuke: "The Lord double your learning, and then you will be twice the fool you are at present."

What Maketh a Good Book.

AS that worke is most laudable wherein the arte commendeth the matter, the matter commendeth the arte; so that is the best booke, wherein the profitableness of the argument commendeth the eloquence, and the eloquence of the author commendeth the argument. As gold is tried by the touch, so good bookes by their worth.—*Wit's Academy*.

A Small Society.

DR. MALTBY, Bishop of Durham, once invited Porson to meet Paley at dinner. Paley arrived first. When Porson (who had never before seen him) came into the room, he seated himself in an armchair, and looking very hard at Paley, said, "I am entitled to this chair, being president of a society for the discovery of truth, of which I happen at present to be the only member."—*Dyce's "Porsoniana."*

Books the Best Furniture.

RICHARD WHITLOCK, M.D., considered books to be the best furniture, for, saith he, "They are for company, the best friends; in doubts, counsellours; in damps, comforters; Time's prospective; the home traveller's ship or house; the busie man's best recreation; the opiate of idle wearinesse; the mindes best ordinary, Nature's garden, and Seed Plot of Immortality. Time spent (needlessly) from them is consumed, but with them twice gained. Time captivated and snatched from thee by incursions of business, thefts of visitants, or by thy own carelesnesse lost, is by these redeemed in life, they are the soule's viaticum; and against death its cordiall. Books are not onely Titles on their Author's Monuments, but Epitaphs preserving their Memories, be they good, or bad, beyond short lived pyramids, or mausolean piles of stone."—*ZOTOMIA* (1654).



The Bibliography of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

THE following items will probably be found *addenda et corrigenda* to any published bibliographies of Dr. Johnson :—

1743. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1743. A letter announcing that the Life of Mr. Savage was speedily to be published.

1747. Prologue for Garrick. Spoken at the opening of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1747.

1762. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*. An account of the detection of the Cock Lane Ghost.

1771. "Thoughts on the Late Transactions respecting Falkland's Islands," London, 1771. 2nd. edition (not so stated) same title-page, but has on page 68 the original words, "could he have enforced payment of the Manilla ransom, *he could have counted it*;" altered to "and if he sometimes erred, he was sometimes right."

1775. Probably the Preface to "A New and Compendious Grammar of the Greek Tongue." By W. Bell, A.B.

1781. "The Beauties of Johnson." One vol.

The following pieces and works are wrongly attributed to Dr. Johnson :—

"The Apotheosis of Milton;" in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1739.

Various Poems, &c., in the same Magazine for 1747 (*vide Croker*).

"A History and Defence of Magna Charta," by Samuel Johnson, A.M., 1772.

Several Items and Miscellaneous Fugitive Pieces, by the author of the *Rambler*, published by T. Davies.

Several pieces in Sir John Hawkins' "Life."

"The Patriot," a Tragedy from the MSS. of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson, corrected by himself. London, 1785.

(This, and the Defence of Magna Charta, were published with the intention of deceiving the public.)

RICHARD HARRISON..



The Library of the London Meeting for Sufferings.

IT has been, since the foundation of the Society of Friends, customary for each meeting of any size to form a library both for the purposes of reference and lending. This was done at the wish of the founder of Quakerism, George Fox, himself a voluminous author and, in spite of what his detractors both during his lifetime and since have avowed, a discriminating patron of learning. Fox was anxious that not only books for, but also against, Quakerism should be preserved, and as the most central authority this task devolved upon the London Meeting for Sufferings, and their collection is now housed at the Quaker headquarters at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street Within. The books at Devonshire House are divided into three collections, (1) the library of the Religious Meeting, consisting of the text-books of Quakerism, which are lent to members of the meeting and others; (2) the library of the Friends' Institute, which contains ordinary books of reference on nearly all subjects; and (3) the library of the Meeting for Sufferings. This last is what is usually referred to as the Quaker Library, and comprises little more than books written by Quakers, or against them. This library consists of several thousands of volumes, for the early Friends, almost without exception, suffered from the itch for writing and the works against them are also very numerous. Although the collection is far from complete, it nevertheless contains many curious tracts and a large number of broadsides. Many of these are extremely rare and not a few are unique; their value, however, is largely depreciated by the fact that by far the greater number are simply brief religious addresses, warnings or testimonies, but some contain interesting particulars of early Quaker life and records of "sufferings." The collection of George Fox's writings is almost complete, and amongst them is a copy of the first edition of his "Journal" with the passages ultimately withdrawn. In this edition (published in 1694) there was a relation made by a woman named

Ellen Fretwell, which certain Friends had reason to "suspect the verity of," and the London Morning Meeting in September, 1694, decided that no further copies should be sold till this question was settled. In the following month the Meeting directed that the pages 309 and 310, which contained the objectionable narrative, should be reprinted without it, and "then the said new printed leaves sent down to every county to a couple of discreet faithful Friends to take out the old leaves and put in the new as carefully and neatly as they can" (Minutes of the Morning Meeting, 1694). As some Friends objected to this proceeding, there are a few copies of the "Journal" which retain the narrative. Morris Birkbeck and Thomas Thompson made a manuscript catalogue of Friends' Books up to the year 1820, in two 4to volumes, which, with a third volume containing a list of the books subsequently added, formed for a long time the catalogue of this library; but Mr. Joseph Smith's "Catalogue of Friends' Books" noted, has recently been substituted. Birkbeck's "Catalogue" is only Whiting's well-known work on the same subject with additions.

By far the most important part of the library is the collection of manuscripts relating to the Society. The early records are very incomplete, because, as is shown by a letter from Alexander Parker to George Fox, on December 27, 1676, the major part perished in the Great Fire. Of those that remain the most valuable are the records of early lawsuits, known as the "Book of Cases," and a few charters. The principal collection is that commonly known as the Swarthmore collection. Margaret, widow of Thomas Fell, Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and subsequently wife of George Fox, had a voluminous correspondence with the principal members of the early Quaker body, and preserved most of these letters, which were retained at Swarthmore Hall until after her decease in 1702, when it was divided, the larger portion being presented to the London Meeting for Sufferings. They chiefly relate to the religious labours of the Friends in this country and abroad, and it is possibly to these records that Fox refers in his will:—"All the passages, and travels, and sufferings of Friends, in the beginning of the spreading of the Truth, which I have kept together, will make a fine history: and they may be had at Swarthmore, with my books: for it is a fine thing to know the beginning of the spreading of the Gospel, after so long a night of apostacy since the Apostles' days." These MSS., which have been kept with great care, have recently been arranged and catalogued by Mr. Joseph Smith.



Why the Press Errs.

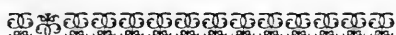
IN his ZOPHOMIA, or “Observations on the present manners of the English,” the author, Dr. Richard Whitlock, M.D., declares that the causes of the enormities of the press are in either writers or readers, for—

“1. Among writers, first some that write to Eat, as Beggars examine not the vertues of Benefactours, but such as they hope or finde able or willing, they ply; be they good or bad, wiseman or foole, so do they beg of any Theme that will sell; true or false, good or bad, in Rime or Prose, and that pitifull or passable, all is one. Inke must earne All and three Penny Ordinary’s; write they must against Things or Men, (if the spirit of contradiction prove saleable,) that they can neither master nor conquer; sparing neither Bacons, Harvey’s, Digby’s, Browne’s, or any the like of Improvement Colledge, (as I may terme them), though (beside some little somewhat for the venture) they get nothing, but such a credit as he did, that set Diana’s Temple on fire to perpetuate his name.

“2. A second sort are Discoverers of their affections by taking the cudgels on one side or other, and it is come to that now, but Authour scarce passeth that writeth not Controversies, Ecclesiasticall, Politick, or Philosophicall. Though farre better it were for Publick good there were more, (deserving the name of Johannes de Indagine) progressive Pioneers in the Mines of Knowledge, than Controversers of what is found; it would lessen the number of Conciliatours which cannot themselves now write, but as engagedly biassed to one side or other; but these are, *Disiderata, vereor semper desideranda*, things wanting, and to be desired (I feare) for ever.

“Second cause are Buyers, the Chapman’s vanity and weakness of choice, maketh the mart of lesse worthy books the bigger. Such is the fate of books, of all other ware, the courser the ware, the more the seller getteth by it; examine the truth of it at Stationer’s Hall, and it will too truly appeare in these latter times, the Bookseller hath got

most by those bookes, the buyer hath got the least, being not only the luck of Rablais his bookseller, that was a looser by his book of sence and judgement, but abundantly repaired by that Igenious Nothing, *the Life of Garagantua and Pantagruel*. What age ever brought forth more, or brought more *printed waste papers*? to reach which, is the worst spending of time, (next the making them) and the greater piece given for them, and faire above their worth, &c. But not to make our eyes sore by looking only on the hurt; let us turne them on the benefits of the well employed Press; and we shall see it a mint of solid worth, the good it hath done, (and yet may do) being inestimable; it is Truth's Armory, the Bank of Knowledge, the Nursery of Religion, never suffering a want of the sincere Milk of the Word, nor Piety's Practise to be out of Print (and that only in one book) weekly issuing forth helps to doing, as well as knowing our duty. But the worth of the warehouse will be best known by the wares, which are Books of which see further in my Essay of Books."



A Pseudo-Celestial Trial.

THE Jesuit, Etienne Binet, wrote a book which he entitled *Du Salut d'Origine*—"Of Origen's Salvation." It is written in the form of a trial. He introduces witnesses; he brings in the Attorney- and Solicitor-General of Heaven, to give in their opinions; and lastly, he got the following sentence passed: "Considering all that had been said on both sides, and the opinions of the Attorney and Solitiors-General of Heaven, it has been ordered, that the cause shall be referred to the secret council of God, to be finally determined by Him alone; nevertheless, it is provisionally resolved in behalf of Origen, that all things being duly weighed and considered, the proofs for his salvation are stronger than those for his damnation; and therefore it is more reasonable to think him saved than damned." The Romish Church has been particularly troubled about Origen, many of them maintaining in print, and proving, that this father is in hell.



In Praise of a Good Critic.

HE who first praises a good book becomingly, is next in merit to the author. —*Landor*.

Cataloguing.

A MONK, who discharged in some place the office of a librarian, finding a Hebrew book in the collection, and not knowing under what title to class it in his catalogue, called it "a book, the beginning of which is at the end." —*Beloe*.

Who most Profit by Books.

WHEN industry builds upon nature, we may expect pyramids : where but foundation is wanting, the structure must be low. They do most by books, who could do much without them ; and he that chiefly owes himself unto himself, is the substantial man. —*Sir T. Browne*.

Deep Study.

BUDÆUS, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century, and the librarian to Francis the First of France, was engaged in deep study in his library, when his servant came running to him in a great fright, to tell him that the house was on fire. "Go," said he, with perfect calmness, and hardly raising his eyes from his book, "and inform your mistress: 'tis her concern, you know I never interfere in domestic matters." —*Percy Anecdotes*."

Supporting an Author.

AFTER Mr. Walker was turned out of the University College for being a papist, he lived obscurely in London, his chief maintenance being from the contributions of some of his old friends and acquaintance ; amongst whom was Dr. Radcliffe, who, out of a grateful remembrance of favours received from him in the college, sent him once a year a new suit of clothes, with ten broad pieces, and a dozen bottles of the richest canary to support his drooping spirits. —*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ* (Ed. Bliss), i. 60.



Book-bindings in the British Museum.

II.—ODD COVERS.

IN this number it is proposed to notice some books which are covered rather than bound ; that is to say, books to which the exterior shown is applied to the binding properly so-called instead of forming an integral part of it. Some writers on book-coverings, not so catholic as ourselves, decline to notice these as bindings at all.

A copy of the "Paradiess-Gärtlein," by Arndt, printed at Ulm in 1722, was bound in Germany in tortoiseshell. The centre is a raised plate of tortoiseshell, inlaid with silver and mother-of-pearl, and consists of the emblem of the Holy Ghost, of a cherub, and figures of the Saviour in glory with two saints in adoration, and a scroll with motto, "GOTT ALLEIN DIE EHR," all surrounded by a mass of scroll-work and floral forms. The border is a plain rib of silver, nearly a quarter of an inch broad, and in the corners are six small discs arranged so as to form crosses. The clasps are bands of silver engraved. The back is quite flat, the surrounding silver bands being slightly arched at top and bottom ; the side bands form the hinges. The book is a duodecimo.

A large octavo copy of the Jewish Daily Prayers according to the German use, printed at Amsterdam in 1667, and probably bound in Flanders during the following century, is also covered in tortoiseshell. The centre is an oval medallion, engraved with Hebrew lettering, and is surrounded by a heart-shaped device formed principally of tulips, and surmounted by a coronet. The corners are silver plates embossed with floral forms. The back is of tortoiseshell with silver hinges, and the clasps are also of silver, all being embossed with floral or tulip-like forms. At the top of both sides are silver plates of similar design, supporting large rings, through

which cords to attach the book to the girdle were probably passed. The back, which is moulded, is all of tortoiseshell, and quite plain except for the hinge flanges, which are only half an inch broad and narrow convexly.

Another copy of the Jewish Daily Prayers according to the German rite is a very little volume, barely $1\frac{3}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and nearly as thick as it is long. This squat little book was printed in Venice in 1598, and bound soon after, but where is uncertain; the style, however, is Flemish. The binding proper is of green velvet, with the back so heavily ribbed as to be unsightly. The side (upper cover) is almost covered with metal work. The centre is formed by a circular plate of silver gilt, on which is superimposed a floreated eight-pointed star, and above that again is a silver gilt button and ring. The corner plates—silver gilt—are square, embracing the thickness of the cover, and in these are open-work silver plates, each consisting of an embossed head and twisted floral forms. These are connected at the sides by open-work plates, and at the end is a button with a plate, probably for mark or cypher, attached by a ring; and a second ring connects the volume with a slight silver chain. The clasps are very narrow silver bars, chamfered and slightly closed, and the hinges are attached to the sides by nails.

A "Book of Common Prayer," printed in 1632, is about the same size as the foregoing, only barely half as thick. This volume has its sides and back completely covered with silver plates, the back being fastened on by hinges which extend the whole length of the cover. The side is almost occupied by an oval medallion representing a woman—probably intended as an emblem of the Church—holding the sacramental chalice in one hand and having the other extended in the attitude of invitation. In the background is an altar with an open book thereon. The corners are filled with Romanesque ornamentation, and at the top is a cherub. The clasps are of open plates worked in flowers.

A small octavo copy of Bussièr's "*Flosculi Historiarum*" (1688) is likewise covered in silver-gilt plates, the back, as before, being hinged. The side is surrounded by a double border, formed by a silver-gilt chain, of which the links are not a tenth of an inch in length, the space between being filled with silver plates ornamented with an interlaced semi-runic pattern. The centre is an irregular oval ornamented in the same way, only with much more flowing lines. The remainder of the sides is covered with niello-work, numberless little volutes being formed by silver thread in the interstices of the narrow banding. The ribs at the back are covered by embossed

plates, bordered by chain-work; the panels so formed being of niello-work, as also are the clasps, which are about an inch broad. The carelessness with which this cover is finished spoils what would otherwise be a masterly piece of work.

A "New Testament and Book of Common Prayer," printed in London in 1643, evidently once belonged to some one to whom loyalty and religion were, like the first French Republic, one and indivisible. The cover is of red velvet, ornamented with silver plates partially cut through. The centre of the sides consists of portraits, in oval frames, surrounded by scroll-work, of Charles I. and his queen. The corners and clasp-plates bear representations of the cardinal virtues, the four elements, and the like. All this ornamentation is of silver, the portraits being in relief, the rest incised. The face of the king is in profile, and evidently taken from a coin. The back is ornamented by broad lines of gold embroidery, forming a device not unlike an Oxford frame. There is no lettering. The clasps are, considering the thickness of the book, exceedingly slight.

A beautiful little "Booke of Psalmes," about three inches by four, printed in London in 1635, is bound in white satin. The entire upper cover is occupied by a picture in an oval frame of silver embroidery in the Renaissance style, superbly worked, of good design and most accurate execution. Various flowers embroidered in fine silk in colours occupy the corners. The picture is of a damosel, who is sitting beside a stream and holding in her hand a cornucopia. The background is of hills and trees, and in the far distance is a castle. The clothing of the figure is admirably managed, both as to colour and form. The artist has skilfully heightened the effect here and there by touches of silver thread, which are particularly happy in conveying the effect of sparkling water. The back is panelled by silver threads, the panels being occupied by flowers of the lily class. The whole forms one of the most beautiful specimens of sumptuous embroidery in colours now extant. The book has no clasps. It was purchased by the Museum in 1850.

Another superb book-covering is a Psalter, &c., in Latin. The binding is of red morocco, which may or may not be original. The back is of embroidery in silver and colours on velvet. In the sides are inserted carved ivory plates. In the upper cover in circles are six scenes from the life of David, carved in relief. Each of these circular panels are surrounded by carved borders, which intertwine and are continued all round the side. There is, however, an outer border filled with birds, fishes, and vine leaves. In the intersections of the border and elsewhere are small turquoises and other stones.

In the spaces between this curved border are small figures of Avarice, Discord, and the other vices. The clasps have been destroyed or stolen. On the lower side are represented the seven works of mercy. This Psalter was written for Melissenda, the wife of Foulques, Comte D'Anjou, between 1131-1144.



A Dedication Present.

MR. ST. JOHNS sent Mr. Barnes a hogshead of wine for his dedication to him of "Anacreon Christianus"; but Mr. Barnes's wife dashed it with water, and so made two hogsheads of it.—*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ* (Ed. Bliss), i. 89.

History of a Quill.

IN the year 1610 an English version of Camden's "Britannica" appeared, which was the work of the industrious Philemon Holland, a physician and a schoolmaster, who boasted of having written a large folio volume with one pen, on which he composed the following lines:—

" With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a grey goose quill ;
A pen it was when I it took,
And a pen I leave it still."

The Evils of Imagination.

LET thy studies be free as thy thoughts and contemplations : but fly not upon the wings of imagination ; join sense unto reason, and experiment unto speculation, and so give life unto embryon truths, and verities in their chaos. There is nothing more acceptable unto the ingenious world, than this noble elucidation of truth ; wherein, against the tenacity of prejudice and prescription, this century now prevaieth. What libraries of new volumes after-times will behold, and in what a world of knowledge the eyes of our posterity may be happy, a few ages may joyfully declare : and is but a cold thought unto those who cannot hope to behold this exantlation of truth, or that obscured virgin half out of the pit : which might make some content with a commutation of the time of their lives, and to commend the fancy of the Pythagorean metempsychosis ; whereby they might hope to enjoy this happiness in their third or fourth selves, and behold that in Pythagoras, which they now but foresee in Euphorbus.—*Sir T. Browne.*



Hermippus Redivivus.

BY WILLIAM SYDNEY, F.R.S.L.

AMONG the many rare and quaint volumes “of forgotten lore,” which adorn the bookshelves in the libraries of the curious, there may be found a neat little octavo tome written in Latin, and bearing the extraordinary title of “Hermippus Redivivus” or “Hermippus Revived, a physico-medical Dissertation on an uncommon method of prolonging human life to one hundred and fifteen years by inhaling the breath of young women; copied from an ancient Roman monument, now established on a physical basis by arguments and examples, and illustrated and confirmed by a very singular paradox in chemical philosophy.”

The composition of this absurd work is ascribed to the pen of a certain Johann Heinrich Cohausen, M.D., an eminent German physician of the city of Coblenz, who gave it to the world at Frankfort-on-the-Maine in 1742. A copy in Latin exists in the library of the British Museum, where also an English translation may be seen made by John Campbell, LL.D., in 1743. A second edition considerably enlarged was put forth in London somewhere about the year 1749, under the title of “Hermippus Redivivus, or the Sage’s Triumph over Old Age and the Grave.” The work was also translated at subsequent periods into the German and Italian languages.

The learned doctor professes to have founded his ridiculous treatise on a Roman inscription said to have been discovered during the seventeenth century by one Thomas Reinesius, who undertook to make a supplement to the elaborate work of Gruter upon the subject of ancient memorials, and which runs thus: “Æsculapio et sanitati, L. Clodius Hermippus qui vixit annos cxv. dies xv. Puellarum anhelitu quod etiam post mortem ejus non parum mirantur physici. Jam posterī sic vitam ducite”—which being interpreted signifies:

"To Æsculapius and to health, Lucius Clodius Hermippus dedicates this, who lived one hundred and fifteen years, five days, on the breath of little girls, which, even after his death, not a little astonishes doctors. Ye who come after, preserve your life in like manner."

According to the learned Deleschamp the inscription should run after the following style: "Lucius Clodius Hermippus (or Hirpanus-vixit annos clv. dies v. *puerorum* halitu refocillatus et educatus." Another old writer, by name Cujas, furnishes a slightly different rendering: "Lucius Clodius Hirpanus (or Hermippus) vixit annos cxv. dies v. alitus *puellarum* anhelitu."

It may be as well to observe at the outset that but slight importance can be attached to any of these inscriptions, as it is more than probable that they are all spurious, but if we are to assume their genuineness they may be translated respectively, "Lucius Clodius Hermippus (or Hirpanus) lived one hundred and forty-five years, five days, on the breath of little *boys*," and "Lucius Clodius Hermippus (or Hirpanus) lived one hundred and fifteen years five days on the breath of little *girls*."

Putting aside all further speculations as to their genuineness and authenticity, we will enter upon an examination of the book itself.

Our author begins his subject by commenting minutely upon each word of the inscription quoted above, having previously wearied our patience with a long preface written in the Latin tongue, and a still longer "epistle dedicatory" to a learned physician of his acquaintance. This done, he lets loose the reins of his imagination, and pieces together a remarkable biography of the renowned Lucius Clodius Hermippus, which, to say the least of it, is very delightful reading.

In the first place, Dr. Cohausen enters into a discussion of the question as to whether Lucius was a schoolmaster, or the director of a children's hospital; and comes to the conclusion that he was "the head of an orphanage" supported by the State, for, as he observes, since the inscription tells us not what he *was*, we may be allowed all manner of reasonable conjecture."

Having set his mind at rest upon this head, the writer forthwith proceeds to portray Hermippus "at home" in the following graphic manner. We need scarcely remind our readers that the description must of course be taken *cum grano salis*.

"The orphanage," he says, "was like a palace, and had many handsome dwelling and dining rooms, adapted for the daily uses of himself and the children, so that the breath and exhalations from such a number of little girls might fill the enclosed air, and might mingle to compose a salubrious vapour; and absorbed into the

lungs of Hermippus, might the better exercise the desired properties. In these rooms he spent with them the greater part of the day, occupying the time in friendly and agreeable conversation, unfolding to them good rules of life, and wisely pronouncing exhortations of virtue. Early in the morning when the noise of the awaking children aroused him, at his command they kindled in their room a fire, in order that the air which had become thickened during the night might be clarified. In damp weather they perfumed it with the best perfumes several times in the day, because they had been instructed by their master how necessary this was to the preservation of health.

"When school-time was over, they passed the remainder of the day in childish sports. They jumped about, they played with their dolls, sometimes also they sang, for old people consider nothing so good for health, and so invigorating, as vocal music. And in this manner everything conduced in supporting our old man.

"Adjoining the orphanage was a pleasant garden, in which were plants and flowers calculated by their odour to quicken the vital spirit, and assist in the prolongation of life. With these the maidens daily adorned the rooms. Into this garden Hermippus betook himself with all the little girls, each provided with a doll; and he walked about with them in it, romped, danced, sang, acting as though his limbs were those of youth."

Gentle reader, you will scarcely credit that the above pleasing description is absolute fabrication, the outcome of Dr. Cohausen's disordered brain.

We come now to that point in his treatise where the author endeavours to attempt a solution of the query, How does the breath of little girls tend to a prolongation of human life? "The breath," he asserts, "consists of an inhalation and an exhalation; and if I speak scientifically, I say that when a man breathes, he lets forth the thick and thin airs through his mouth and nostrils, which he had before received into his lungs, where they had become impregnated with the evaporations from his body. The human breath when outside the spiracles has a material character, namely, an exhalation from the blood and sap of the human body, and it is so especially in the breath of little girls. So observes Ficinus. It is manifest that the breath of a young and vigorous person, charged with powerful volatile salts, will leave a balsamic and vitalizing capacity, or, at the least, a mechanical elasticity, which must communicate vigour."

In confirmation of his statements the doctor quotes the dicta of Van Helmont, that "air absorbed into the lungs penetrates the

whole system," and deduces thence that as the exhalations of the young who are laden with vitality and life-giving salts, they must of necessity "be charged with much of their redundant vitality." Consequently he argues that if youthful breath "be inhaled by an old man, he assumes into himself, and absorbs into his constitution, that life cast off by the young as superfluous."

A noticeable feature of this remarkable treatise is the stress laid by Dr. Cohausen on old men seeking young wives. "Whatever you do," he says, "never marry an old woman ; she will absorb all the vitality from your lungs and poison you with her exhalations. Alas, for him, who in hopes of gaining money marries a rich old spinster. She becomes youthful, and he prematurely aged. For old women are like cats (!), whose breath is poisonous to life. From the eyes and mouth a cat discharges so much that is hurtful, that it has been the cause of innumerable complaints. Indeed, Matthiolus (Lib. vi. in Drosco. c. 25) relates that the inmates of a whole monastery died because they kept a great number of cats."

We have now reached that stage in the narrative where Dr. Cohausen sees fit to disclose to his readers the "wondrous discovery of philosophical chemistry" announced on the title-page.

We subjoin a translation of his original words, slightly abridged, from the pen of an eminent living divine of the Anglican Church, to whom we are indebted for much of the information relating to this extraordinary production, contained in these pages.

"Now then, O ye cooks of Gebri, or, that I may give you your better title, ye sons of Hermes, who has taught you to extract the marvellous stone of the philosophers from the fire, that thereby ye may be skilled to sustain a protracted life ! Now will I disclose to you a new philosophy. Let no one consider what I am now about to relate as a fable, but let him hold it as genuine fact. In my youth I had the good fortune to have the *entrée* of the house of an illustrious personage, whose lady was immeasurably learned in the hermetic science, and laboured at it along with her husband ; with her I had the opportunity of discussing the primordial matter of universal substance, which the philosophers have veiled under enigma and fable. She boasted that she had learned the secret of this from an Italian Adeptus at Rome, and thereby she aroused my curiosity to hear what it was ; although I was by no means slightly acquainted with hermetic philosophy.

"Once as I urgently besought her to do me the favour of disclosing to me this mystery, she ordered to be brought from her cabinet a vessel containing cold water, which she held under my

nose, telling me that it was the true subjectum of science, distilled as one might conclude from corporeal vapour. With this she roused to the highest pitch my anxiety to thoroughly sound the mystery, as I had already seen hints of these properties in the writings of Sandivogius and other philosophers. I did not fail to use my utmost persuasion on every available opportunity to penetrate the secret of this *lixivium microcosmi*. At last the favour was accorded me, and I ascertained that this holy *arcanum* consisted in human breath, which was collected from this lady's maidservants, and liquefied in glass instruments curved like trumpets. The water thus gathered was concentrated in retorts and other chemical apparatus, and was the very essence fixed of impalpable matter!

"By means of this discovery life may be easily prolonged over a hundred years, for this vapour of breath collected from maidens in trumpets, when distilled becomes an elixir of life; and by the copious use of this concentrated vitality steamed down to an essence, man becomes interpenetrated with living energy capable of resisting disease, and repelling the inroads of age!"

No wonder this marvellous discovery "non parum mirantur physici," and that the "speaking marble" bids posterity "sic vitam ducite."

W. SYDNEY.



A Royal Limit.

IN January, 1786, when the Bedford Missal was on sale, George III. sent for his bookseller and expressed his intention to become the purchaser. The bookseller ventured to submit to his Majesty that the article in question, as one highly curious, was likely to fetch a high price. "How high?" exclaimed the king. "Probably two hundred guineas," replied the bookseller. "Two hundred guineas for a Missal!" exclaimed the queen, who was present, holding up her hands with astonishment. "Well, well," said his Majesty, "I'll have it still; but since the queen thinks two hundred guineas so enormous a price for a Missal, I'll go no further." The biddings for the Royal Library did actually stop at that point; and Mr. Edwards carried off the prize by adding three pounds more.





Famous Libraries.

NO. 6.—BRITISH MUSEUM.

PART II.—*The Management.*

WHEN Sir Hans Sloane's bequest had been accepted by Parliament, it became necessary to find for it a local habitation and a name. This task was rendered the more difficult as the Harleian and Cottonian MSS. as well as the Royal Library had to be housed, and the Government of the day had neither a home to offer nor the means to provide one. To get out of this dilemma, the Ministry raised £100,000 by means of a lottery, and bought, in 1754, Montagu House in Great Russell Street. This house was certainly not well suited for its purpose, being built for a private residence, and, as such, was an interesting example of the influence of French taste in 1678, when it was designed by M. Puget (*Gentleman's Magazine*, May, 1814). Its best feature was a good entrance hall and staircase, and its gardens were—for London—very extensive. The Museum was opened to the public on the fifteenth of January, 1759, and consisted of three departments only: books, manuscripts, and natural history—with the latter of these we have nothing to do.

It does not seem that in the early days of this library many readers were anticipated, or that much encouragement was given to studious persons. The reading-room was opened in 1757, and was in the basement. By the "Rules" published during that year, it was required that notice should be given the day before what MS. or book the reader desired to consult, and very unnecessary obstacles were thrown in the way of persons who wished to study. In its early days the Museum was but little used; perhaps half a dozen a day was above the average number of readers, but among that half-dozen would be found one or more who had won such prizes as

literature then had to offer. Dr. Johnson, Dr. Stukeley, and the poet Gray were among the most constant of its frequenters in these primitive times. The attendance seems to have been wretchedly bad ; for D'Israeli says that sometimes he had to wait a day or two for a book !

So little progress was made, that at the beginning of this century the national collection is estimated to have been scarcely more than 100,000 books, and the miserable accommodation continued to more than suffice. In 1807 the Museum library obtained its first grant from Parliament. This was made to enable it to purchase the Lansdowne Manuscripts, which had been chiefly collected by James West and Philip Carteret Webb, and also included the historical collections of Bishop Kennet and many other valuable materials for history ; for this wonderful bargain Parliament voted £4,525.

In 1812, 1813, and 1818, the nation again opened its purse strings, the last time for the purchase of Dr. Charles Burney's library ; but as yet no Government had seen the necessity of regularly apportioning any appreciable sum towards the purchase of books. During its first sixty years of existence, Edwards calculates that not more than £30,000 of the public money was spent on this library.

Up to 1810 the dingy room in the basement continued to be the only accommodation provided for readers, but in that year, on account of complaints of its dampness, the readers were transferred to a second-floor apartment in every way more suitable for the purpose, and in 1827 they were again transferred to two rooms at the southern extremity of the building, where they remained until the demolition of Montagu House. Even these rooms were poor and small, but the number of readers was so few that for a considerable time they were more than sufficient.

The gift by George IV. of his father's library necessitated the building of a sufficient room to contain it, and a suitable design for one was accordingly prepared by Sir Robert Smirke. This room, which runs at the back of Montagu Place, was the first portion of the present building, which was completed some twenty-five years later. In 1838 the erection of the new building had proceeded so far that the reading-rooms were removed to two apartments in the north-east corner of the structure, rooms better and more suitable in every respect ; the larger of these two rooms was devoted to printed books, the smaller to manuscripts. In the book-room the walls were lined with works of reference, which the reader was permitted to take down at his own sweet will.

Readers increased apace, and even the more ample accommoda-

tion provided—for some 170 persons—soon ceased to be sufficient, and the problem of where to store the rapidly growing library had to be faced. The collection had increased by leaps and bounds. An official report states that in 1821 there had been 115,000 books; in 1832 these were increased to 218,957.

Up to this time the library was in a condition for which the term disgraceful is not too strong. It was not absolutely mismanaged, but no serious attempt had been made to render it worthy of the nation to whom it belonged. The librarians were without enterprise and without energy. If readers came they were accommodated, and that was all. A good deal of the blame belongs to Parliament, which voted supplies in the most niggardly manner, but more rests with the librarians, several of whom held other appointments and seem to have regarded their Government situations more in the light of complimentary pensions than as salaries for doing work. Parliament is still niggardly, but what active librarians can do every person who uses the library can see for himself. The earlier librarians appear to have been appointed with that disregard of fitness which distinguished the Civil Service in the days before public opinion insisted on reform. The under librarians were frequently clergymen and sometimes scholars, and often held ecclesiastical preferments as well as their official appointments. These officials we must leave, and confine ourselves for the nonce to the principal librarians.

Dr. Gowin Knight was the first principal librarian, and held office from 1756 to 1772. His merits are summed up by the fact that practically nothing is known about him. He was succeeded by Matthew Maty, the son of a Dutch clergyman who settled in England. Mr. Maty was educated as a doctor, and took his degree in physic at Leyden, but upon his father coming to England he "threw physic to the dogs," and devoted himself to literature. For several years he edited the *Journal Britannique* (commenced in 1750), and on the opening of the British Museum obtained a post as an assistant librarian. In 1758 he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and his official labours could scarcely have been arduous, as in 1765 he became one of the secretaries of that learned body. On the death of Dr. Knight he was made principal librarian, and, as he was a man of considerable ability, might have been useful but for his death, in 1776, before he had had time to make any mark. To him succeeded Charles Morton, who, up to the opening of the British Museum, had passed an undistinguished career as a country doctor. Like Maty, he was a fellow of the Royal Society and other

learned bodies; but he is believed to have secured the situation rather through powerful friends than fitness. Nevertheless his talents were not mediocre nor was his scholarship small. In 1768 he was appointed to superintend the publication of the Domesday Book, a task of which he speedily tired, and Gough asserts that he received £500 for doing little or nothing towards the work.

Joseph Planta, the next in order, was appointed in 1799. By birth he was a Swiss, and came with his father to England in 1752, when that gentleman, whose views did not coincide with those of his Swiss congregation, accepted the charge of the German Reformed Church in London. Planta's education had been conducted at Utrecht and Göttingen, and his knowledge of languages gained for him the appointment of Secretary to the British Minister at Brussels. The death of his father in 1773 necessitated his return to England, and by the influence of Queen Charlotte, who had been taught Italian by the elder Planta, he was made an under librarian in the Museum. In 1774 he was elected into the Royal Society, and a little later, was chosen to conduct its foreign correspondence. On the death of Maty in 1776 he was made a secretary to that society, becoming senior secretary on the resignation of Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Horsley. Having so much time on his hands he now entered Parliament, was Secretary to the Treasury and a Privy Councillor. He was principal librarian from 1799 to 1827.

His successor was a man of different stamp. Sir Henry Ellis had his first experience in library work at Oxford, where he was sub-librarian to the Bodleian from 1797 to 1800. In the latter year he was made assistant librarian in the British Museum. Six years later became keeper of the printed books, and subsequently head of the manuscript department. In 1827 he was appointed principal librarian, and in 1833 was knighted. Sir Henry Ellis was a voluminous writer and a thorough antiquary; he was also a finished scholar and an accomplished gentleman. If he did little for the library himself, he never thwarted his assistants; and his pension, unusually liberal as it was, was well deserved. He resigned in 1856, but lived till 1862, when he died at the age of 92.

It was during Ellis's administration that the library was reformed altogether. One, Antonio Panizzi, an Italian refugee, was appointed in 1831 to be extra-assistant keeper of printed books by Lord Brougham. Panizzi was born at Brescello in 1797, educated for a lawyer, and while yet a student became a revolutionary. He only saved himself by flying from the country, and being tried in his absence and found guilty, his property was confiscated and himself

sentenced to death. He, however, after seeking rest for a couple of years on the Continent and finding none, came to England in 1823, when he was befriended by Uno Foscolo, himself a patriot and refugee, and settled at Liverpool as a teacher of Italian. On the foundation of the University of London he was appointed Professor of Italian by the influence of Lord Brougham, who, as already mentioned, managed to get him into the British Museum.

A revolutionary should be a reformer, and this Mr. Panizzi was in the fullest sense. In 1837 he procured the appointment of keeper of printed books, and superintended the removal of the library from Montagu House to the new dwelling then prepared for it, and at once set about the stupendous task of re-cataloguing the whole library.

So unsatisfactory was the condition of the British Museum considered, that in 1835-6 Parliament instituted an exhaustive inquiry into the management. That patronage had run riot, and pluralists abounded, the report showed too clearly, and, what was still worse, that while knowledge and culture were required from its employés, their remuneration was scarcely larger than that of a respectable mechanic. Mr. Panizzi was examined several times, and made many useful suggestions founded on the management of foreign libraries, some of which were carried out. The chief result of this commission, however, was the lengthening the hours and increasing the days on which the Museum should be opened, and more liberal grants of public money towards its support.

Great as was the improvement effected, the state of the Museum continued so unsatisfactory that another Commission was appointed in 1847, and no small portion of its time was occupied in hearing charges against Panizzi, a considerable number on investigation being discovered to be caused by jealousy that a foreigner should have been preferred to so high a position. There is no denying that the appointment was a job, only, for a wonder, it was justified by results. The inquiry turned chiefly on the management of the library, and although the report of the Commission was very guarded and not a little vague, it did good work in clearing the air, and awakening a deeper interest in the national library.

Mr. Panizzi's great work in the Museum was procuring the erection of the new reading-room. Originally the centre of the British Museum was a vast courtyard, devoid of either beauty or utility. Mr. Grenville, the bibliophile, was of opinion that this space "would make the finest stonemason's yard in Europe"; and as the Government could not see its way to adopt any of the costly expedients

suggested for enlarging the Museum, Mr. Panizzi hit on the happy idea of utilizing it for a library. The idea, it is only just to say, had been previously (in 1836-7) suggested by Mr. Thomas Watts in *The Mechanics' Magazine*, but there is no reason to suppose that it was knowingly plagiarized. The sketch plan of the present reading-room was made by Panizzi in 1852, and met with the hearty approval of the trustees who set themselves to work to procure from Parliament the necessary grant for its erection. The building, which was commenced in September, 1854, and finished in May, 1857, cost £150,000, is 258 feet long by 184 feet wide, and contains space for about a million and a half of volumes. The circular reading-room, too well known to be described, accommodates 60,000 volumes, and with the exception of the Pantheon at Rome, is the largest domed area in the world. Although the design was made by Mr. Sidney Smirke, Mr. Panizzi superintended every detail, and it is to his forethought that the readers owe most of the numberless conveniences and comforts they enjoy.

On the retirement of Sir Henry Ellis, Mr. Panizzi was made chief librarian, which office he held till 1866. In 1869 he was gazetted K.C.B., and died in 1879, after being paralyzed for several years.

To him succeeded Mr. Winter Jones, son of the late John Jones, once the editor of *The Naval Chronicle*. He entered the Museum in 1837, becoming assistant keeper of printed books in 1850, and keeper in 1856. So much had been done by his predecessor that Mr. Jones's career as principal librarian was very uneventful: many little improvements are traceable to his care, and it is much to be able to say that he left the library on his retirement in 1878 in a greater state of efficiency than he found it.

Mr. Edward Augustus Bond, C.B., LL.D., F.S.A., whose retirement we are all regretting, succeeded him. Mr. Bond was previously keeper of the manuscripts—and an able keeper, too. His librarianship has been signalized by numberless small improvements; two of which alone are sufficient to endear his memory to readers—the introduction of the electric light in 1879, and the commencement of the printing of the catalogue, whereby much manual labour is saved the searcher. Mr. Bond also reduced the closed days at the Museum to less than half. May his rest be glorious: it is well earned.

What Mr. Edward Maunde Thompson, who has just been appointed, will do, remains to be seen; if he is only as successful as he has been while keeper of the manuscripts, the British Museum will be indeed fortunate in its librarian. In any case, there is no reason to doubt that the trustees have chosen wisely and well. A. C. BICKLEY.

First Use of the Word "Hold-forth."

THE Nonconformists took up the word *hold-forth* in the year 1642, which was never known before.—*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ* (Ed. Bliss), i. 94.

The German Printers' Arms.

FREDERICK III., the emperor who governed Germany at the time of the invention of printing, took a great interest in the new art, and granted, in 1470, its votaries a coat of arms. This heraldic device recognized the two divisions into which the primitive printers were divided—the Typothetæ or compositors, and the Typographi or pressmen; the former being signified by a displayed eagle holding in one claw a composing-stick and in the other a visorum (or copy-holder), the latter by the griffin holding in its claws two inking balls which formed the crest. This device is still occasionally used by German printers.

Irving on Westminster Library.

OF the library of Westminster Abbey, no better or truer description could, in the opinion of the late Dean Stanley, be given than Washington Irving gave in his essay on "The Mutability of Literature," written in the early part of the present century, and although it has been quoted time and again, it is so beautiful in itself that it can no more become hackneyed by repetition than can the sunshine.

"I found myself," says Irving, "in a lofty antique hall, the roof supported by massive joists of old English oak. It was soberly lighted by a row of Gothic windows at a considerable height from the floor, and which apparently opened upon the roofs of the cloisters. An ancient picture of some reverend dignity of the church in his robes hung over the fireplace. Around the hall and in a small gallery were the books, arranged in carved oaken cases. They consisted principally of old polemical writers, and were much more worn with time than use. In the centre of the library was a solitary table, with two or three books on it, an inkstand without ink, and a few pens parched by long disuse. The place seemed fitted for quiet study and profound meditation. It was buried deep among the massive walls of the Abbey, and shut up from the tumult of the world."



The First Swedish Book.

HERE is little reason to doubt that block printing was practised in Sweden from the early part of the fifteenth century, but of printing with movable types there is no record until 1483, when John Snell completed the "Dialogus Creaturarum Moralizatus," a curious little 8vo, "full," as the compiler announces



p̄nc̄ipaliter. dialo
 gus creaturarū
 appellatus locū
 impressus per
 dñe im̄p̄torie
 holm̄ inceptus et munere dñi finitus est. Anno dñi
 M.ccc. lxxxij. Mensis decembris in vigilia thome.
 Jōh̄an̄es snell
 magr̄.

on the title-page, "of pleasant stories." Snell, as it will be observed, dubs himself master of the art of printing, and gives the exact date of completion. The type from which the book was printed was coarse and ranged badly, but was quite as clear as that used by Snell's Western contemporaries, and in all probability was brought

to Stockholm from Germany. There is no record of any other books being printed by Snell, nor indeed is anything more known about him. The next Swedish printer seems to have been John Fabri, of Upsal, whose death took place in 1496; and Panzer records that five books were printed in that country before 1500. The illustrations show the title-page, and the woodcut to one of the dialogues

II De reptilibus multis. Dialogus. Cxx.



Repetitur in ista de supradictis animalis solida habent
 Ad soltem & basiliscum. i. serpēs venenosus ut
 supra dictū est in dyak. pl^o in medio exhibuit damās
 Quis i duello meū salire poptat veniat et pugna
 bo cū eo Zeludo aut in medio pectit cū ipsa pug
 natura. Dum autem hanc pugnantem basiliscus cupie
 bat eam mori et tocare. & zeludo trahebat et
 caput et pedes in concha qd nō poterat tā tangere
 postea vero extrahere et basiliscū cū dentibus et
 ungulis aculeabat. Sic enim pictus angust et ubi
 paulū post vno se sollicitavit et dolens se regem

somewhat reduced. That to the dialogue (Number cxx.) is interesting, as showing that rare animal the basilisk and a presumably extinct variety of elephant. The other woodcuts are equally rough, but hardly as curious. The frontispiece is noteworthy, both from bearing the arms of Sweden, and still more from the very remarkable architectural detail which it exhibits: the flattened foiled arch and the bases of the columns would suggest its being the design of an English artist.





Dean Swift's Will.

A FEW years ago Dr. Walshe Davidson, of Shrewsbury, while looking over a partly roofless and dismantled country-house at Cushendall, County Antrim, where Dr. Jonathan Swift usually passed a few weeks in every year of his Irish residence, he discovered, among a heap of rubbish and litter, a piece of parchment thirty-one and a half inches by twenty-one and a half, closely written, but much stained from contact with manure ; which was not to be wondered at, considering that a farmer's cattle and pigs had the run of the premises. He cleaned the skin, and found it to be the original will of Dean Swift. It is now before me. After consulting all the biographies of Swift, of which I am aware, I find that none of them publish this document,¹ and I append an exact copy. A portion of the parchment is torn, and the writing on the torn portion is not decipherable, whence the *hiatus* in the latter part of the transcript :—

In the name of God, Amen. I, Jonathan Swift, Doctor in Divinity and Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin, being at this present of sound mind, although weak in body, do here make my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all my former wills. *Imprimis* : I bequeath my Soul to God (in humble hopes of His Mercy through Jesus Christ) and my body to the Earth, and I desire that my body may be buried in the great Isle [Aisle] of the said Cathedral on the South Side, under the Pillar next to the Monument of Primate Narcissus Marsh, three days after my decease, as privately as possible, and at twelve o'clock at night, and that a black Marble of Feet Square, and Seven Feet from the ground, fixed to the Wall, may be erected, with the following Inscription, in large letters deeply cut and strongly gilded :—"Hic Depositum est Corpus Ionathan Swift, S.T.P., Hujus Ecclesiæ Cathedralis Decani, Ubi Sæva indignatio ulterius Cor lacerare nequit. Abi Viator, et imitare, si poteris, Strenuum pro Virili Libertatis Vindicatorem" ² Obit Anno Mensis Die Etatis Anno." [N.B. The

¹ The will is printed in Scott's "Life of Swift," vol. i. p. 517. The words, &c., which are absent in the present version, are inserted from Scott, and those parts which do not exist in the original are here printed in italic type.—ED.

² Vindicem appears to have been substituted for Vindicatorem, Craik's "Swift," p. 496. See author's note on p. 38.—ED.

inscription is not given in Scott.] Item : I give and bequeath to my Executors all my worldly substance of what nature or kind soever (except[ing] such part thereof as hereinafter is particularly *described* [devised]) for the following uses and purposes, that is to say to the intent that they, or ye survivor or survivors of them, his executors or Administrators, as soon as convenient may be after my death, shall turn it all into ready money, and lay out the same in purchasing Lands of Inheritance in Fee Simple, situate in Any Province of Ireland, except Connaught, but as near [to] the City of Dublin as conveniently can be found, and not incumbered with or subject to any leases for lives[,] renewable[,] on [or] any terms[,] for Years longer than Thirty-one, and [I] desire that a yearly Annuity of Twenty pounds sterling out of the Annual Profits of such Lands when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said Fortune devised to my Executors as aforesaid until[I] such purchase shall be made, shall be paid to Rebecca Dingley, of the City of Dublin, Spinster, during her life, by two equal half yearly payments on the feasts of All Saints and St. Philip and Jacob,¹ the first payment to be made on each [such] of the said Feasts as shall happen next after my death, and that the residue of the yearly profits of the said Lands when purchased, and until such purchase be made, the residue of the yearly income and interest of my said Fortune devised as aforesaid to my executors, shall be laid out in purchasing a piece of Land, situate near Doctor Steevens's Hospital, and [or] if [it] cannot be there had, somewhere in or near the City of Dublin, large enough for purposes hereinafter mentioned, and in building thereon an Hospital large enough for the reception of as many Idiots and Lunatic[k]s as the Annual Income of the said Lands and worldly substance shall be sufficient to maintain, and I desire that the said Hospital may be called St. Patrick's Hospital, and may be built in such a manner that another building may be added unto it in case the endowment thereof should be enlarged, so that the additional building may make the whole design [edifice] regular and complete; and my further will and desire is, that when the said Hospital shall be built the whole yearly income of the said Lands and Estate shall be for ever [shall, for ever after be] after laid out in providing Victuals, Cloathing, Medicines, Attendance, and all other necessities for such Idiots and Lunatic[k]s as shall be received into the same, and in repairing and enlarging the building from time to time as there may be occasion. And if a sufficient number of Idiots and Lunatic[k]s cannot be found readily [readily be found], I desire that Incurables be taken into the said Hospital to supply the [such] deficiency, but that no person [shall] be admitted into it, that labours under any Infectious Disease.[:] And that all such Idiots, Lunatic[k]s, and Incurables as shall be received into the said hospital shall [constantly] live and reside thereon as well in the night as in the day; and that the salaries of agents [receivers], *solicitors*, officers, servants and attendants to be employed in the busi[n]ess of the said hospital shall not in the whole exceed one-fifth part of the clear yearly income or revenue thereof; and I further desire that my executors, the survivor or survivors [survivors or survivor] of them, or the heirs of such, shall not have power to demise any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid, but with consent of the Lord Primate, the Lord [High] Chancellor, the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, the Dean of Christ Church, the Dean of St. Patrick's, the Physician to the State, and the Surgeon-General, all for the time being, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing. [; and] And that no leases of any part of the said Lands shall ever be made other than

¹ Query St. Philip and St. James.—ED.

leases for years not exceeding Thirty-one in possession, and not in reversion or remainder, and not dispunishable of waste, wherof shall be reserved the best and most improved rents that can be reasonably and moderately without racking the Tenants be gotten for the same without Fine. Provided always, and it is my will and earnest desire that no lease of any part of the said lands so to be purchased as aforesaid shall be ever made to, or in trust for, any person anyway concerned in the execution of this trust, or to or in trust for any person any way related or allied [either] by Consanguinity or Affinity, to any of the persons who shall at that time be concerned in the execution of this trust. And that if any leases shall happen to be made contrary to my intention above expressed, the same shall be utterly void and of no effect. And I further desire *that* until the Charter herein-after mentioned be obtained, my Executors, or the Survivors or Survivor of them, his Heirs, Executors and Administrators, shall not act in the execution of this trust, but with the consent and approbation of the said Several [Seven] Additional Trustees, or the greater part of them, under their hands in writing, and shall with such consent and approbation as aforesaid[,] have power from time to time to make rules, orders, and Regulations for ye Government and direction of the said Hospital. And I make a [it my] request to my said Executors that they may in convenient time apply to His Majesty for a Charter to incorporate [them], or such of them as shall be then living and the said Additional Trustees, for the better Management and conduct of this charity, with a power to purchase Lands, and to supply by Election such vacancies happening in the Corporation as shall not be supplied by succession, and such other powers as may be thought Expedient for the [due] execution of this trust according to my intentions hereinafter [hereinbefore] expressed. And where [when] such Charter shall be obtained, I desire that my Executors, &c. [or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor] may convey to the use of such Corporation in fee simple for the purposes aforesaid all such lands and tenements as shall be purchased in manner above mentioned. Provided always, and it is my will and intention that my Executors until the said Charter *be obtained*, and afterwards the Corporation to be *thereby* incorporated, shall out of the yearly profits of the said lands when purchased, and out of the yearly income of my said Fortune devised to my Executors as aforesaid untill such purchase be made, [have power to] reimburse themselves for all such sums of their own money as they shall necessarily expend in the execution of this trust. And that, until the said Charter be obtained, all acts which shall at any time be done in the execution of this trust by the greater part of the [my] executors then living, with the consent of ye greater part of the said Additional Trustees under their hands in writing, shall be as valid and effectual as if all my Executors had concurred in the same. *Then* [Item] whereas I purchased the inheritance of the Tythes of the Parish of Effernock, near Trim, in the County of Meath, for Two hundred and Sixty Pounds sterling, I bequeath the said Tythes to the Vicars of Laracor for the time being, that is to say so long as the present Episcopal Religion shall continue to be the National Established Faith and Profession in this Kingdom, but whenever any other form of Christian Religion shall become the Established Faith in this Kingdom I leave the said Tythes [of Effernock] to be bestowed as the profits come in to the poor of the said parish of Laracor by a weekly proportion, and by such officers as may then have the power of distributing charities to the poor of the said parish while Christianity under any shape shall be tolerated among us, still excepting [professed] Jews, Atheists, and Infidels. *Item* : Whereas I have some leases of certain houses in *St. Kevin's Street*, near the Deanery

House, built upon the Dean's Ground, and one other house now inhabited by Henry Sands [Lands], in Deanery Lane, *alias* Mitre All[e]y, some of which leases are let for forty-one years, or forty at least, and not yet have [half] expired. I bequeath to Mrs. Martha Whiteway my lease or leases of the said houses. I also bequeath to the said Martha my lease of forty years of Goodman's Holding, for which I receive Ten pounds *per annum*, which are two houses or more lately built. I bequeath also to the said Martha the sum of Three hundred pounds sterling, to be paid her by my Executors out of my ready money or Bank Bills immediately after my death, as soon as my [the] Executors meet. I leave moreover to the said Martha my repeating Gold watch, my yellow Tortoise shell snuff-box, and her choice of four gold rings out of seven which I now possess. Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Swift *al* [alias] Harrison, daughter of the said Martha, my plain gold watch made by Quare, to whom also I give my Japan writing-desk, bestowed to me by My Lady Worsley; my square tortoise shell snuff-box, richly lined and inlaid with gold, given to me by the Right Honble. Henrietta, now Countess of Oxford, and the seal with [a] Pegasus, given to me by the Countess of Granville.¹ Item: I bequeath to Mr. Foliot [Ffolliot] Whiteway, eldest son of the [afore] said Martha, who is bred to be an Attorney, the sum of Sixty pounds, and also Five pounds to be laid out in the purchase of such Law Books as the Honble. Mr. Justice Lindsey [Lyndsay], Mr. Stannard or Mr. McAulay shall, *I hope*, prefer [shall judge proper] for him. Item: I bequeath to Mr. John Whiteway, youngest son of the said Martha, who is to be brought up a Surgeon, the sum of One hundred pounds in order to qualify him for a Surgeon; but under the directions of his mother, which said sum of One hundred pounds is to be paid to Mrs. Whiteway on [in] behalf of her said son John out of ye arrears which shall be due to me from my Church Livings (except those of the Deanery Tythes which are now let to the Revd. Doctor Wilson) as soon as the arrears can be paid to my executor[s]. I also leave to the said John Five pounds to be laid out in buying such Physical or Chirurgical books as Doctor Gratten and Mr. Nicholls [Gratten and Mr. Nichols] [shall] think fit for him. Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Anne Ridgeway, now in my family, the profits of the Lease of two houses let to John Cownly for forty years, of which only eight or nine *years* are expired, and for which the said Cownly payeth me nine pounds sterling for rent, yearly. I also bequeath to the said Anne ye sum of One hundred pounds sterling, to be paid to her by my executors in six weeks after my decease, out of whatever money or Bank Bills I may possess when I dye, as also three gold rings, the remainder of seven above mentioned, after Mrs. Whiteway hath made her choice of four, and all my small pieces of plate not exceeding in weight one ounce and one-third part of an ounce. [Item] I bequeath my Dearest Friend, Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, Esquire, my picture in miniature drawn by Zinck of Robert, late Earl of Oxford. Item: I leave to Edward, now Earl of Oxford, my seal of Julius Cæsar, as also another seal supposed to be a young Hercules, both very choice Anticks [antiques], and set in gold, both which I chuse to bestow to the said Earl because they belonged to her late Most Excellent Majesty Queen Anne, of ever glorious immortal and truly pious memory, the real nursing mother of *all* her kingdoms. Item: I leave to the Reverend Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglass, my picture of King Charles the First drawn by Vandike, which was given to me by the said James, as also my large picture of Birds which was given to me by Thomas, Earl of

¹ There is an engraving of his seal in Scott's "Swift," A.D. 1824.—ED.

Pembroke. Item: I bequeath to [the reverend] Mr. *John* [Robert] Grattan, Prebendary of St. Andrews [Audoen's], my gold Bottle Screw which he gave me, and my Strong Box on condition of his giving the sole use of the said Box to his brother, Dr. James Grattan, during the life of the said Doctor, who hath more occasion for it, and the second best Beaver Hat I shall dye possessed of. Item: I bequeath to Mr. John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan, my Silver Box in which the freedom of the City of Cork was presented to me, in which I desire the said John to keep ye Tobacco he usually cheweth called Pig-tail. Item: I bequeath all my horses and mares to the Reverend Mr. John Jackson, Vicar of Santry, together with all my horse furniture, lamenting that I had not credit enough with any chief Governor (since the change of times) to get some additional Church Preferment for so virtuous and worthy a gentleman. I also leave him my third best Beaver Hat. Item: I bequeath to the Reverend Dr. Francis Wilson the works of Plato in Three Folio Volumes, and the Earl of Clarendon's History in Three Folio Volumes, and my best Bible, together with thirteen small Persian Pictures in the Drawing-room, and the small Silver Tankard given to me by the contribution of some friends whose names are engraved at ye bottom of said Tankard. Item: I bequeath to the Earl of Orrery the enamel[ed] Silver Plates to distinguish Bottles of Wine by, given to me by his Excellent Lady, and the half Length picture of the Late Countess of Orkney in the drawing-room. Item: I bequeath to Alexander McAuley [M'Aulay], Esq., the Gold Box in which the Freedom of the City of Dublin was presented to me, as a Testimony of the Esteem and Love I have for him on account of his great Learning, fine Natural Parts, unaffected piety and Benevolence, and his truly honourable zeal in defence of ye legal rights of the clergy in opposition to all their unprovoked oppressors. I bequeath to Deane Swift, Esq., my large Silver Standish, consisting of a large Silver Plate, an Ink-pot, a Sand Box and Bell of the same Mettal. Item: I bequeath to Mrs. Mary Barber the Medal of Queen Anne and Prince George which she formerly gave me. Item: I leave to the Rev. [Mr.] John Worrell my best Beaver Hat. Item: I bequeath to the Revd. D[oc]tor]. Patrick Delany my Medal of Queen Anne in Silver, and on the reverse the Bishops of England kneeling before her most Sacred Majesty. Item: I bequeath to the Revd. [Mr.] James [King, 'Prebendary of Tipper, my large gilded medal of King Charles the First,] . . . and on the reverse a Crown of Martyrdom with other devices. My will, nevertheless, is, that if any of the above named legatees should dye before me, that then, and in that case, the respective legacies to them bequeathed shall revert to myself [and become again subject to my disposal]. . . . Item: Whereas I have the lease of a field in trust for me [commonly] called the Vineyard let to the Revd. Doctor Francis Corbet, and the trust declared of [by] the said Doctor of the said field with some land on the [this] side of the road, making in all about three acres, for which I pay yearly to the Dean [and Chapter of St. Patrick's . . .] and whereas I have built a strong wall round the said piece of ground eight or nine feet high, faced to [on] the south aspect with brick, which cost me above one [six] Hundred Pounds sterling, and likewise another piece of ground [as] aforesaid [, of half an acre, adjoining the burial-place called the Cabbage Garden] . . . *drying place called the Cabbage Garden*, now tenanted by William White, Gardener; my will is that the ground inclosed by the great wall [may] be sold for the remainder of the lease at the highest price my Executors can get for it in belief and hope [s, that the said price will exceed three hundred pounds at] the lowest value: for which my successor in the Deanery shall have

the first Refusal. And it is my earnest *wish and* desire that the succeeding Deans and Chapters may preserve the said Vineyard and piece of land adjoining where the said White now liveth, so as to be [always in the hands of the succeeding Deans] . . . during their office, by each Dean lessening one fourth of the purchase money to each succeeding Dean, and for no more *of* [than] the present rent. And I appoint the Honble. Robert Lindse[aly], one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, Henry [Singleton, Esq., Prime Sergeant to his Majesty] . . . the Revd. Doctor Patrick Delany, Chancellor of St. Patrick's, the Revd. Doctor Francis Wilson, Prebendary of Kilmactolway, Eaton Stannard, Esq., Recorder of the City of Dublin, the Revd. Mr. Robert Grattan, Prebendary of St. Audoen's . . . the Revd. Mr. [John Grattan, Prebendary of Clonmethan] . . . the Rev. Mr. James Stopford, Vicar of Finglass, the Revd. Mr. James K[ing], Prebendary of Tipper, and Alexander M'Aulay [Esq.], my executors. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and published and declared this [as] my last will and testament this [third day of May] . . . 1740.

(Signed) JONATH[AN] SWIFT, L.S.

Signed, sealed, and published by the above named Johathan Swift in presence of us, who have subscribed our names in his presence.

H. ROCHFORD.	[JO. WYNNE.
WILLIAM DUNKIN.	JO. ROCHFORD.
JOHN LYON.	WILLIAM DUNKIN.]

The autographs of the Dean and the witnesses are distinctly genuine signatures, and the general character of the document strongly repels the suggestion that it is a mere copy. That it is the Dean's last will is also evident. The biographies allude to the distribution of his property in the way it indicates, and two years later we know that guardians were appointed of his estate and person. In 1740, moreover, his last letter was written to Mrs. Whiteway, his favourite cousin, and in 1745 he died. The seal to the document remains, a bearded profile of a man, perhaps an impression of the "seal of Julius Cæsar," bequeathed to the Earl of Oxford. It may be noted that in the inscription on the Dean's monument in St. Patrick's Cathedral given in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" (vol. xxii, p. 767), the word "vindicem" is given instead of "vindicatorem" as directed in the will. Another point of interest is the strong testimony born to the Dean's friendship for Pope—"My dearest friend, Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, Esquire"; while the general tenor of the will, though revealing some eccentricities in the way the specific bequests are made, yet points in the disposition of the trust property and the directions for the foundation of the Asylum for Idiots and Lunatics to the exercise of a sound judgment and the possession of an amount of forethought which many "pious founders" have deplorably lacked. Some relics of the Dean are now in the possession of Captain Severne, of Wallop

Hall, Shropshire, and amongst them is, I believe, one of the rings or seals, or a ring and seal, which formed part of the bequests of the will. Let us hope that Irish prebendaries no longer *chew* "the tobacco called pigtail"!

R. ANSLOW.

[It will be observed that this version of the will only contains the date of the year, the rest of the date being, according to Mr. Anslow's note, "not decipherable"; the date of execution must, however, in any case, be prior to that of the proved testament. From the difference in the names of the witnesses, it appears that the will here printed was duly executed; it would therefore seem probable that on subsequent consideration it was deemed so faulty that it was advisable to have a corrected will made, in which many minor alterations were inserted. Swift's powers were rapidly failing in 1740, and such mistakes as "drying place" for "burial place," in the description of the cabbage garden, and "one" for "six" in the cost of the vineyard wall, might cause the Dean to fear his whole will invalid. The variations, it will be noted, are all trifling. In his "Life of Swift," vol. i. p. 526, Scott prints a codicil to the will made on May 5, 1740, which was witnessed by John Lyon, William Dunkin, and Roger Kendrick. It relates that Dr. Swift held an annuity of £20 *per annum* on the life of Anne, relict of Anthony Ridgeway, once a cabinet-maker in Dublin. This annuity, given her by Lord Newtown for faithful service, Swift had bought, and in the codicil he directs that his executors shall exact the money annually, and then repay it to the said poor widow. This is thoroughly in accord with Swift's humour, he exacts his own rights, enforces a duty, and does a kindness at one stroke.—ED.]



Unintellectual Reading.

MOST men have learned to read to serve a paltry convenience, as they have learned to cipher in order to keep accounts and not be cheated in trade; but of reading as a noble intellectual exercise they know little or nothing; yet this only is reading, in a high sense, not that which lulls us as a luxury and suffers the nobler faculties to sleep the while, but what we have to stand on tip-toe to read and devote our most alert and wakeful hours to.—*Thoreau (Walden)*.

Engraver and Bishop.

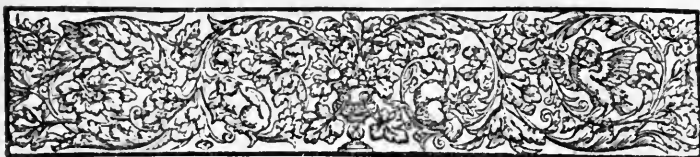
AFTER Gudbrand Thorlakson, Bishop of Holum, had translated the Scriptures into Norse, he caused his translation to be printed at his own expense ; and so desirous was he of excellence, that he is said to have cut the blocks for the capitals and other ornaments himself. This, the first edition of the Bible in Iceland, is a folio of three volumes, and the printing is equal to the contemporaneous productions of the German press. The imprint is—"Prentad a Holum, ap Jone Jons syne, 1584."

Book-hawking in Westminster Hall.

THE newspaper and other stalls which till recently occupied a corner in Westminster Hall, were the descendants of a long line which stretched back to the beginning of the sixteenth century ; and in the earlier part of the reign of George III. it appears that a portion of the Hall was even devoted to shops. It was, in the sixteenth century, one of the duties of the poor scholars of Westminster to hawk books out of their school hours. Machyn, in his "Diary," gives an account of a boy walking as a penance, amidst a procession of "sanctuary men" accompanying the abbot and monks of the Abbey in 1556, for having thrown a stone which, hitting him under the ear, caused the death of one of the poor scholars while he was selling books in Westminster Hall.

Newspapers in Japan.

THE earliest Japanese newspaper was called *Shimbun*, and was a record of crimes and casualties, illustrated with rough drawings ; but in 1833 a political journal was started at Yeddo which contained extracts from English and Dutch newspapers published in the East Indies. After the revolution in 1865, a number of new papers were started, one of which, the *Kampo*, is a Government organ, and answers tolerably closely to the *London Gazette*. To Yokohama belongs the honour of starting the first daily paper, the *Mainichi Shimbun*, which has a circulation of about 15,000. This print, now published at Tokio, was commenced in 1871. There are at least three other daily papers in Japan, of which one, the *Jiji Shimbun*, makes a specialty of its European correspondence. Many of the small towns have papers of their own devoted to local news, and in Tokio there are several illustrated papers and reviews.



Johnson's Tavern Resorts and Conversation.

NO. V.—JOHNSON AS A MAN AND CONVERSATIONALIST.

Books quoted.

23. C. Carlyle's "Miscellany," 5 vols., 1842.
18. C. Croker's "Boswell," 2 vols., 1844.
7. A. Anderson, Robert, "Life of Johnson," 1815.
1. S. Stow, John, "History of London," 1633.
1. C. Cunningham's "London," 1850.
22. B. Browne, Sir Thomas, 3 vols., Bohn, 1852.
3. F. Ferrier, John, "Illustr. Sterne," 2 vols., 1812.
3. C. Croker's "Boswell," 10 vols., 1835.
20. C. Coleridge's "Table Talk," 1836.
3. J. Inigo Jones and Ben Jonson, Shak. Soc., 1842.

THE life of man is to be reckoned by deeds, not days. Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is so full of the small social everyday occurrences of common life, that we scarcely stop to construct any special theory as to the character of the chief actors who figure before us on his canvas. They seem to make themselves known to us from day to day or from hour to hour, as people do in ordinary life, and we come to estimate them morally and intellectually, rather by our sympathies and repulsions, than by any direct theory or summary of character. Still the fact remains that life is to be reckoned by deeds not days; whilst the thoughts of truly great men are themselves deeds, and the seed of deeds in other men. Meals, conversation, prating to assemblies, recitation of commonplaces, or even terrorizing at an Austerlitz, are acts beyond dispute, but, all said and done, they are not the deeds that constitute true greatness. True greatness is far more invisible than we men commonly take it to be; for it is always the unseen things that are immortal, and that dominate. Materiality so overwhelms the spiritual in this life of ours, that we are prone to lose sight of the latter in the midst of its most direct material manifestations.

Keeping this point in full view, let us now try to partly interpret

Johnson by it. Ponderous of build, ponderous of memory, ponderous of speech, he was a man made to at once impress the material world around him. Cobbett and O'Connell are inferior specimens of much the same order as he. What has either of these two told us that rises one hair's-breadth above common sense, or that in any way entitles them to live a life beyond life? The wit they show, when correctly measured, is but common sense again, only now it masquerades before us in the motley of fun. It forms no part of our purpose by all this to lower the value of common sense one jot. Strong common sense is not the mark of everyday people, for common sense is not by any means the gift of common minds. But common sense, put at its highest value, is, after all, not the best gift of the greatest mind.

Johnson had thought heavily, and by hypochondriac starts, through a vast memorial region of books, and had vitalized for himself these brain-abstractions into a species of practical wisdom—a wisdom that rose quite up to the respectable level of the best merchant-trader of his time. This wisdom he could put out in a learned way, and in a diction that was thought to be classical. At last, as in his "Lives of the Poets," and in Boswell, he came to abandon the language of whales and take to plain English. How opposite in this is he to his friend Burke. Burke, with the rot of oratory upon his soul, began in the style of a Blue-book, or, as Macaulay has it, of a police report; whilst afterwards he grew into a repetitive maelstrom of circular verbalities and self-returning periods. At last he sank to sending copy of his own fluent torrent¹ of utterance to the morning papers—that receptacle of stray words that have lost their senses, our journalistic press—there to be impounded for all posterity with other admirable Hansardisms. Shining examples these, that blaze and burn to their own hurt and spending as candles do, or the devils in their black-hole beyond Calcutta. These invaluable specimens of rhetoric teach, if they can be said to teach anything, ambitious fledglings how to talk against time, instead of for all time. This to an onlooker seems to be done purely to spoil good eloquence, the real recipe for which, like that of true prayer, is to "let your words be few," and each go home straight.

¹ The distinction between these two is inherently deep, and set, as it were, in the tap-root of their natures. T. Green, of Ipswich (3. C. x. 139), remarks that "condensation might perhaps be regarded as the distinguishing characteristic" of Johnson, "and expansion of" Burke. The same remark applies to the few inscriptions that remain written by Burke, such as those on William Dowdeswell, on the Marquis of Rockingham, and Sir George Saville. They mostly tire by length and lack of point. (*Vide* Pettigrew's "Epitaphs," p. 58.)

Johnson, again, stands out in contrast to his other friend, David Garrick, whom, with some justice, he thought to be a sort of Shakspeare-monkey, largely overpaid, a witty well-to-do nightly reciter of the wit of other men; but Johnson, all the while, was himself a ponderous reciter in the cabinet of the adversaria of literature at large—a sort of Southey's "Commonplace Book" bound in snuff-coloured coat and "Busby," with his fine vitality serving as an automatic index to it all. He was an astonishment to his hearers, who found that you might turn the tap on anywhere between Amwell and Islington and always get New River water from it—not indeed ether of the firmament, nor perfect hydrogen, but what would fill your own mug in a trice for you. He had a courageous honesty, a devoutly gallant fear of the unseen, and his repartees are, many of them, of the highest anecdotal felicity, yet he has not reached anything much beyond a trade-level of thought. Beautiful to contemplate as an intelligent and honest man he is, and an honour in that sense to the English nation, but to the stock of its thought he has added little, perhaps nothing. He has touched many things, but adorned none, or few. His talk is that of a Socrates who has been to college, and yet somehow addresses us as from behind a shop-counter in Fleet Street. Goldsmith, his other friend, talked, they said, like poor Poll; but Poll or no Poll, he is probably in his writings far less a parrot of the two. Johnson seemed to men in that day—to Boswell and the then London world—to be the Paladin of our literature; but the thoughts of the truly great are deeds, and Johnson can hardly claim to have uttered a sentence that you cannot find elsewhere said, or written, or even set out at full in printer's ink, before that. With some reluctance we say of Johnson as Walsingham said of King James I., *Hic nunquam regnabit supernos* (3 J., p. 35, *Ben Jonson*).

So strange a thing is fame; and the lip-bruit of contemporaries, how apt is it to err! Men are struck by the material aspects of a man and his big solidities, which death sweeps clean away. Person, voice, and build, impress us; memory and book-learning, burgeoning into rich knowledges at need, or burnished with the tooth of wit to brilliancy, pass easily for wealth untold, and seem to carry us freshly into the land of new truths, whilst in fact we do but revisit on horseback a road we have familiarly traversed a thousand times before on foot. We have the same locomotion under a new agency, and without any exertion of our own. To gossip with a Johnson is to examine libraries from the table-land of table-talk. Boswell, if he has done nothing else, has furnished forth the most copious book of table-talk extant, and perhaps the wittiest book in the world also, if

we take wit in its best and broadest sense. Voltaire, who was no mean judge on such a point as this, said that Butler's "*Hudibras*" was this. Compare the two, and the poem may certainly stand as a superlative specimen of the wit of composition; but in Boswell's miraculous memoir the wit seems to journalize itself, and to present to us not a life of Johnson alone, but a rescript rather of all the life of all the century, so far as that could in any way attain to contact with Johnson, or pivot upon him as the great central figure. It furnishes such a picture of English middle-class life in its best aspects during the eighteenth century, and of the moral energy then incubating, which placed this country, thirty years later on, proudly at the head of Europe; that, Plutarch's great biographies, which adhere to the historical form so much more closely, actually pale before this book. No history of the period, that should stand in antagonistic contrast to this *Life*, could ever be entitled to rank as a true history of the time—an epoch at which aggregate British manhood rose as one man in protest against the rotten theories of the French and other economists, the criminal sentimentalities of Rousseau and the vicious virtuosities of Payne, all culminating in an infidel democracy, just five years after Johnson was lain in the Abbey. Democracy has heretofore always set up bad men. It cannot become practicable till it learns how to set up good ones. Then it will become an agathocracy: but it will not be strong till it grows into an aristocracy, and sets up the best. Where the best rule, the government is the best that can be. Those who poll majorities commission Folly to look up wisdom for them. That is democracy as now constituted, where the worst is the rule, and rules; for like finds like, the world through, and nothing can be worse in a State than this.

In this book Johnson, the hero of it, is set before us as the first of table-talkers in the universe. Boswell's process was sure beforehand, if successfully carried out, to act as a lens, and powerfully to magnify its object. The refuse talk was omitted, the happy passages were recorded, and the best things, by a method so illusive, seemed to mount to a higher register than was actually reached. The fact is that Johnson had developed into one of the readiest men alive, and for a pat simile or an analogy that would drive an argument home, like a nail to the head, was without a rival. These pithy rejoinders anybody could carry away with him, they were so sententious and compact. Boswell had wit himself, and made it the affair of his life to chronicle the mirth, wisdom, wilfulness, and wit of this prince of companionable men—this most "clubable" of human beings. The company at Sir Joshua Reynolds's in Leicester Fields were conscious,

or partly conscious, that the case stood thus. Coleridge once told Sir James Mackintosh that Burke would often say (though I do not think he did) that Johnson was greater in talk than in writing, and in Boswell than in either (20. C. 250). Be it so! The fact in no way diminishes the worth of Johnson. A man is never greater nor less than himself, let the world talk, as it always does on every subject, what nonsense it will about him. It may deify or damnify at pleasure. The man remains what he is. All that concerns a wise critic is to find out what that consists in. If the above be true, and I take it to be indisputably so, it does but establish what Johnson in sport had already appraised himself at, when he declared, that "a tavern-chair is the throne of human felicity."¹ Judge a man out of the moment of his highest pleasure. It is no small matter if with joint acclaim mankind agree to call you "king of the table." That is what Johnson was, that is still his fame; and a right jovial and robust Bacchanalian immortality it is.

There is another aspect in which Johnson can be regarded that sets him above all the men of his own day, and above the men of almost every other day also; namely, his complete, manful, uncompromising honesty of purpose. Great was his physical courage and unshrinking his social courage; whilst, at St. Clement Danes, he could at the same time prostrate himself body and soul to the dust with a humility such as St. Jerome in the desert scarcely reached. This man of Fleet Street is surely *ultimus sanctorum*, and in this, with honour be it said, Carlyle has canonized him, and, in so doing, has left Macaulay and every other biographer far to the rearward.

¹ Still, he knew that a tavern was not a fit place for everybody. "A bishop," said he, "has nothing to do at a tippling-house. It is not indeed immoral in him to go to a tavern, neither would it be immoral in him to whip a top in Grosvenor Square: but if he did, I hope the boys would fall upon him and apply the whip to *him*" (18. C. ii. 284).

C. A. WARD.





The Old Minerva Press.

THE following introduction to the reprint of "Dame Wiggins of Lee" is here reproduced by permission of the author, Mr. Andrew W. Tuer:—

"The Minerva Printing Press was first set up about 1700, by Mr. Lane, in Cree Church Lane, Leadenhall Street. A year or two later—unfortunately I cannot be more precise—Mr. Lane took himself and his press to 31, Leadenhall Street, where he started a circulating library, and printed 'Lane's Annual Novelist,' mentioned in terms of dubious praise by Charles Lamb in his 'Elia.' Newman, the publisher who joined Lane, occasionally re-published an American book, Carey and Lee, of Philadelphia, usually acting as his agents. On the title-page of 'The Refugee,' a three-volume romance, by Captain Murgatroyd (1825), the wording of the imprint is 'New York, printed for Wilder and Campbell: London, re-printed for A. K. Newman,' which is certainly an honest way of putting it. The Minerva Press Novels were in three, four, or five highly-spiced volumes, and up to about 1828 were generally printed on a harsh textured paper of a dirty straw colour. Amongst the more prolific, and we may take it popular, writers of fiction, of whose works a long list could be compiled, were Mrs. Meeke, Henrietta Rouviere Mosse, Rosalia St. Clair, Selina Davenport, Mr. Cooper, Miss McLeod, 'Ann of Swansea,' Regina Maria Roche, Zara Wentworth, and Elizabeth Helme, whose 'Farmer of Inglewood Forest' still lingers in the memory. Mrs. Hofland's books for children, and others of a similar stamp, were 'embellished' with a copper-plate frontispiece, and in this series the text is the principal attraction, whereas in the series represented by 'Dame Wiggins of Lee,' the strength is in the illustrations.

"I have seen it somewhere stated that Samuel William Henry

Ireland employed Newman in 1805 to publish the 'Confessions' of his Shakesperian forgeries, but neither the 'Confessions,' nor the 'Authentic Account' that preceded it by some nine years, bears the Minerva Press imprint, which is also entirely absent in the large collection of his works in the British Museum. In a contemporary advertisement of a list of the Minerva Press Juvenile Prize Books and Presents appears 'Shipwrecked Orphans, a True Narrative, by John Ireland,' but the publication of this little book was also due to others.

"It was towards the end of the last century that Lane took A. K. Newman and John Darling, a clever young Edinburgh printer, into partnership, the firm trading for a short time as Lane, Darling, Newman, and Co. Then came a separation, Darling continuing to print



for Lane, Newman and Co. in premises immediately behind No. 31. Soon afterwards Lane retired from business, and Newman, over whose central door was a bust of Minerva, and whose book imprint was 'A. K. Newman and Co., at the Minerva Press, Leadenhall Street,' devoted himself exclusively to publishing. Newman finally retired about 1849 or 1850, and was succeeded by Robert S. Parry, who purchased his stock, but when in 1859 the premises were pulled down to make way for modern improvements, all traces of the Minerva Press publishing business seem to have disappeared. Mr. Darling's son, who is assisted by *his* sons, is a successful London printer, and continues to use the sign of the 'Minerva Press.' Over the door of his Eastcheap premises the old bust depicted in the cut may still be seen.

"A. K. Newman and Co. had in their employment several country travellers, and this led to an arrangement with another equally well-

known publishing house, Dean and Munday, of Threadneedle-street, whose business operations were confined exclusively to London, and who issued a great number of entertaining and cleverly illustrated books for children. Of those that pleased him Newman was in the habit of ordering, at half the published price, special editions of one thousand copies, wherein the imprint of Dean and Munday, Threadneedle Street, was dropped and his own substituted. When copies were ordered in small quantities only, as required, this arrangement was departed from, and the joint imprint used of Dean and Munday, Threadneedle Street, and A. K. Newman and Co., Leadenhall Street. 'Dame Wiggins of Lee' was published by Dean and Munday, Newman buying under the arrangement mentioned one thousand copies on which his imprint alone appeared. Mr. Ruskin's copy was one of these, and hence his misconception as to the name of the real publisher.¹ Reprints of the same edition bear the joint imprint of Dean and Munday, and A. K. Newman and Co.

"I was lately fortunate enough to sweep into what Mr. Sala is pleased to term my 'omnivorous drag-net,' the almost forgotten, and for a generation or two unused, wood blocks used in the old days by Dean and Munday for their children's books, and, on examination, I found to my delight that amongst them were not only the original cuts to 'Dame Wiggins of Lee,' but those to 'Deborah Dent and her Donkey,' and 'Madam Fig's Gala,' besides many others of equal interest. Through the kindness of Mr. Dean, largely supplemented by drafts made upon my own collection, I have gathered together copies of nearly all the little books which these blocks illustrate. Their interest is various. Sometimes it is the simple attraction of frolic rhymes illustrated with vigour; sometimes it is the subject rather than the manner of the designs that delights us—a record of costume, for instance, quite unintentionally but not the less keenly grotesque; sometimes again we are beguiled of our laughter by the solemnity of these minor writers for little readers—their use of words that seem much longer than the babies who are supposed to speak them, the disproportionate morals of the stories, and truly terrific retributions cheerfully inflicted in the most polite phrases. For such things belong to a state of the world passed away and forgotten.

"In letting him know of the 'find' I asked Mr. Ruskin whether he would object to my issuing in a cheap form, 'Dame Wiggins of Lee' with the original blocks, and he characteristically replies, 'I

¹ Mr. Ruskin had previously published an edition of this charmingly humorous little book with the cuts re-engraved in facsimile.

shall be entirely glad that the public should be further interested in or more generally possessed of the old designs.'

"Of Dean and Munday, whose fortunes were so closely interwoven with those of A. K. Newman and Co., Mr. G. A. H. Dean, head of the well-known publishing house of Dean and Sons, Fleet Street, is the direct descendant. Dean and Munday published for the two Miss Stricklands and for Miss Corner, of whose 'History of England,' still popular in a revised form, over 100,000 copies have been sold. Mr. Dean of the old firm married the daughter of a well-known printer named Bailey, of Bishopsgate Street, whose sign for many years **A** a **B** displayed above the entrance to his premises, was **A** a **B** always interpreted to the curious as

Great **A**, little **a**, and a big bouncing **B**¹

Bailey is said to have been the originator of a cheap method of printing, by which he at first hopelessly cut out rivals. He made up a large forme of type containing a number of small advertising bills for different clients, and printed them all off at one time. Before this each job had been separately printed.

"In the early days of Dean and Munday's firm the partners lived for terms of three months in Threadneedle Street. A partnership on too close a basis has, however, its awkwardnesses, and after marriage, when children began to appear, things somehow began to get a little mixed. It is on record that when the nurse kept permanently on the staff was one day walking in Threadneedle Street with her little charges, a stranger asked her whose they were. 'Oh,' said she, 'them's Dean and Munday's children!'

"Another little story of the period has been handed down. A complaint made by one of Dean and Munday's apprentices concerning the quality of the food supplied was investigated, as usual in those days, at the Guildhall. Mr. Dean, who appeared with the apprentice before the Chamberlain, explained that the lad was fed at his own table, and that the joints were had from Crowe, of Throgmorton Street, the best City butcher of the time. 'The meat's bad,' muttered the boy, sulkily. 'What's the matter with it?' said the Chamberlain. 'Why, it's always the same—you give it one turn, and then down it goes: there's no chew in it.'"

¹ A variant of the first two lines of an old nursery rhyme:

Great **A**, little **a**, bouncing **B**;
The cat's in the cupboard and she can't see.

A Philistine's Blunder.

A MAN who inherited from his father no contemptible library, observed that "tomus" must certainly have been a man of exquisite and profound erudition, and deserving of a place among the most celebrated authors, as he had written so great a number of books.—*Beloe*.

A Bookish Simile.

AS those precious stones are more to be esteemed, which not onely doe delight the eyes with a variety of colours, and the more with a sweet scent, but are also effectuell for medicine; so those bookes are most to be regarded, which have not only the exornations of speech, but alsoe doe free the minde from vices by wholesome precepts.—*Wit's Academy*.

St. Amand's MS. Collections.

IN 1710, Mr. James St. Amand was travelling through Italy, with an amanuensis, in order to consult the most celebrated libraries for MSS. of ancient classical authors, more particularly with a view to publish a new improved edition of Theocritus from a collation of the best copies. St. Amand's collection came afterwards to the Bodleian Library, and were of great use to Thomas Warton.—*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ* (Ed. Bliss), i. 96.

Noah Webster's Dictionary.

IN a letter written from London in 1825, Webster says that he had tried for several weeks unsuccessfully to find a purchaser for his dictionary. The booksellers gave him various reasons for declining to produce his work, except one gentleman who refused to assign any reason at all. "I know not what I shall ultimately do," says the unfortunate author. "The gentlemen who have examined a portion of the manuscript think well of it, and one bookseller says explicitly the work will maintain its ground, but how to get it published I do not know."



Prefaces, Dedications, Et cetera.

NO one who has made books in any way his study can fail to remark the difference between prefaces of the present time and those of an earlier date. Some years ago a preface was a work of art, written in rounded periods and a flowing style, that often shamed the later contents of the book it was intended to introduce. Now, except in the case of older books re-edited, it is generally a mere note explaining the purport of the work it precedes. The writer often cons with pleasure and amusement the prefaces of such antique volumes as grace his modest bookshelves. Extracts from some of these he purposes to give.

From an old copy of "*Coke on Littleton*," the date and title-page of which are unfortunately missing, the following curious prelude to the index or table is taken. (The work is partly in black letter and partly in Roman type, the prelude only being in italics.)

"To the Reader.

"Courteous Reader, although I haue euer obserued true, what our Honourable and Graue Author intimates in the conclusion of this Worke, that Tables and Abridgements are most profitable to the makers, which indeed first gaue life to my endeouours in this taske, yet the confidence that they are not altogether vserviceable to others, together with the vndeniable importunitie of some espiciale friends, hath now wrested that to the publicke view, which only was intended for priuate vse. I hope the largenesse of the Volume will apologize for the length of the Table, and its language speake somewhat in excuse of its prolixitie. And because of the smallnesse of the print, together with the much matter couched in euery line, I haue obserued some notes or figures for your more speedie direction, to what you are inquisitive. Diuide each page with your eye into three parts, and where you meet with this note (†) it directeth to the vpper part, this note (*) to the middle part, and this (!) inuiteth you to the lower part of the page, so that you may easily at the first view finde what you desire, without the tedious reading ouer the whole page: And if you chance to misse what you seeke for in the Comment, the Text will supply it vnto you, or else the Printer shall be much to blame. Thus requesting you to weigh these my labours in the euen balance of your indifferent iudgement, I submit them to your censure, and take my leaue. From the In. Temp."

To a miniature edition of Horace, dated 1805, is this preface :—

“Lectori.

“Ecce Libellum luculentum et nitidum, ex optimis Editionibus inter se collatis diligenter emendatum : quem Horatius ipse lætis oculis animoque grato contempleretur, et Augustus, suumque præsidium Mæcenas in sinu gestarent.

“EDVARDUS HARWOOD, S.T.P.

“Londini,

“Pridie Calend. Decemb., 1790.”

The title-page, preface, and dedication of a book bearing the date of 1676 affords still greater interest. The first page is as follows :—

“15 Nov., 1675.

“Imprimatur Liber, cui Titulus : Isocratis Orationes duæ, &c.

“GEO. HOOPER,

“Rmo Dno Arch po.

“Cant. à sacris dom.”

Next comes the title-page proper :—

“Isocratis

“Orationes Duæ :

“1. Ad Demonicum

“2. Ad Nicoclem.

“Novâ methodo & apprimè utili, quoad verbum & sensum Latinè redditæ :

“Phrasibus & Sententiis, in quibus maxima vis rei consistit, Completatæ :

“Notis & regulis, quoad loca difficiliora & obscuriora ita illustratæ, ut

“facillimè à quovis Græcarum Literarum studioso intelligi possint.”

“Studio & operâ

“Georgii Sylvani Paunonii

“S T. & M. S.

“Londini.

“Sumptibus Authoris. Prostant venales apud Johannem Baker in Coemeterio Pauli, ad insigne trium columbarum. Et apud Richardum Jones, in Parva Britannia ad insigne aurei Leonis. 1676.”

Still quainter is the preface to the work :—

“Anno 1676. die 5^o Februarii Cantabrigiæ.

“Nos infra Subscripti Libellum Georgii Sylvani Paunonii, duas Isocratis Orationes, ad Demonicum & Nicoclem, variâ interpretatione Latinâ donatas, Phrasibus & Sententiis locupletatas, notisque illustratas continentem legimus, utilemque ; ac proficuum Reipublicæ Literariæ existimamus ac judicamus. Proinde eum grato ac libenti animo, testimoniis nostris ornamus, omnibusque Ludorum Literariorum Magistris, ac quibusvis aliis Linguam Græcam addiscere cupientibus commendatum habemus.”

“R. Cudworth, Coll. Christi Mag.

“Thos. Watson, S. Th. D. Collegii S. Joh. Socino.

“Henricus Jenkes, Socius Collegii Gonvilli & Caji, & Professor Eloquentiæ in Collegio Greshamiensi, Londoni.

“Thomas Fowler, Collegii Sid. Suss. Cantabrigiæ Socius. A.M.”

The dedication, equally interesting, is too long to insert here ; the opening paragraph therefore alone is given :—

“ Nobilissimo Amplissimoque Viro, D.D. Jacobo Langhamo,
 “ Equiti Aurato & Baronetto, Maximò Literarum Literatorumque
 “ Patrono, Mecænenati suo in perpetuum colendo Author S.D.”

The volume in question seems to have belonged to a certain John Jon, for on the fly-leaf is inscribed in a round boyish hand :—

“ E. Libris,
 “ Johannis Jon,
 “ ℥ s. d.
 “ Pretium o i 6

“ Hic nomen pono Librũ quia perdere nolo.”

Master John Jon’s classical lore appears to have improved with his years, for on another page, in a more finished hand, is written—

“ Quisquis errantem videt hunc Libellum
 “ Reddat ; aut Collo dabitur Capistrum ;
 “ Carnifex ejus Tunicas habebit ;
 “ Terra Cadaver.
 “ Johannes Jon.”

An edition of Catullus, Tibullus, &c., dated 1776, contains a royal patent, granting the editor, “ Our Trusty and Well-beloved Michael Maittaire, Gent.,” the sole right of printing and publishing a “ compleat Collection of all the Greek and Latin Authors in Twelves,” for the space of fourteen years, “ strictly forbidding all our Subjects to Import, Buy, Vend, Utter, or Distribute any Copies thereof Reprinted beyond the Seas, without the Consent or Approbation of the said Michael Maittaire, his Heirs, Executors, and Assigns, under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained ; as they will Answer the Contrary at their Peril.”

The extract below is taken from the dedication of a book entitled “ The Art of Angling,” by R. Brookes, M.D.—date, 1766—and is addressed to “ Richard Heath, of Hatchlands, in the County of Surry, Esq.”—

“ It is not my Purpose to Offend your Modesty by going into the usual Style of Dedications ; however, I may just mention what will not lay me under the least Imputation of Flattery, That You are the Delight of all Companies where you happen to be, and are possessed of every Quality that constitutes a Compleat Gentleman.”

At the end of this work is a list of books printed for T. Lowndes (the publisher) ; from this list a few are selected as illustrations :—

“ 12. Dr. Burnet’s State of the Dead, and of those that are to Rise. Translated

rom the Latin Original, by the Rev. Mr. Earbery. The usual Price was 13s., but now the few remaining Copies are sold for 6s. only."

"50. Genuine Memoirs of Maria, a young Lady of Rank and Fortune, neatly printed on fine Writing Paper, in 2 Pocket Vols. 4s. sewed.

"Extract from the Preface.

"The Adventures of our Heroine are sufficiently interesting to engage the Attention of the Judicious, and the Manner of Thinking, and Conduct of her and her Friends, cannot fail of conveying proper Lessons of Virtue and Humanity, whilst the Behaviour and Fate of her Enemies will promote a Detestation and Horror of Vice, and may tend to reform those who are embarked in the Pursuit of false Pleasures, and the Gratification of their inordinate Passions."

"70. The Young Lady's Geography; containing an accurate Description of the several Parts of the known World; their Situation, Boundaries, chief Towns, Air, Soil, Manners, Customs, and Curiosities. Compiled from the Writings of the most eminent Authors, with particular Attention to the modern State of every Nation. To which is prefixed, An Introduction to Geography; wherein the Terms made Use of in that Science, and the Method of speedily acquiring a thorough Knowledge of Maps, are explained in so concise a Method, as to render the Whole perfectly easy to be attained, without the Assistance of a Teacher. Also, an Astronomical Account of the Motion and Figure of the Earth, the Vicissitudes of Night and Day, and the Four Seasons of the Year. Dedicated to the QUEEN; neatly printed in One large Volume, Twelves, illustrated with eight Maps, &c., curiously engraved, and neatly bound in Red, 3s.

"~~63~~ To rescue the Fair Sex in general from the Odium which is frequently cast on them, of being wholly unacquainted with that necessary, easy, and amusing Science, Geography; to entice them to the Study of useful Knowledge, and to furnish them, in some Degree, with Means of acquiring it, are the principal Intentions of this Work. Hence the Editor presumes he may venture to recommend it as a suitable Present, not only to such young Ladies as still remain at their Boarding-School, but even to those who have left it."

What would a young lady of the present time say to such a gift!

These few notes shall end with an extract from the Advertisement to the fourth edition of Johnson's Dictionary, written in a style worthy of its Author.

"Perfection is unattainable, but nearer and nearer approaches may be made; and finding my Dictionary about to be reprinted, I have endeavoured, by a revision, to make it less reprehensible. I will not deny that I have found many parts requiring emendation, and many more capable of improvement. Many faults I have corrected, some superfluities I have taken away, and some deficiencies I have supplied. I have methodised some parts that were disordered, and illuminated some that were obscure. Yet the changes or additions bear a very small proportion to the whole. The critick will now have less to object, but the student who has bought any of the former copies needs not repent; he will not, without nice collation, perceive how they differ; and usefulness seldom depends upon little things."

T. N. POSTLETHWAITE.



The Will of George Fox.

IN view of the reference to George Fox's will in the notice of the Quaker Library [Ante, p. 325], a copy of this curious document will, no doubt, be of interest.

Although this will was copied by Francis Bugg with the sole object of bringing Fox into contempt, there is no doubt as to its authenticity. Fox was an uneducated man, and the spelling and construction of the sentences is in exact accord with an original letter possessed by Mr. Richard Littleboy of Newport Pagnell, and the scrap of his writing among the Ashburnham MSS. in the British Museum; a fac-simile of the first-mentioned and a copy of the other document are given in Bickley's "George Fox and the Early Quakers," 1884. It is well authenticated that Fox used to employ an amanuensis, whose duty was not only to correct the orthography, but also to put the matter into shape; there seems, however, no doubt that for the ideas in his numerous published works Fox alone is responsible. This will was written by the testator himself on three sheets of paper, and was copied by Bugg from the original in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons. Additional proofs of its genuineness are the frequent occurrence of Fox's initials, it being a usual habit with him to sign these initials at the end of every paragraph, and often at the end of a sentence, and in the names of the testators, for, had the copy been fictitious, George Whitehead, one of the declarants, whose life was chiefly devoted to quarrelling with Bugg, would as a matter of course, have issued a protest against this as he did against most of Bugg's other publications, whereas not one of the eight editions appears to have been challenged. The will was published as a broadside in 1703.

E. Registro Curie Prærogativa Cant. Extract.

i. I Doe give to Thomas Lover (Lower) my sadell, the (they) ar at Jhon Nelsons (Elson's), and sporg (spurs) and bootes, inward letherethd (leathers), and the Newingland Indan Bible, and my great book signising (signifying) of names, and my book of the New Testement of eight langves; and all my fisekall (physical) things, that come from beyand the seay, with the oot (out) andesh cop (cup) and that thing that people doe give glisters (clysters) with, and my too diales, the one is an ekmocksa (equinoctial) diall (dial), and all my over pvesh bookes to be devided amovng my 4 sones in law, and also all my other bookes and my hamack, I do give to Thomas Lover (Lower) that is at Benjamin Antrobvs (Antrobus's) his closet; and Rachall may take that which is at Swarthmor; and Thomas Lover may have my walnvt eqvnockshall diall, and (if he can) he may geet one cut by it, which will be hard to doe, and hee shall have one of my prosspect glaseses in my trovnk at London, and a pare of my gloveses, and my seale. *G. F.* And the flaming sward to Nat Mead (Nath. Mead) and my other 2 scales J. Rose, the other Dan Abraham: and Thomas Lover shall have my Spanish lether hod (hood). *G. F.* And S. Mead shall have my magnifying-glas, and the toikellshell com and cace.

ii. And all that I have written consaring what I doe give to my relashions, ether mony, or other waes, Jhon Loft may put it up in my trouke at Jhon Elsones, and wright all things downe in a paper, and make a paper out of all my papers, how I have orderd things for them; and Jhon Loft may send all things down by Povelesworth carrer (Polesworth carrier) in the trovnke (trunk), to Jhon Fox at Povelesworth in Waricksher (Warwickshire), and let Jhon Fox send Jhon Loft a full recat (receipt) and a discharge, and in this matter, and non of you may be conserved, but John Loft only. And my other lettell (little) trouke, that standeth in Bengmin Antrubes is cloeset (Antrobus's closet) with the ovtladesh things, Thomas Lover shall have; and if it be ordered in any other papers to any other, that must not stand soe (so) but as now orderd. *G. F.* And Sary (Sarah), thou may give Sary Frickenseld (Freckleton) half a gine (guinea); for shee hath bene sarves-able to mee, a honest carfvll (careful) yovng woman, *G. F.* Make noe noves (noise) of thes thngs (things) but doe them in the life, as I have orderd them: and when all is done and cleared, what remenes to the printing of my bookes, Bengmin Antrvbves (Antrobus) chamber, ther is a letell gilt box, with som gould in it; Sary Mead to take it, and let it doe sarveses (service) amoung the rest, soe far as it will goe: the box is sealed up, *G. F.* And let Thomas Docker (Dockra), that knoeth many of my epeseles and wrten books (which hee did wright) com vp to London, to assist frends in sorting of my epeseles, and other writings; and give him a gine (guinea), *G. F.*

iii. I doe orde Wm. and Sa. Mead, and T. Lover (Lower), to take care of all my Lookes and epeseles, and papers, that be at Benjmin Antrvbves, and at R. R. Chamber, and thoes that com from Swarthmor, and my jornall of my life, and the paseges and travells of frends, and to take them all into ther hands; and all the over pluck of them the (they) may have, and keep together as a library, when the have gathered them together, which ar to be printd: and for them to take charge of all my mony, and defray all, as I have ordered in my other papers: and any thing of mine the may take and God will and shall be ther reward.

The 8 mo. 1688.

Thomas Lover, and John Rous (Rouse), may assist yov. *G. F.* And all the pasiges and traveles and svferings of frinds, in the beging of the spreading of the-

trouth, which I have kept together, will make a fine history, and the may be had at Swarthmoor, with my other bookes, and if the com to London with my papers, then the may be had, ether at Wm. or Ben Antrubs closet ; for it is a fine thing to know the beging (beginning) of the spreading of the Gospell, after soc long night of apostace, since the Aposeles dayes, that now Christ raines (reigns) as he did in the harts of his people. Glory to the Lord, for ever. Amen. *G. F.*

The 8 mon. 1688.

The will was administered on Dec. 30, 1697, after the following had made a solemn declaration that the foregoing was in the handwriting of George Fox, with which they were well acquainted :—

Sarah Mead, wife of Wm. Mead, citizen and merchant tailor, of London.

William Ingram, Fenchurch Street, London, tallow chandler.

George Whitehead, of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, gentleman.



A Bookseller's Reminiscence.

MR. ROBERT ROBINSON (who has recently given up his well-known bookshop, the "Bewick's Head," in Newcastle-on-Tyne) tells the following story :—"There was an old gentleman of the name of John Rawling Wilson, belonging to the Custom House, and a great collector of books. His library was sold in the Arcade by Mr. Thomas Smaill at the time I was an apprentice, and for the sake of one curious volume I regretted not being in business. It happened one day a few years after, that I had turned the corner of Grey Street, where Anderson, the auctioneer, was, and saw there was going to be a book sale. I went upstairs and looked through them. One book attracted my attention by the binding. It was an octavo volume bound in old ruddy velvet, and I discovered it to be the identical book I had coveted as an apprentice. It was a manuscript volume written on vellum, and it had curious memoranda of the Pudsey family—Bishop Hugh Pudsey, an ecclesiastic of note in the middle ages. There were remarks by members of the Pudsey family confined in York Castle for recusancy, and a prayer to Henry VI. I determined to have it, and secured it at the sale for 16s. or 18s. I collated the book and sent an exact description of it to Dr. Waddington, Dean of Durham, and offered it to the Chapter for £5. He wrote thanking me for the report, and said the Dean and Chapter had no funds to purchase a book of that kind, but he would be obliged for a look at it. I was so disgusted that I troubled no more with them."

A Nice Point.

ANTONIUS BORONIA, in a letter to Alphonsus, King of Naples and Sicily, wrote—"You lately wrote to me from Florence, that the works of Titus Livius are there to be sold, that the price of each book is one hundred and twenty crowns of gold: therefore I entreat your Majesty that you purchase it and cause it to be sent to me. One thing I want to know of your prudence, whether I or Poggio, have done best; he that he might buy a country house near Florence sold Livy, which he had writ in a very fair hand; and I, to purchase Livy, have exposed a piece of land to sale."

Dr. John Campbell.

DR. CAMPBELL published in 1746 "The Sentiments of a Dutch Patriot;" being the speech of Mr. V. H * * * n in an august assembly, on the present state of affairs, and the resolution necessary at this juncture to be taken for the safety of the Republic." The history of this little tract, the design of which was to expose the temporizing policy of the States of Holland, is somewhat amusing. His amanuensis, when he was going to write the pamphlet, having disappointed him, he requested, after tea in the afternoon, that Mrs. Campbell, when she had ordered a good fire to be made, would retire to bed, as soon as possible, with the servants, and at the same time leave him four ounces of coffee. This was done, and he wrote till twelve o'clock at night; when finding his spirits flag, he took two ounces of coffee. With this assistance he went on till six in the morning; when again beginning to grow weary, he drank the remainder of his coffee. Hence he was enabled to proceed with fresh vigour till nine or ten o'clock in the morning, when he finished the pamphlet, which had a great run, and was productive of considerable profit. Mr. Campbell having succeeded so well in a performance hastily written, expected much greater success from another work, about which he had taken extraordinary pains, and which had taken him a long time in composing. But when it came to be published it scarcely paid the expenses of advertising. Some years after a book in French was brought to him that had been translated from the German, and he was asked whether a translation of it into English would not be likely to be acceptable. Upon examining it he found that it was his own neglected work, which had made its way into Germany, and had there been translated and published without any acknowledgment of the obligation due to the original writer. It is rather singular, however, that his biographers have not told us what work this was.—*Percy Anecdotes.*



Famous Libraries.

NO. 6.—THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PART III.—*Conclusion.*

NO one who is not intimately acquainted with the working of a large library can form any idea of the amount of work and thought its management requires. The truth of this statement is often comically proved by the answers which are received to advertisements for a librarian. Among the candidates frequently will be found clerks out of place, unsuccessful tradesmen, returned missionaries, maimed pensioners, and artizans, most of whom disclaim any practical acquaintance with the work, and sum up their qualifications by saying they are fond of books, and have long wished to be employed amongst them. Not a few, too, make no profession of any knowledge of bibliography or of having received such an education as would enable them to readily acquire such knowledge ; but all are perfectly certain that to be a librarian is the one position in life for which Providence has specially designed them.

To be a good librarian a man requires other qualifications than those with which nature has endowed him. He requires not only to be a man of good education, of wide reading, of excellent memory, and of methodical habits, but he must be able to catalogue books, and this is not a common accomplishment. Every one who has attempted to catalogue even a small library knows that the task has called into play every faculty and every scrap of information he possesses, and, however good the catalogue he has made may be, he probably has felt profoundly dissatisfied with the results of his labour.

If cataloguing a small library, then, be so difficult, what must it have been to catalogue such a vast and various collection as that in the British Museum ?

One of the most important questions the Royal Commission on the British Museum in 1848 had to discuss, was the best method of

cataloguing the library, and on this subject they took a considerable amount of evidence. Thomas Carlyle was one of the witnesses examined, and, as might be expected, his views on the matter were of the broadest. "There ought," he said, "to be a catalogue of the Museum drawn up with the best skill possible—a general catalogue; and there ought to be all manner of specific catalogues, and these catalogues ought to be circulated over Great Britain, so that a studious man might be able to ascertain what books he could get when he came to London." "A library," also remarked the sage of Chelsea, "is not worth anything without a catalogue—it is a Polyphemus without any eye in its head; and you must front the difficulties, whatever they may be, of making a proper catalogue." The difficulties were great, but the authorities fronted and surmounted them; and though the catalogue still leaves much to be desired, it is doubtful, when the size of the collection is considered, whether any better could be devised.

Some of the witnesses urged that the catalogue should be printed. This, however, it was not then found possible to do. The titles of the books, each preceded by the author's name, were written on thin, tough paper, and these slips pasted into volumes in such a way that they might be removed if necessary. The arrangement was alphabetical under the authors' names. No better arrangement than this could be conceived, provided the reader knew what books he wished to consult and the name of its author; but to a person who wishes to find out what books there are upon any given subject the catalogue is practically useless. Neither does it satisfactorily provide for anonymous literature, which has been variously estimated to amount to between one-third and one-fifth of the whole. Carlyle's dictum that "there ought to be all manner of specific catalogues" was found too expensive to be carried into effect.

No one doubted that a printed catalogue would be on the whole preferable to a written one, yet manuscript had some advantages over type. In the first place, it was cheaper and quicker; in the second, the slips admitted of removal if wrongly placed or inaccurate. Numbers of these slips have had to be transferred on account of the authors of works previously supposed to be anonymous being discovered, or fresh works having to be inserted between the original entries. Of course the written catalogue was enormously bulky to start with, and as fresh acquisitions came in the number of volumes containing it increased, until a few years ago it became so unwieldy that the task of printing it was commenced.

In 1878 Mr. Winter Jones estimated that if the catalogue were

printed it would contain upwards of three million entries ; that between twenty-five and thirty years would elapse before it could be all published, and that by the end of that period there would be from 300,000 to 400,000 additional books to enter ; and that it would cost from seventy to a hundred thousand pounds. From this it would appear that the late chief librarian contemplated publication for sale, for merely printing a transcript of the MS. catalogue could not occupy so extensive a period. The catalogue is now being printed with tolerable rapidity, the printed slips being pasted down in the same manner as the old written ones, and one half lengthways of each page being left blank for additions. This work is a great boon ; but it has a serious drawback. One volume of the printed catalogue contains as much as five or more of the written ones, and consequently the chances of the volume one requires to consult being in use are vastly increased. From time to time catalogues of books recently acquired are printed, and from these the entries are cut and pasted into their proper place in the general catalogue.

As previously mentioned, the great defect in the catalogue is that it gives no information as to subjects. Whether a satisfactory subject catalogue is possible is very doubtful, partly on account of the difficulty of determining under what subject many books should come, partly because certain subjects increase with such rapidity. An effort has therefore been made to meet this shortcoming by arranging the library itself to some extent under the subjects. All books are held to fall into one or other of five main divisions, theology, jurisprudence, philosophy, history, and *belles lettres* ; but these main headings it has been found necessary to subdivide very minutely. Thus theology would be divided into Bibles, liturgies, patristic literature, &c., &c. Bibles, again, are divided according to language, &c.

It is reckoned that there are more than 700 of these subdivisions, and the number is constantly increasing. The divisions are kept together except so far as those in special collections, such as the old "Royal," the "Grenville," and the books in the reading-room are concerned, and the ingenious plan which enables this to be done was invented by the late Mr. Watts. He proposed that all the presses should be made the same size, and that certain presses should be allotted to certain subjects. Thus, supposing architecture and geography were placed next each other, and that architecture occupied press No. 1, the press containing geography would not be numbered 2, but 4 or 5, or some other number, to allow for

the increase of the first subject, so that when one press overflowed it would only be necessary to move the books and not to alter the press marks. Mr. Watts and Mr. Richard Garnett carefully calculated the probable increase in each subdivision, and in numbering the presses allowed accordingly. In cases where students require to know what books the Museum actually contains on any subject, the authorities have always courteously allowed him to visit these presses, and thus supplied him with the best possible form of subject catalogue.

The place of each book in the library is marked by a small label on the back, one to show the press and the other the particular shelf to which the volume belongs. These labels were originally written, but are now printed, the change costing upwards of eight hundred pounds.

The want of a subject catalogue is also partially compensated for in two other ways. The works of reference in the reading-room, to which the reader can help himself, are arranged according to their subject, and to those in the galleries there is a classified list at the end of the admirable catalogue of works in the reading-room which has been compiled by Mr. Fortescue. Small presses containing the best bibliographies have been placed at the ends of the desks, and a number of kindred works are placed at the catalogue table. On a few subjects, too, there are separate catalogues, of which two deserve grateful mention ; one is Mr. Bullen's list of early printed books and the other Mr. Anderson's catalogue of topographical works.

That a reader should be able to consult about 10,000 volumes without even the trouble of asking for them is an invaluable boon, but, unhappily, it is one that has been not a little abused. Many books have been stolen, more have been mutilated. The first offence is not now very common, as the books are sufficiently stamped to prevent their having any market value ; and the second crime is also dying out, partly, it is charitable to hope, on account of a higher state of morality, partly, it is to be feared, because the best excerpts have been previously extracted by some one else. Many valuable books have lost nearly all their best plates. Much injury is also done by careless readers who drop heavy books or bang one on top of another.

The minimum age of admission is now twenty-one, but prior to the opening of the new reading-room it was eighteen. This, while entailing hardship in some cases, was found to be absolutely necessary on account of the increased number of readers. The readers under

twenty-one were proved to be principally students at one or other of the London colleges, and the books they used either novels or such works as might be required for examinations, and which they could get in the libraries of the colleges to which they were attached. In cases in which good cause can be shown, this rule is occasionally relaxed.

Well as the Museum is arranged, and superbly as it is managed, nevertheless there are numerous complaints. Nine out of every ten of these are ridiculously frivolous. The writer has known a chance reader fly into a rage because he could not get a copy of that day's *Times*, and a newly married couple leave the place in disgust because they could not be supplied with a novel that had barely left the printer's hands. One reader grumbled exceedingly at his type-writer being excluded, and others fancy themselves hardly treated by the rule which prevents bags and umbrellas being taken into the reading-room. Every now and then a reasonable complaint is lodged, and then it is invariably considered. That the cause should invariably be removed is unhappily impossible: sometimes the Act under which the Museum is administered interferes; sometimes the internal arrangements (which to alter suddenly would cause such prolonged and general inconvenience that the trustees dare not risk it), intervenes; too often, alas, the poverty of the institution bars the suggested improvement; but it is not too much to say, that the convenience or whim of the officials is never permitted to stand in the way.

The reading-room, large as it is, is rapidly getting too small for the numbers which frequent it, and it is sometimes very difficult to get a seat. One of two things must therefore speedily happen, either the number of readers must be restricted, or an additional room must be added. It is difficult to see how the first can be done, for who is to discriminate between those who only come for amusement and those who come to study? and therefore it is probable that greater space will be allotted. It would be a great boon to people who work together if a room could be allotted where talking was permitted, and provided with tables specially adapted for work which requires consultation. A separate room, too, for people who get their living by copying extracts would relieve the reading-room enormously, and would, if type-writers were allowed, probably be appreciated by these worthy persons.

A. C. BICKLEY.





Dr. Gideon Harvey.

PERHAPS the following particulars concerning Dr. Harvey, the author of "A Most Memorable Case," [Ante, p. 329], may be of interest. Granger, in his "Biographical History," vol. iv. p. 20, states that Gideon Harvey, "who was esteemed little better than an hypothetical pretender to physic, wrote against the frauds and empiricism of the physicians and apothecaries, as well as those of the quacks of his time. He made it his business to cry down the faculty, and published several books with a view of making people their own doctors. His 'Art of Curing Diseases by Expectation' (London, 1689, 8vo, of which work six editions are enumerated by Dr. Watt in his 'Bibliotheca,' vol. i. p. 471 w) is one of the most remarkable of his works. In this he intimates that nature only may be more safely relied on than the prescriptions of the generality of physicians; and that those who employ them are frequently amused with taking such things as have no real effect in working their cure. He was very dogmatical, and consequently, as far as he was so, was no more to be trusted than the worst of those against whom he exclaimed." Harvey published, in 1678, the "Family Physician," &c., which gave great offence to the apothecaries, as it contained a catalogue of drugs and the prices at which they should be sold in shops. In a footnote to p. 21, Granger tells us that "there was perhaps never anything more remarkable than the history of this man. About the latter end of King William's reign (1689-1702) there was a great debate who should succeed the deceased physician to the Tower. The contending parties were so equally matched in their interests and pretensions that it was extremely difficult to determine which should have the preference. The matter was at length brought to a compromise, and Dr. Gideon Harvey was promoted to that office for the same reason that Sixtus V. was advanced to the pontificate: because he was in appearance sickly and infirm, and his death was expected in a few months. He, however, survived not

only his rivals, but all his contemporary physicians, and died after he had enjoyed his sinecure about fifty years." Dr. Watt tells us that Harvey was born in Surrey, and that Haller styles him "asper homo." He gives a list of some sixteen works by him, ranging in date from 1663 to 1699, many of which appeared in numerous editions. I possess the second edition of his "Morbus Anglicus ; or, the Anatomy of Consumptions," London, 1672, 8vo (the first edition was 1666). This little treatise is of great interest, in that it speaks of consumption as a specially fatal disease in this country.—GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.



Books.

IN the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books ! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

Be not Dogmatic.

LET well-weighed considerations, not stiff and peremptory assumptions, guide thy discourses, pen, and actions. To begin or continue our books like Trismegistus of old, "*verum certe verum atque verissimum est,*" would sound arrogantly unto present ears in this strict enquiring age ; wherein, for the most part, "probably" and "perhaps" will hardly serve to mollify the spirit of captious contraditors. . . . The compage of all physical truths is not so closely jointed, but opposition may find intrusion ; not always so closely maintained, as not to suffer attrition. Many propositions seem quodlibetically constituted, and, like a Delphian blade, will cut on both sides. Some truths seem almost falsehoods, and some falsehoods almost truths ; wherein falsehood and truth seem almost æquilibriumly stated, and but a few grains of distinction to bear down the balance. Some have digged deep, yet glanced by the royal vein ; and a man may come unto the pericardium, but not to the heart of truth. Besides, many things are known, as some are seen, that is by parallaxis, or at some distance from their true and proper beings the superficial regard of things having a different aspect from their true and central natures. And this moves sober pens unto suspensory and timorous assertions, not presently to obtrude them as Sybil's leaves, which after considerations may find them to be but folious appearances, and not the central and vital interiors of truth.—*Sir T. Browne.*



“Silex Scintillans.”

HEN Campbell declares that Henry Vaughan, Silurist, was “one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit,” he makes an assertion that very few will either assent to or dispute *in toto*, though all who have read Vaughan’s poems will allow the qualifying phrase with which Campbell concludes his judgment to be absolutely true; for, continues the critic, “he has some scattered thoughts that meet our eye amid his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath.”

Vaughan lived in an age when conceit reigned supreme, and not being a man of sufficiently strong mind to battle against absurdities of which he must have been conscious, he has paid the penalty by the practical oblivion into which his poems have fallen, and it is very improbable whether the delicate beauty of many of his ideas and similes, the quaintness of his expressions or the religious fervour of his mind, will ever render his works popular with any but the chosen few. To the many, the grains of thought will not repay the trouble in hunting through the wordy chaff which guards them; but to some, perhaps very few, the thoughts when found will be their own exceeding great reward, like the tiny stone which repays the seeker for a long day’s labour under the sultry sun of Afric’s diamond fields.

“Silex Scintillans” was not Vaughan’s first work, but it was nevertheless published before its author reached the age of thirty. His residence at Oxford had not resulted in scholarship either profound or various, as a perusal of his works will prove; neither had it taken away a native love for conceits, quaintness and obscurity, or robbed him, as it did so many, of a piety sincere if mystical. Like his fellow physician, Sir Thomas Browne, he adored Truth least “when she sits naked by the public way,” and loved to clothe her in such complex dresses as well-nigh hid her true form, not because he thought her “a shameful thing,” but from an unaffected desire to adorn the object of his affections.

A devoted student of George Herbert, Vaughan attempted to imitate his master's manner and method. The mantle of an Elijah does not always fall upon the servant, though he be never so full of the prophet's spirit, and in Vaughan's poems Herbert's mannerisms become painfully accentuated. The foibles of the master are



Silex Scintillans:

or

SACRED POEMS.

and

Private Eiaculations

By

Henry Vaughan Silurist

LONDON Printed by T. W. for H. Blunden
at J. Castle in Cornhill . . . 1650

vulgarized into faults in the disciple. Complexity in the one becomes obscurity in the other. For a quaint conceit, while Herbert was willing to make some sacrifice, Vaughan would fling to the winds both poetic feeling and common sense. Yet, in spite of all this, his "Silex Scintillans" remains, for the sake of the gems it contains, a

book that can be read with pleasure and profit—nay, more, one that the reader will turn to again and again, with ever increasing interest.

The first edition of his book was published in 1650, in a small 8vo volume of 110 pages, badly printed with uneven type. The title-page, of which the accompanying illustration is a copy, is remarkable for the delicacy of its draughtmanship and the skill with which it is engraved, and contrasts very favourably with the coarse blocks which were then-a-days considered good enough for unimportant books. The book is made up of a number of short poems, the longest barely exceeding four pages, and the majority occupying only one. The page following the title is occupied with the dedication. The top of this page is ornamented with a floriated ornament, repeated twenty-four times. It would have been repeated again, only the space not quite permitting, the printer was fain to insert a number of dots, which he did just in front of the last repetition of the ornament. At the bottom is the signature A 3. The dedication itself commences with an ornamental letter of large size and bad execution. This dedication is worth quoting as a good specimen of Vaughan's style—

“ My God thou that did'st dye for me,
 These thy deaths fruits I offer thee.
 Death that to me was life and light,
 But darke, and deep pangs to thy sight.
 Some drops of thy all-quickning bloud
 Fell on my heart and these made it bud
 And put forth thus though, Lord, before
 The ground was curs'd, and void of store.
 Indeed, I had some here to hire
 Which long resisted thy desire,
 That ston'd thy Servants and did move
 To have thee murther'd for thy Love.
 But, Lord, I have expell'd them, and so bent
 Begge thou wouldst take thy Tenants Rent.”

The first page of the poem is headed by a row of *fleurs-de-lys* blocks, beneath which is another row of ornaments, widely spaced, of an inartistic wheel pattern, and the initial of the first poem is also ornamental.

Vaughan delighted in curious metres, leaning to those in which very short lines alternate with (proportionately) preposterously long ones. The following verse is a good specimen—

"Leave, leave thy gadding thoughts ;
 Who Pores
 and spies
 Still out of Doores
 descries
 Within them nought."

So also is his quartain for the verses on "Sondayes."

"Bright shadows of true Rest ! some shoots of blisse
 Heaven once a week ;
 The next worlds gladnes prepossest in this ;
 A day to seek."

As might be expected, between the difficulty of managing such metres and struggling after conceits, he frequently only succeeds in being harsh, obscure, and affected ; only a great poet could have succeeded, and to be ranked among the immortals Vaughan has no claim. Here is an example of good thoughts spoilt—

"I would I were a stone, or tree,
 Or flowre by pedigree,
 Or some poor highway herb, or spring
 To flow, or bird to sing !
 Then should I (tyed to one sure state)
 All day expect my date ;
 But I am sadly loose ; and stray
 A giddy beast each way ;
 O let me not thus range !
 Thou canst not change."

Faulty as the verse is, either the love for quaint poems, the beauty of the thoughts, or the fervour of the writer, made a second edition necessary in 1655. This, however, consisted of unused copies of the first edition, to which was appended in a second part a few additional poems. The two parts are separately paged, and this edition is without the engraved title. It has a preface, some texts of scripture, and a couple of dedicatory poems. In a reproduction of the first edition (edited by Rev. W. Clare, B.A.) in 1885, it is noted that the alterations in the second edition are confined to "Isaac's Marriage." In the 11th and 12th lines—

"But being for a bride prayer was such,
 A decayed course sure it prevaild not much,"

was substituted for

"But being for a bride, sure, prayer was
 Very strange stuffe wherewith to court thy lasse"—

a doubtful alteration for the better.

In line 14, for "An odde, corse sutor," "an odde dull sutor," appears, and in line 19, "When conscience by lewd use had not lost sense," replaces, "When sinne, by sinning oft, had not lost sense." The only other alteration is the substitution of

" But in a virgin's native blush and fears
Fresh as those roses which the dayspring wears "

for—

" But in a brighted, virgin blush approach'd
Fresh as the morning, when 'tis newly coach'd."

These alterations were provided for by pages 19 to 22 being removed and fresh ones substituted. The second edition bore the imprints of Henry Crips and Lodowich Lloyd.

In 1847 an edition was published by Messrs. Pickering, to which was prefixed a Memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. This in 1856 was reprinted as "The Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations of Henry Vaughan, Silurest, with a Memoir by the Rev. H. F. Lyte," by Little, Brown, and Company, of Boston. It was again reprinted in London, by Bell and Daldy, in 1858. Mr. Clare, in his preface, goes fully into the variations in the text which were made in the above editions; these are very few, and appear chiefly to have been made with a view of rendering Vaughan more easy to be understood of the people.

"Silex Scintillans" has also been published as a portion of the Fuller's Worthies Library, under the title of "The Works in Verse and Prose Complete, of Henry Vaughan, Silurist. For the first time collected and edited, &c., by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart; in four volumes. Printed for private circulation, 1871." From this edition the reader can discover with certainty exactly what Vaughan wrote, and, with only the exception of a very few minor alterations, this can also be done by the Aldine edition which Messrs. George Bell and Sons published in 1883. To his *fac-simile* edition, Mr. Clare adds an interesting Introduction, in the latter part of which he defends Vaughan from the charge of plagiarizing from Herbert, and contrasts the two poets, not to the advantage of Herbert. In this judgment few will be inclined to coincide, but all must sympathize with Mr. Clare's enthusiasm for his subject, and appreciate the candid and scholarly foreword with which he has enriched the book.





John Skelton.

AMONG English writers before the Elizabethan age, none were keener or more fearless in satire and criticism than John Skelton. Coming after Lydgate, and preceding Surrey and Wyatt, he cannot be credited with having contributed to the development of form in English poetry. His verse is free, but irregular, although his command of rhyme shows an advance upon his predecessors. He was laureated in Oxford in 1489, and his contemporary Barclay—whose caustic description of a Bookworm has been quoted on a previous page—alludes to him in these lines :

“ If they have smelled the arts trivial,
They count them poets high and heroical.”

Among Skelton's satires is one on the clergy, which occurs in *Colin Clout*, and also one on Cardinal Wolsey, which is certainly remarkable for its boldness in that age of prison and axe. Owing to this attack the satirist was compelled to seek sanctuary in Westminster Abbey, where he remained till his death in 1529. Among Skelton's productions is “A lytelle treatyse named ‘The Bowge of Court.’ Emprynted at London by Wynkyn de Worde in Flete Street at the sygne of the sonne.” A collected edition of his works was published within half a century of his death, under the title, “Pithy, pleasaunt, and profitable workes of maister Skelton, Poete Laureate. Nowe collected and newly published. Anno, 1568. Imprinted at London in Flete Streete, neare vnto Saint Dunstones church by Thomas Marshe.”

The point of greatest interest attaching to the name of John Skelton is his authorship of “A ballade of the Scottyshe Kynge.” This is said to be the oldest printed ballad of its kind in the language, and has found its way back into literature by a happy chance. It was recovered from the wooden covers of an edition of “Huon de Bordeaux” (1513). Apparently, it is a first draught of the verses Skelton subsequently wrote against the Scots, and which are printed in the collected edition of his works mentioned above. A reproduction of the title-page forms frontispiece to this volume.



A Unique Tract and its Authoress.

THE mere fact that a publication is unique gives it, however commonplace it may be in itself, a considerable amount of importance to book-lovers, but Dorothea Gotherson's "Call to Repentance," the only known copy of which is preserved in the Friends' Library at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, is interesting apart from this. In the first place, it is the only thing Mrs. Gotherson ever published, in the second, it is probably the first Quaker book presented to Charles II. The title runs—"To all that are || UNREGENERATED : || A || CALL || TO || Repentance from dead Works, to || Newness of life, || By turning to the Light in the Conscience, || which will give the knowledge of God || in the face of Jesus Christ. || By Dorothea Gotherson." The book is a small 12mo of six-and-a-half sheets: the imprint states that it was printed in London for Robert Wilson, in 1661. The only known copy belonged originally to Nicholas Jordan, a well-known Bath Quaker, then to John Whiting, the first person to make a catalogue of books written by members of the Society of Friends, into whose possession it passed in 1690, and by whom it was given to the library at Devonshire House. The authoress was a descendant of a good old Kentish family, the Scotts, of Scot's-hall, one of the four well-known families referred to in the proverb :

" Scot's-hall shall have a fall ;
Ostenhangre was built in angre ;
Somerfield will have to yield ;
And Mersham Hatch shall win the match."

Upon her father's death she inherited the Egerton estate, and about 1635 married Daniel Gotherson, a chapman and coptner in Southwark, who was bankrupt in July, 1650, and subsequently a major in Cromwell's army. Both husband and wife joined the Quakers

between 1657 and 1660, as in the former year there is an entry in the register of Godmersham Church of the baptism of one of their children, and in the latter Gotherson wrote and printed a Quaker book. Mrs. Gotherson seems to have been a Royalist, for, on the Restoration, she visited Court and presented her book to the king, to whom it is dedicated. Both the dedicatory address and the rest of the work are largely in very second-rate verse. The pamphlet, however, is merely one of those ordinary religious addresses of which so many hundreds were published by members of the Society of Friends during the first thirty years of its existence. Although the king received the gift very courteously, its presentation brought great misfortunes on the donor, for during her visit she met with the famous, or infamous, John Scott, the so-called New-English "Colonel" and adventurer, who, by claiming relationship, so wormed himself into the Gothersons' confidence as eventually to bring their estate to ruin. He sold Major Gotherson enormous pieces of land on Long Island, which ultimately proved to have no existence, besides fleecing them in other ways, which culminated by his selling Daniel, the youngest son of Dorothea Gotherson, whom he had been entrusted to bring up in New England "to educate according to his birth," to a man named Herringman, of New Haven, as a servant for several years. When the injured mother complained at Court about this swindle, the Duke of York put the matter into the hands of Pepys the Diarist, and in revenge Scott managed to implicate him in the Popish plots, to his great danger, trouble, and annoyance. It is from the papers which he accumulated for his defence that most of the particulars regarding Mrs. Gotherson are gathered. In 1663, Daniel Gotherson, the elder, appears to have become a Royalist, and supplied the Court with information as to the doings of the disaffected in the county of Kent. From his will having been proved in 1666, he would seem to have died in that year. About 1670, his widow married a Mr. Hogben, a gentleman of good Kentish family; when he died is uncertain, but in 1680 Dorothea sold her estate at Egerton and emigrated to America. From this time we lose sight of her, except that a descendant, writing in 1814, says that he had heard "she was a pattern of moderation to all men, and even in that of bodily labour," which would go to prove that her circumstances were very much reduced. Scott the swindler, a man of mean extraction, flourished exceedingly, and on his return to America with the title of "Geographer to the King," set up as a great man, and kept such state that his wife "had the simplicity as hee the confidence to have her

trayne carried up as a countesse, but only by women, some of whom were much better than herselfe."

Dorothea Scott left several children, the descendant of one of whom, Mr. G. D. Scott, well known as an authority upon American genealogy, printed, in 1883, for private circulation, an edition of "A Call to Repentance," to which he added accounts of its authoress, of her husband, and father, Thomas Scott, including all that remains of his "Discourse of Polletique and Civell Honor," and of the adventurer, John Scott. It is from this work, called "Dorothea Scott," that the foregoing particulars have been chiefly gleaned.



A Doubtful Recommendation.

"FOLLY IN PRINT, OR, A BOOK OF RYMES.

"Whoever buyes this Book will say
There's so much money thrown away :
The Author thinks you are to blame
To buy a Book without a Name ;
And to say truth, it is so bad,
A worse is no where to be had."

—From the title-page. 1667.

Virtue in Gold Letters.

BONIFACE gives this intimation in his epistle to the Abbess Eadburgha: "I entreat you," says he, "to send me the *Epistles of the Apostle of St. Peter*, written in *letters of gold*, that by exhibiting them, in preaching, to the eyes of the carnal, I may procure the greater honour and reverence for the Holy Scriptures."

Reasons for not having an Index.

"THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

"THE reason why ther is no Table or Index added hereunto, is, That every Page in the Work is so full of signal Remarks, that were they couched in an Index, it would make a volume as big as the Book, and so make the Postern Gate to bear no proportion to the Building."—S. SPEED, *Howell's "Discourse Concerning the Precedency of Kings,"* 1664.



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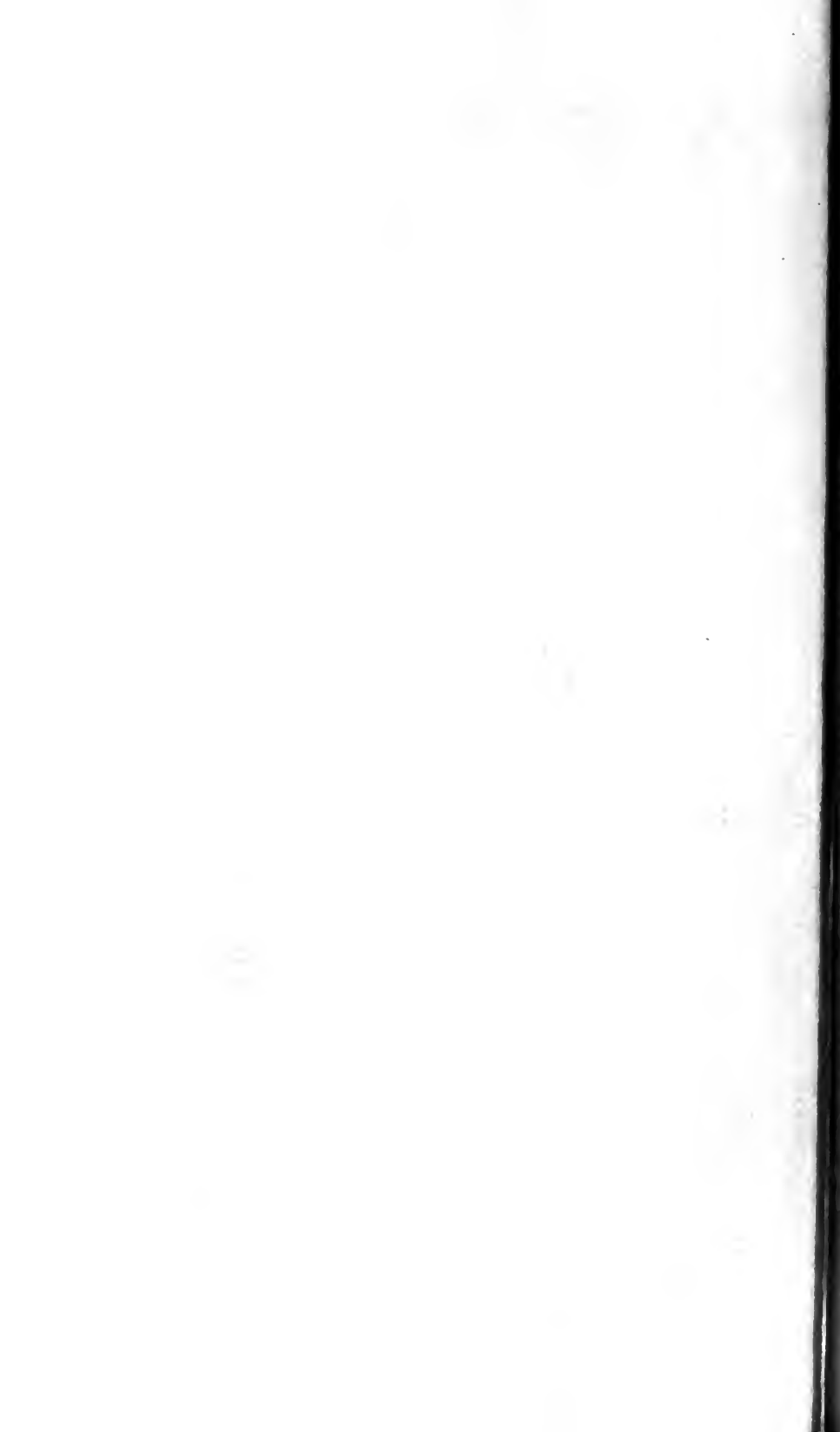
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